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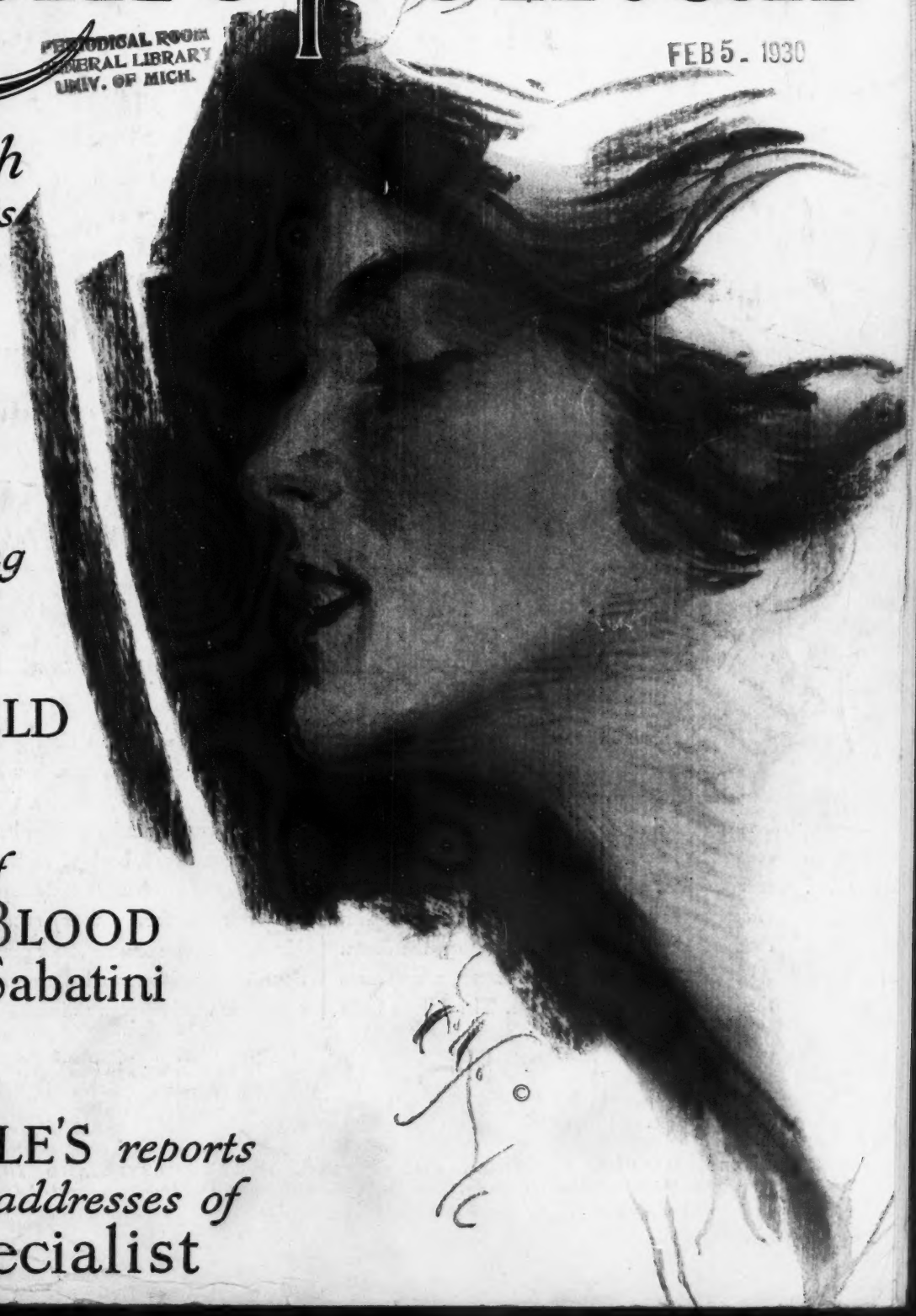

inning —

reath-taking
Novel by
LOUIS
ROMFIELD

the NEW
ventures of
APTAIN BLOOD
Rafael Sabatini

and

HIC SALE'S *reports*
the NEW *addresses of*
The Specialist

1855 · SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY · 1930

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Robert Hichens

Invites you

to meet some

Charming People

of Mayfair

who play at

Love—

and because of Love,

become involved

in a MYSTERY

that holds all

London Society

in Suspense

The Novel is called

"The Bracelet"

and you may

join the party in

APRIL

Cosmopolitan

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RAY LONG, President. THOMAS J. WHITE, Vice-President. AUSTIN W. CLARK, Treasurer. ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.

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MARCH, 1930

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG Editor

What's under a High Hat?

GENERALLY, *nothing.* Of course, I don't mean the silk hats public officials wear; those are punishment for their sins.

What I mean is the "high-hatting" which all of us encounter.

For instance, there is a shop in New York where I wouldn't make a purchase on a bet. It is so annoyingly swanky that the salesmen try to convince the customer that they are doing him a favor in taking his money.

Perhaps they are. I don't want to be under obligations to them.

Then I know an official who takes himself so seriously that in order to see him you have to go through more formality than you do to see the President of the United States. This chap works so hard to impress you with his importance that he proves he isn't important at all.

CONTRAST with them a man who *was* President. If you had an engagement with Calvin Coolidge at the White House, it moved like clockwork; you got there on time and you finished your business on time. He never was hurried; never ruffled; never too busy to listen to what you had to say.

You may have noticed that recently when he was in New York, Mr. Coolidge declined an automobile to get downtown to an engagement. He went on the subway. I happened to be with the ex-President that day and the thing which impressed me most was that he wasn't at all impressed with what he was doing. He was in a hurry; the traffic was bad; the subway *was* quicker; therefore he took the subway. To him it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

Andrew Mellon is of the same sort. At the minute that your appointment is scheduled, the door opens and in you go. He is never busy writing a letter or anything of that sort when you enter. He is ready to talk to you.

There isn't a particle of swank about either of these men.

Take a man like Charles M. Schwab. He loves to tell a story on Andrew Carnegie and himself.

They were dressing to attend a dinner at the dedication of a building which one of them had donated to a university. A valet entered, red-faced with anger.

"I resign!" he announced.

"But why?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Because you two, who will give away a million-dollar building, have only one collar button between you—and I've lost that."

Can you imagine a high-hatter telling that one on himself?

Any editor knows that the bigger the writer, the quicker he is to accept suggestions. It doesn't matter who it is that may see a way to improve the work, if the suggestion is good, your Rupert Hughes or your Irvin Cobb grabs it. The high-hat writer who thinks his words are inspired generally hasn't anything to say and wouldn't know how to say it if he had.

ALFRED SLOAN, of General Motors, spends a great part of his time traveling to see the men in his branches, instead of having them come to see him. He says he gets to know them better on their home grounds.

Sloan's New York office is across the street from mine. You'd think he'd arrive in the handsomest automobile General Motors could design. Not a bit of it; he *walks* to work.

Why? Because it's easier. He doesn't have to convince anyone that he can own a good car.

Big men don't waste time in swank. If they did they might not have time to be big.

R. L.

The Fable of what Ivy might

By George Ade

Illustrations by Gluyas Williams

THE ORACLE

ONCE there was a big-eyed Seraphine who had Everything that Cleopatra pulled on Mark Antony or that Romeo could discover in Juliet or that Abèlard told the other Boys about Hèloïse or that all the Hollywood Eye-Snappers and Hip-Tossers ever used in those Studios that have to be lined with Asbestos. Her name was Ivetta, but those who had known her fifteen or twenty Minutes called her Ivy, which wasn't such a poor Moniker, because Ivy was all over the Place. But not Green. On the Contrary.

In addition to the Looks and Personality and Duds and a Reserved Space in that Mess of Sirup known as the Society Page, Ivy was in Line to inherit a Wad which would support almost any Husband in the Style and Manner to which he had been accustomed, even if he bought Cravats at nine dollars each and got measured for his Socks and Underwear.

Consequently, and needless to relate, our Heroine did not spill any Tears in her Date Book or Clap her Hands when the Phone rang, or secretively purchase any Love Philters. There was never any Question as to What she would do after the Sun went down. The only Details to be arranged were: With Whom and to what Extent.

What with Going Places and Doing Things in the Company of bleating Collegians, puffy Bachelors, intellectual Bond Salesmen, and those busy little Arrangers who rub the Hands and show the Teeth and keep on saying "Let's go," Ivetta had a mean Low-Down on the Masculine Gender. She could hardly be blamed for privately cherishing the Belief that Man, striking a General Average, was Thirty-Three and One-Third Percent each of Blah, Bunk and Boloney.

She needed several Males in Evening Regalia to get her Wraps and haggle with Taxi Bandits, argue with Head Waiters, and take Requests to the Leader of the Moaning Moes who played the newest Graveyard Music, and to tell her if the Make-Up was

THE POOR FISH-EGG

have Spilled—but didn't

The Slang *is* 1930
but the Moral
would apply to 2030
Just *as* Well

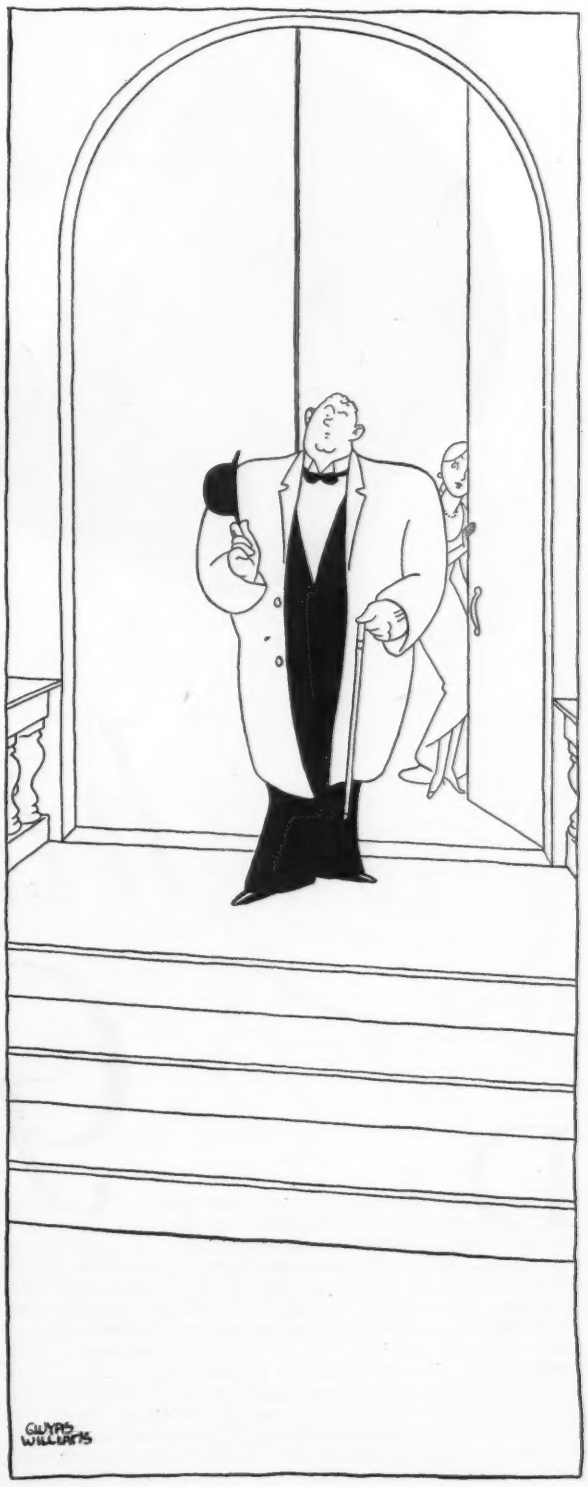
mottled and kind of hover around the Royal Presence, providing Background and suggesting Importance, but when it came to picking out one of the Critters to have and to hold until the Courts do them part—that, as Dr. William Lyon Phelps might have remarked, was more Coocoo than Gaga and calculated to throw One into a Cold Sweat.

Now, Ivy had a Busy Bean and an X-ray Discernment and could read a Man's Character even if he didn't have any Character at all, which was sometimes the case. Naturally, she often had a Yen to bust out and tell what was churning around under the wavy Dome, but she had been to a Finishing School and knew all the Tricks of Polite Perjury. Often enough she could make the Orbs snap saucily and pull a frozen Smile and let on to be Charmed while she was dying on the Vine and longing to beat it for the rose-colored Boudoir and take a long relaxing Lay in a Hot Tub.

Do you know who nearly got her into a Peck of Trouble? You have heard of a Playwright called Eugene O'Neill, who made every Literary Club in America a Hotbed of Profanity. Rough Stuff was a puling Infant until Eugene took it and made it a roaring Husky with a Flannel Shirt and Bristles. He was the first Hero who refused to suppress any Part of the Vocabulary or put a Soft Pedal on the Blankety-Blanks.

Then, to be still more revolutionary, he turned out a Dramatic Opus in which all Members of the Cast spoke up and released everything that was on the Chest. And what they said took the Paint right off the Furniture.

Also, a couple of brave (*Continued on page 170*)



THE HUMAN BEHEMOTH

Hector Champion

Among his treasured possessions were twenty-four great goblets of crystal. There had grown up in his mind a superstition that if one were broken it would be an omen of calamity . . . Now, on this night of his dinner party, one HAD *been broken—and by his own hand!*

Shattered Glass

DINNER was over at last and old Hector Champion sat like Lucullus, white and bloated, fingering a tall crystal Burgundy glass and surveying the beautiful table. It was, he reflected, like a jewel, with the four elaborate Champion family candelabra bought at Christie's last year from the tax-ridden English Champions and the high epergne filled with mandarins and black grapes and crowned by a pineapple.

In the crystal glasses resting on a cloth of yellow old lace there still lingered traces of excellent wines: in the small glasses there was the pale gold of Chablis, in the shallow glasses the deeper gold of champagne and in the great crystal goblets the rich red of Romanée-Conti. And now before him and his three male guests the bronze-gold of fine brandy filled the air with a delicate evasive scent.

To Hector the table was a thing so beautiful that the mere sight of it made him forget for a moment that he had himself eaten nothing but three digestive biscuits and drunk nothing but Vichy and that tomorrow he might be told that he had only three months to live.

And the room which surrounded and dwarfed the big table made it appear even more extravagant and lovely. It was a room taken out piecemeal from a hotel in the Rue de Varenne which had once belonged to a cardinal, and piecemeal it had been brought to America to be put together once more in a great apartment twenty floors above the East River.

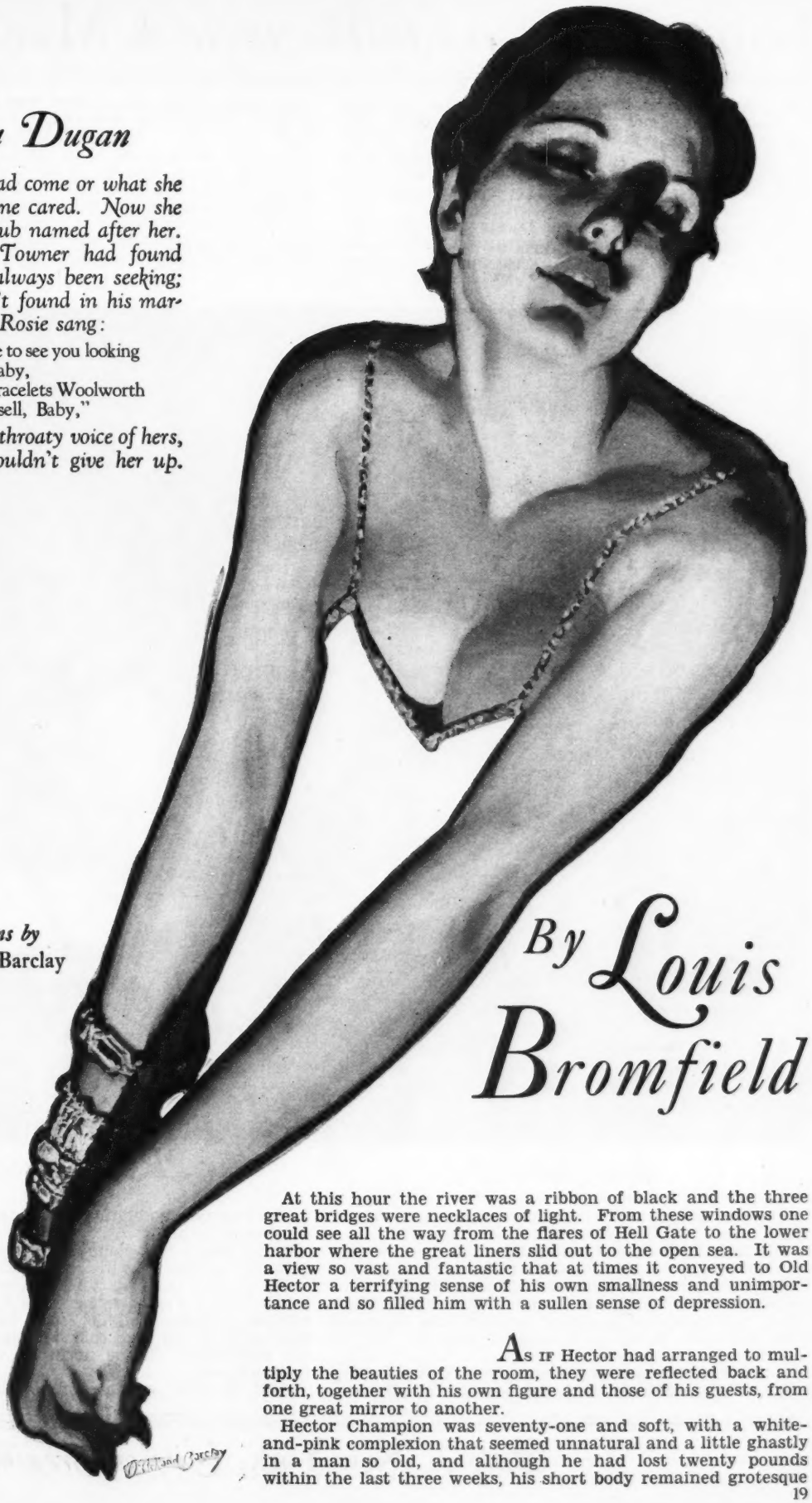
To preserve the full beauty of the tan-gray wood and the perfection of the overdoors painted by Boucher with soft pink nymphs and fluttering cupids, steel girders had been cut and the ceiling had been raised to fit the transplanted jewel. The windows were

Rosa Dugan

Whence she had come or what she had been no one cared. Now she had a night club named after her. In her, Jim Towner had found what he had always been seeking; what he hadn't found in his marriage. When Rosie sang:

"Gee I'd like to see you looking
swell, Baby,
Diamond bracelets Woolworth
doesn't sell, Baby,"

in that warm throaty voice of hers, he knew he couldn't give her up.



Illustrations by
McClelland Barclay

By Louis Bromfield

higher and wider than other windows in the huge building, but instead of looking out upon a green and intimate garden in the Rue de Varenne they looked out over a mighty river flowing between great skyscrapers and whirring factories and crossed by three gigantic bridges.

At this hour the river was a ribbon of black and the three great bridges were necklaces of light. From these windows one could see all the way from the flares of Hell Gate to the lower harbor where the great liners slid out to the open sea. It was a view so vast and fantastic that at times it conveyed to Old Hector a terrifying sense of his own smallness and unimportance and so filled him with a sullen sense of depression.

As if Hector had arranged to multiply the beauties of the room, they were reflected back and forth, together with his own figure and those of his guests, from one great mirror to another.

Hector Champion was seventy-one and soft, with a white-and-pink complexion that seemed unnatural and a little ghastly in a man so old, and although he had lost twenty pounds within the last three weeks, his short body remained grotesque

and unwieldy and still capable of inspiring repulsion in those who had not grown used to its peculiar ugliness. The image reflected back and forth in the tall mirrors was that of a round, rather shapeless face with a small mouth and two small pale-blue eyes that were malicious and feminine and rather like the eyes of a china cat.

Feature by feature he was not an ugly man. The repulsion lingered just beneath the surface, shining out of the too-pale eyes, lurking in the puckered corners of the tiny mouth and in the folds of fat beneath the small ears.

The men lingered over the table instead of joining the ladies or going into the library because Old Hector believed that leaving the table for brandy and cigars broke the back of a good dinner. He scarcely heard what his guests were saying because his thoughts kept returning morbidly to himself and his fear of death.

It was worse when he was alone and so, lately, he had come to ask people to every meal—people of all sorts, even people whom he disliked and for whom he felt snobbish contempt or pity, people whom a year ago he would never have asked to his house. Anything was better than being alone. The nights were awful.

The three men who sat at his table were as diverse in character as it was possible to be. At his left, drinking his third glass of brandy, sat Jim Towner, forty-five, heavy and handsome, a sportsman whose bull-like muscles and good looks were disappearing beneath the soft fat of dissipation; opposite Towner sat his nephew Philip Dantry, who had lived with the old man since he was two years old.

Jim Towner *Philip Dantry*

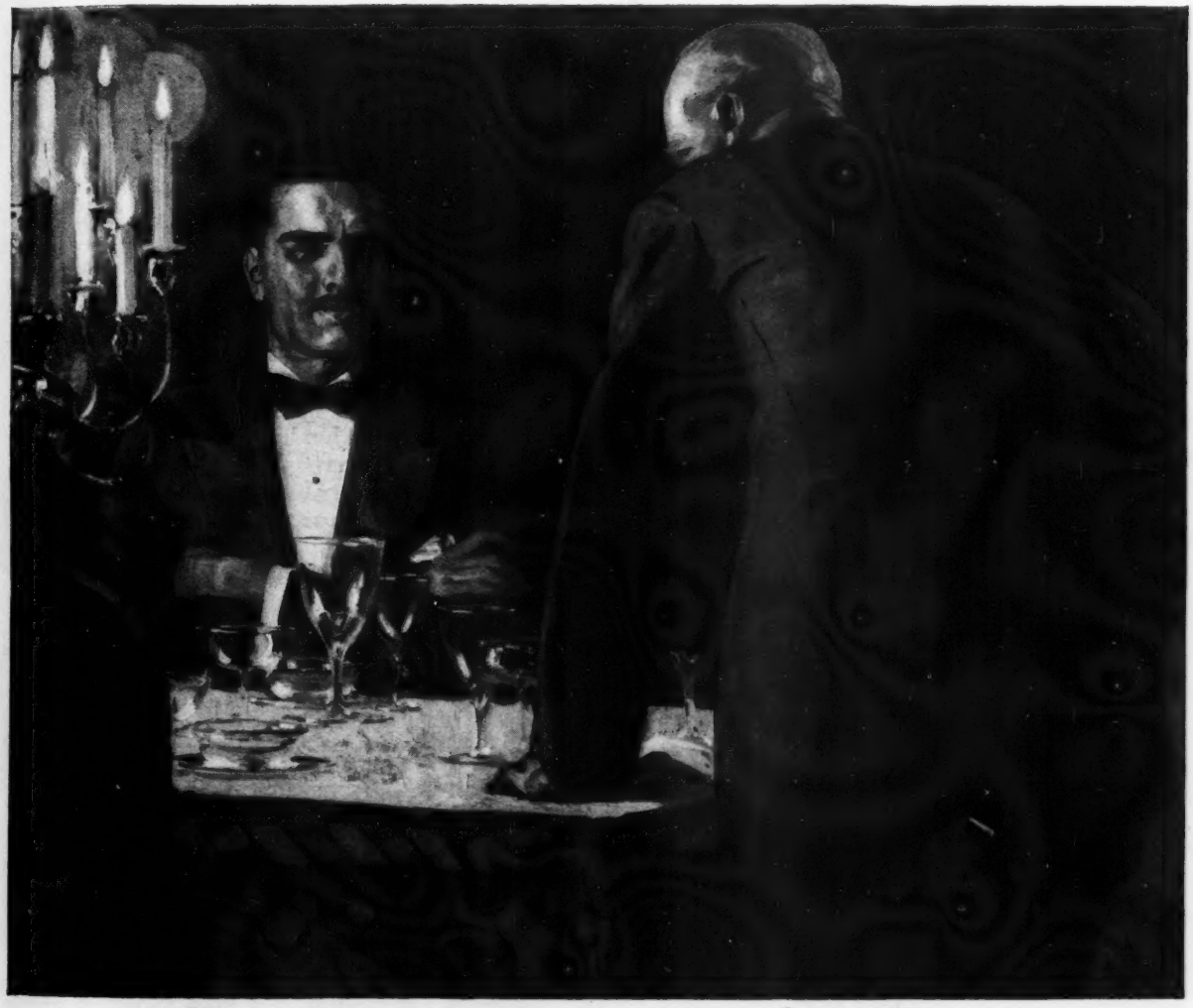
Philip was twenty-eight and good-looking in the way of a young man who led a regular life, with certain hours allotted to work, to riding, to swimming, to boxing, and who took a rather stupid satisfaction in the efficient perfection of his body. He had dark curling hair and a rather high color and blue eyes, and he was the only person in the world for whom the old man had any love.

As if the mere concentration of all his love upon this

one boy had magnified its intensity, Old Hector worshiped him, pestering him with spinsterish attentions and with a morbid unnatural jealousy. In a room filled with people he would watch Philip furtively, as he was doing now, fearful and exasperated if the boy appeared to be enjoying himself in the company of any one person, terrified secretly lest the boy should somehow escape from him.

For Philip was more to him than a nephew; more perhaps even than a son. He was the child of Hector's man's flesh, for Hector had loved Patrick Dantry, his protégé, more than he had ever loved any woman.

The third guest, who sat exactly opposite him, was a tall man with powerful shoulders and an erect and wiry body, middle-aged and possessed of an extraordinary face, which at one moment appeared singularly handsome and at the next possessed of a fascinating and almost sinister ugliness. Unlike the other three, he was of an origin obscure but of a fame and of a notoriety unknown in the circles commonly called good society.



David Melbourn — *Hector Champion*

sister Mary who died in giving him birth, and of an Irishman called Patrick Dantry who eloped with Hector's other sister, the beauty Nancy, who deserted a dull, respectable husband to create one of the great scandals at the beginning of the century. And when Patrick Dantry was killed in an accident before he could marry his sister-in-law, the baby was left to the bachelor Hector as all that remained of his two sisters and of Patrick Dantry.

Afterward he never saw his sister Nancy again. It was in a way as if young Philip was the flesh of the old

His name was David Melbourn and he had emerged out of the war a rich and successful man, still under forty, but of a richness and a success incomparable with that which had come to him afterward. Only a week earlier the newspapers of Europe and America had printed his name in the most important type as the first man in the history of the world to sign his name to a check for one hundred and fifty million dollars; not his own dollars, to be sure, but dollars which had been manipulated into a single vast bargain from which he himself drew a profit of several millions. There

Mrs. Wintringham

whom nobody knew—except that she was a kind of adventuress—but who had poise and dignity and a quality of mystery, born of her past, was quietly contemptuous of Fanny Towner's enmity.

Fanny Towner

Jim Towner's wife, who had everything — looks, fortune and an attractive husband—was desperate because she felt she was losing David Melbourn to this nobody.

was about him a sense of enormous physical power.

He sat at Old Hector's table because he was important and because Old Hector was many varieties of a snob. He was a snob of family and tradition, neither of which could have included Melbourn, and he was a snob of wealth, which did include Melbourn, and a snob of the spectacular, which also included him. And Melbourn had been invited because Old Hector knew the rumor that he was the lover of Jim Towner's wife Fanny and he wanted to see the three of them together in order that he might watch them morbidly and discover the truth.

BEFORE the dinner was half finished, he had discovered it when Fanny made a fool of herself and betrayed her interest in Melbourn and her jealousy of Mrs. Wintringham, who was sitting now in the drawing-room with Fanny and old Savina Jerrold. For a time the comedy had absorbed him and it was only now, when the ladies had withdrawn, that the fear that had not left him for days returned to him like an evil smell that would not be shaken off.

He tried to listen to what Melbourn was telling young Philip and Jim Towner but only snatches of the conversation penetrated the cloud of his depression. He was aware that Melbourn was relating with a kind of scornful indifference the negotiations that had been necessary before he could sign the largest check that had ever been written. In young Philip's naïve, handsome face there was a look of intense admiration for this man who at middle age controlled factories and mills and mines and even cities.

The boy's interest annoyed the old man, for Hector in his snobbery considered it distinguished only to live upon a capital which had come to him by inheritance and which increased from year to year without vulgar effort. But in the next breath he told himself that it was because Philip was really distinguished only on the Champion side of the family and that he came by his vulgarity from his father Patrick Dantry, whose father had made his money by heaven knew what methods in a gang of men who robbed the citizens of New York.

The thought of Patrick Dantry created suddenly the physical memory of him, tall and dark with high color and blue eyes, so like Philip sitting there a little way off listening to Melbourn. Patrick was like his son Philip, with perhaps more fire and a wilder way with women, for Patrick had possessed the Irishman's romantic temper and a capacity for indulging in indiscriminate love affairs without becoming soiled.

No, Philip lacked the fire of his father. He could not have everything he wanted from the world, as his father had had. Philip was Patrick Dantry, dulled and blunted and efficient.

Only now at seventy-one was Old Hector beginning to understand that what had always seemed impossible to himself had been to Patrick Dantry no more than the tossing off of a glass of brandy. And so Hector as a young man had come to live a kind of vicarious existence through his friend, accepting all Patrick's confidences, worshiping him and helping him in his conquests.

Patrick Dantry had been all that Hector was not and all that Hector desired most to be, and so his dazzling charm and good looks had led Hector to forget that Patrick Dantry was the son of a nobody who had got rich by means which people did not discuss. But in that strange friendship Hector had come very near to living, and even now, a generation afterward, he could not quite forgive one sister for having married his friend and the other for having taken Patrick from him forever. It was almost as if Patrick Dantry had possessed a fatal, unearthly attraction for anyone named Champion.

His feelings toward the memory of Patrick Dantry were compounded strangely of suffering and joy, of love and jealousy and hatred, and of a curious painful sense of incompleteness and frustration. In his loneliness it seemed to him that Patrick Dantry was the only person he had ever really known and that it was only yesterday a telegram had come saying that Patrick Dantry was dead in the crevasse of a glacier near Grindelwald.

But the son Philip remained, grown now into a man so like his father that there were times when it seemed that Patrick Dantry was not dead at all. And Philip in a way was almost Hector's own flesh, for he was the child of his sister.

Hector did not remember his sister Mary very clearly but his sister Nancy, who was still alive somewhere in England, returned to him vividly in memory. Of the two she had always been the more dashing and beautiful, and looking back, he thought now that perhaps Patrick Dantry had always been in love with Nancy and had only married Mary because Nancy already had a husband when he came to know her.

LATELY some force had been at work, softening the fat, bitter old man; he regretted now that he had not long ago forgiven Nancy. It would have consoled him to be able to go to her now for sympathy.

There was no understanding sympathy to be had from Philip. It was unreasonable to expect sympathy for the old and broken from the young who stood at the beginning of life. He saw that it was not because Philip was unwilling. It was simply that he could never understand what it was to be old and ill and lonely.

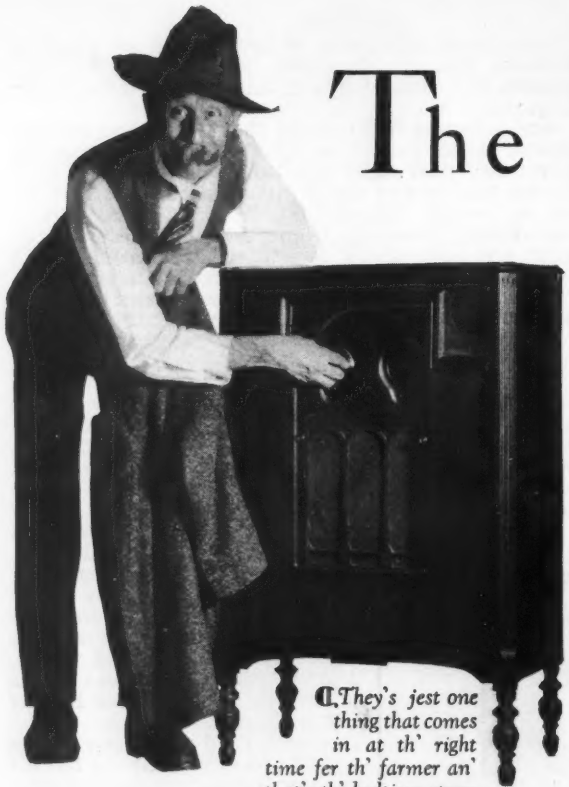
Watching young Philip's handsome regular profile he wondered whether the fantastic story about Patrick Dantry's body might be true—that as the glacier advanced and melted away with each quickening spring and summer the body at length would be found encased in the transparent ice, as young and as handsome as on the day his friend and the lover of his sister Nancy fell to his death. If that were true, the body would look for all the world like young Philip, only it would be cold and dead as (*Continued on page 152*)

BEFORE he was thirty Louis Bromfield wrote "The Green Bay Tree," a first novel of unusual brilliance. Since then he has published "Possession," "Early Autumn," "A Good Woman," and "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg"—all best-sellers and all works of literary distinction. He has surpassed himself in "Shattered Glass," which is likely to rank as one of the significant American novels of our times.

New Views *of* The Specialist

the character *who inspired*

A Million Laughs



¶ *They's jest one thing that comes in at th' right time fer th' farmer an' that's th' bedtime story.*

MR. PRESIDENT an' Folks: Well, sir, I never wuz a feller t' take a snap judgment on anythin' an' I ain't goin' t' do it on this subject.

We've heerd a lot o' gabbin' about this machine age we're livin' in an' what it's goin' t' do t' th' folks that does th' work. Along comes one feller an' sez th' labor-savin' machines is goin' t' make life jest one big picnic fer th' workin'man an' up pops another feller that sez they're goin' t' throw th' workin' folks out o' jobs an' picnickin' ain't goin' t' be much fun if a feller ain't got th' price o' a glass o' pink lemonade fer th' kids.

Now I ain't exactly fer an' I ain't exactly ag'in' it an' I'll tell you why.

Machines ain't affected my business none an' fur's I can see th' danged things never will. In th' carpenter business they'll never make a machine that you can jest push a button on an' have her grind out a job that'll stand up alongside o' th' real handmade article turned out by a feller that's a specialist with a hammer an' saw.

On th' other hand they's a lot o' machines like, fer instance, th' autymobile an' th' radio that's come to stay. An' *how*. Course they're runnin' in direct opposition t' each other, you might say. Th' autymobile keeps folks out o' their homes an' th' radio keeps 'em in an' fer a while it looked like th' race wuz a tie.

But I'll be slab-dabbed if you don't have t' hand it t' th' autymobile fellers; they jest took th' bull by th' horns because danged if I didn't see a young feller ridin' along th' road, drivin' with one hand an' sparkin' his girl while a radio attachment on th' dashboard wuz playin', "Love Me an' th' World Is Mine."

It jest goes t' show that all this talk about th' young folks o' this day an' age bein' so wicked is danged foolishness. They ain't no question that th' autymobiles have changed love-makin' considerable from what she used t' be in th' days o' th' horse an' buggy, but fur's I can see she ain't any dangerouser now than she wuz then.

You take a feller that's got his girl out ridin' in a autymobile—well, sir, he can't wrap th' lines around th' whip handle an' drive along slow, devotin' all his attention t' th' girl. No, sir! A feller is danged lucky t' be able t' do jest a little one-handed love-makin' now'days.

Some folks is always sayin' that this one-arm drivin' is dangerous. Well, sir, she don't hold a candle t' th' dangers o' two-handed love-makin'.

With autymobiles passin' back an' forth every two or three minutes an' th' road lined on each side with so danged many signboards a feller can't find a place t' drive out in th' field under a nice quiet tree where they can do a little talkin', about all that can happen with one-arm drivin' is a collision.

But folks, you take one them old side-bar buggies—them wuz th' babies—if a feller didn't keep both hands on his drivin' danged near anythin' could happen. Especially if he's got a skittish horse. On th' other hand, in them days they wuz a lot o' fellers didn't have buggies, so they'd set in th' parlor o' their girl's house lookin' at th' album.

¶ *I ain't exactly fer an' I ain't exactly ag'in' this machine age.*

Course that couldn't run on all evenin', so they'd git fidgety an' not havin' any radio t' turn off, nine times out o' ten they'd turn off th' light jest t' be doin' somethin'.

Now you take th' young folks o' t'day, fer instance. If they git tired ridin' an' set around th' parlor fer awhile, why, they can't turn off th' radio fer fear o' th' girl's paw an' if they turn off th' lights her paw don't have t' come t' th' top o' th' stairs an' yell out: "Emmie, what's goin' on down there?" He can jest push a little button in th' upstairs hall an' there they are—ketched. Huggin' an' maybe kissin'.

An' love-makin' ain't th' only thing that's been affected by them newfangled machines.

Now you take radio, fer instance. They ain't hardly a home that amounts t' anythin' but what's got one in it—an' every danged one turned on full blast whether

An Address *on* "This Mechanical Age"

by Charles "Chic" Sale

anybody's listenin' t' it or not.

Folks with radios is jest like th' fellers that wear spats in th' summer time—they don't feel right if they ain't got 'em on even if they ain't gittin' any good out o' 'em.

Th' wear an' tear on a radio is bound t' be a lot more'n it is on a autymobile when you stop t' figger out that you never see a autymobile runnin' round th' streets empty with nobody payin' any attention t' her.

They's an old sayin' that talk's cheap but danged if it don't seem like when you git her down t' where she comes t' jest a few cents on th' 'lectric bill, folks won't listen t' her. Yes, sir, it looks t' me like it won't be no time till they ain't no such thing as quiet talkin' any more unless you go out in th' woodshed t' do it. Course whisperin' is jest plumb gone.

It's gittin' so a feller can't do a little talkin' around home without yellin' so loud t' drownd out th' radio that it jest wears him out as much as talkin' t' a deaf man.

After while he jest gives up an' points.

Now I don't want you folks t' get th' idee I'm ag'in' th' radio. So fur it ain't affected me but I figger if this situation keeps up it might.

With all o' this noise goin' on it's goin' t' be a big relief t' a feller jest t' have a nice quiet place near home where he can go t' do a little thinkin', figgerin' an' ponderin'. Th' only place you can do it now is at church.

On th' other hand, they must be a lot o' folks that's gittin' a heap o' good out o' radios. But danged if they ain't one thing that's kinda disconcertin' an' that's hearin' so much jawin' around about what a great help they are fer th' farmer.

T' hear some o' these fellers tell it, folks would think th' radio'd done more t' increase th' farmers' joy o' livin' than th' ridin' plow an' that a feller couldn't no more run a farm without one than he could without a good big first an' second mortgage.

Well, sir, fur's I can see they's two sides t' th' question—only we don't never hear but one.

They ain't no doubt that th' radio is a good piece o' machinery fer folks on th' farm t' have but I've been studyin' her out an' th' way I figger it they don't git anyways near as much good out o' 'em as some folks thinks an' I'll tell you why.

You take fer instance when them mornin' settin'-up exercises is comin' in—well, sir, th' farmer has already been up fer two hours an' th' chances are he's out in th' barn pitchin' down hay fer th' horses or pumpin' water fer th' cattle an' don't git a blamed bit o' good out o' 'em.

An' if it's summer time, as like as not he's 'way down in th' south forty jest finishin' up th' last two rows in th' ten acres he's plowed since breakfast an' he won't think o' sparin' th' time t' walk back t' th' house an' tune in, no matter how bad he needs th' settin'-up exercise.

An' another thing—you take one o' th' most important things on th' radio, th' baseball scores. Well, sir, they're always at jest th' wrong time fer th' farmer.

In th' first place instead o' puttin' 'em on in th' winter time when a farmer might be able t' do a little listenin'—especially on rainy days—why, danged if they don't put 'em on in th' summer an' right in th' middle o' th' afternoon in hayin' time. Jest th' worst time in th' world fer th' farmer.

They's been a lot o' gassin' 'round about th' radio bein' a blessin' t' th' farmer's wife an' how it keeps 'em from gittin' lonesome. Well, sir, now, I figger they do git a lot o' company out o' jest havin' her turned on while they're workin' around th' place. Maybe they don't git t' hear all that's goin' on but they can hear th' sound o' it an' a farm can be so dad-blamed quiet that any kind o' a noise, even if it's jest static, is comfortin'.

Th' chances are if th' farmer's wife can spare any time fer listenin' jest t' be entertained, she can git a heap more satisfaction out o' th' party-line telephone, an' (*Continued on page 202*)

Photographs by Lazarnick

FIRST of the NEW EXPLOITS *of that* Gallant

¶ "*We're here to agree terms,*" *roared Easterling,* "*and we'll agree them before ye leave!*"

The Blank Shot

THE story of the long duel between Peter Blood and Captain Easterling finds an important place in the chronicles which Jeremy Pitt has left us, and is of importance to the serious student of Blood's curious career. Indeed, but for Easterling it may well be that there would have been no chronicles, since but for his intervention in the fortunes of Peter Blood the latter might never have become a buccaneer.

The lives of men are at the mercy of the slenderest chances. A whole destiny may be shaped by the set of the wind at a given moment. And Peter Blood's was certainly shaped at a time when it was still fluid by the October hurricane which blew Captain Easterling's ten-gun sloop into Cayona Bay.

This Easterling—as nasty a scoundrel as ever sailed the Caribbean—carried under hatches some tons of cacao of which he had lightened a Dutch merchantman homing from the Antilles. The exploit, he realized, had not covered him with glory. for glory in that pirate's eyes was measurable by profit, and the meager profit in this instance was not likely to increase him in the poor esteem in which he was held by the Brethren of the Coast.

Had he suspected the merchantman of being no more richly laden he would have let her pass unchallenged. But having engaged and boarded her, he had thought it incumbent upon him and his duty to his crew of rascals to relieve her of what she carried. That she should have carried nothing of more value than cacao was a contingency for which he blamed the evil fortune which of late had dogged him, an evil fortune which was making it increasingly difficult for him to find men to sail with him.

Considering these things and dreaming of great enterprises, he brought his sloop Bonaventure into the shelter of the rockbound harbor of Tortuga, and there dismissed his dreams to gaze upon a curious reality. It took the shape of a red-hulled ship that rode proudly

ROVER *of the* SEA, CAPTAIN BLOOD

¶ "Or not, as the case may be," said Blood quietly. He had lost his diffidence now.

by Rafael Sabatini

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

at anchor among the lesser craft, like a swan amid a gaggle of geese.

When he had come near enough to read the name Cinco Llagas boldly painted in letters of gold above her counter, and under this the port of origin, Cádiz, he rubbed his eyes. Thereafter he sought in conjecture an explanation of the presence of that magnificent ship of Spain in this pirates' nest of Tortuga.

A THING of beauty she was, from gilded beakhead, above which the brass cannons glinted in the morning sun, to towering stern castle, and a thing of power as announced by the forty guns which Easterling's practiced eye computed that she carried behind her closed ports.

The Bonaventure cast anchor within a cable's length of the great ship, in ten fathoms, close under the shadow of the Mountain Fort, which crowned the great rock on the harbor's western side, and Easterling went ashore to discover the explanation of this mystery.

In the market place beyond the mole, amid the crowd of buccan hunters, seamen, beach combers, negroes and Indians who loafed or trafficked there, the captain found a couple of rascals ready with the singular tale of how that noble vessel out of Cádiz came to ride so peacefully at anchor in Cayona Bay.

She had belonged to a Spanish admiral, who, by way of reprisal for the injury done to Spanish settlements by English adventurers and privateers, had made a raid upon Barbados, paralyzed the garrison of Bridgetown, seized the governor and held the place for ransom. But that night, while he was ashore with all his force, a party of wretched slaves from the plantations had crept aboard his ship, surprised and overpowered the inadequate watch, and in the morning had turned her guns upon the boats in which the victorious Spaniards were returning to her. Thereafter they had sailed away with their prize to freedom.

It was an amusing tale and an impressive one to

Monsieur d'Ogeron, the courtly governor of Tortuga, was not alone. He presented his richly dressed companion to Easterling: "Here, captain, is Mr. Peter Blood to answer you in person."

such a man as Easterling. He desired more particular knowledge of the men who had engaged in such an enterprise. He learned that they numbered not above a score and that they were all political offenders, rebels who in England had been out with Monmouth, preserved from the gallows because of the need of slaves in the West Indian plantations.

They had been led by a man named Peter Blood, who, because of his skill as a physician, and so that he might practice it to the profit of his owner, had been emancipated from the ordinary labor of a slave. Thus he had enjoyed a certain measure of personal freedom, which had enabled him to seize the opportunity when it presented itself.

With his fellow convicts he had come for shelter to Tortuga, and here they had been abiding for the past month. It was thought that Blood desired to take ship for France at the first occasion and that most of his followers would accompany him. But one or two wilder spirits, men who had been trained to the sea, were likely to remain behind and join the Brotherhood of the Coast, as the buccaneering fraternity called itself.

All this Easterling learned in the market place behind the mole, whence his narrow eyes continued to con the red ship.

With such a vessel as that under his feet there was no limit to the things he might achieve. The fame of Henry Morgan, with whom once he had sailed and under whom he had served his apprenticeship to piracy, should become a pale thing beside his own. Those poor escaped convicts should be ready enough to sell a ship which had served their purpose, and they should not be exorbitant in their notions of her value. The cacao aboard the Bonaventure should more than suffice to pay for her.

Captain Easterling smiled as he stroked his crisp black beard. It had required his keen wits to perceive at once an opportunity to which all others had been blind during that long month in which the vessel had been anchored there.

He made his way through the rudely built little town by the road white with coral dust, so white under the blazing sun that the eyes

instinctively sought the dark patches made by the shadows of the exiguous palms that bordered it. He went so purposefully that he disregarded the hails that greeted him from the tavern of The King of France, nor paused to crush a cup with the gaudy buccaneers who filled the place with their noisy mirth.

The captain had business that morning with Monsieur d'Ogeron, the courtly middle-aged governor of Tortuga, who in representing the French West India Company seemed to represent France herself, and conducted with the airs of a minister of state affairs of questionable probity but unquestionable profit.

In the white, green-shuttered house pleasantly set amid fragrant pimento trees, Captain Easterling was received with dignified friendliness by the slight, elegant Frenchman who brought to the wilds of Tortuga a faint perfume of the elegancies of Versailles. Coming from the white glare outside into the cool spacious room, to which was admitted only such light as filtered between the slats of the closed shutters, the captain found himself almost in darkness until his eyes adjusted themselves.

The governor offered him a chair and gave him his attention. In the matter of the cacao there was no difficulty. Monsieur d'Ogeron cared not whence it came. That he had no illusions on the subject was shown by the price per quintal at which he was prepared to purchase. It was a price representing rather less than half the value of the merchandise. Monsieur d'Ogeron was a diligent servant of the French West India Company.

Easterling haggled vainly, grumbled, accepted and passed to the major matter. He desired to acquire the Spanish ship in the bay. Would Monsieur d'Ogeron undertake its purchase for him from the fugitive convicts who, he understood, were in possession?

Monsieur d'Ogeron took time to reply. "It is possible," he said at last, "that they may not wish to sell."

"Not sell? In heaven's name, what use is the ship to those poor ragamuffins?"

"Come to me this evening," said Monsieur d'Ogeron, "and you shall have your answer."

When Easterling returned as bidden, Monsieur d'Ogeron was not alone. As the governor rose to receive his visitor, there rose with him a tall spare man in the early thirties from whose shaven face, swarthy as a gipsy's, a pair of eyes that were startlingly blue, level and penetrating looked out.

If Monsieur d'Ogeron in dress and air suggested Versailles, his companion as markedly suggested the Alameda. He was richly dressed in black in the Spanish fashion, with an abundance of silver lace and a foam of fine point at throat and wrists, and he wore a heavy black periwig whose curls descended to his shoulder.

Monsieur d'Ogeron presented him: "Here, captain, is Mr. Peter Blood to answer you in person."

Easterling was almost disconcerted, so different was the man's appearance from anything that he could have imagined. And now this singular escaped convict was bowing with the grace of a courtier, and the buccaneer was reflecting that these fine Spanish clothes would have been filched from the Spanish commander. He remembered something else.

"Ah, yes. To be sure. The physician," he said, and laughed for no apparent reason.

Aggressively the buccaneer demanded the elegant Mr. Blood's reasons for retaining a ship that could be of no use to him and his fellow convicts.

Mr. Blood began to speak. He had a pleasant voice whose metallic quality was softened by a drawling Irish accent. But what he said made Captain Easterling impatient. It was not his intention to sell the Cinco Llagas.

Aggressively before the elegant Mr. Blood stood now the buccaneer, a huge, hairy, dangerous-looking man in coarse shirt and leather breeches, his cropped head swathed in a kerchief. Aggressively he demanded Blood's reasons for retaining a ship that could be of no use to him and his fellow convicts.

Blood's voice was softly courteous in reply, which but increased Easterling's contempt for him.

Captain Easterling was assured that he was mistaken in his assumptions. It was probable that the fugitives from Barbados would employ the vessel to return to Europe, so as to make their way to France or Holland.

"Maybe we're not quite as ye're supposing us, captain. One of my companions is a shipmaster, and three others have served, in various ways, in the King's navy."

"Bah!" Easterling's contempt exploded loudly. "And what of the perils of the sea? Perils of capture? How will ye face those with your paltry crew?"

Still Captain Blood preserved his pleasant temper. "What we lack in men we make up in weight of metal. Whilst I may not be able to navigate a ship across the ocean, I can certainly fight a ship at need. I learned it under de Ruyter."

The famous name gave pause to Easterling's scorn. "Under de Ruyter?"

"I held a commission with him some years ago."

The presence of Easterling's entire crew of ruffians made Blood's three

Easterling was plainly dumfounded. "I thought it's a doctor ye was."

"I am that, too," said the Irishman simply.

The buccaneer expressed disgusted amazement in a speech liberally festooned with oaths.

And then Monsieur d'Ogeron made an end of the interview. "So that you see, Captain Easterling, there is no more to be said in the matter."

On his disgruntled way back to the mole Easterling thought that although there was no more to be said there was a good deal to be done. Already having looked upon the Cinco Llagas as his own, he was by no means disposed to forgo the prospect of possession.

Monsieur d'Ogeron also appeared to think that there was still at least a word to be added, and he added it after Easterling's departure. "That," he said quietly,

"is a nasty and a dangerous man. You will do well to bear it in mind, Monsieur Blood."

Blood treated the matter lightly. "The warning was hardly necessary. His person would have announced the background to me even if I had not known him for a pirate."

A shadow almost suggestive of annoyance flitted across the delicate features of the governor of Tortuga.

followers suspect with him that they had walked into a trap. It was too late to retreat.

"Oh, but a filibuster is not of necessity a blackguard, nor is the career of a filibuster one for your contempt, Monsieur Blood. There are those among the buccaneers who do good service to your country and to mine by setting a restraint upon the rapacity of Spain, a rapacity which is responsible for their existence.

"But for the buccaneers, in these waters where neither France nor England can maintain a fleet, the Spanish dominion would be as absolute as it is inhuman. You will remember that your country honored Henry Morgan with a knighthood and the deputy-governorship of Jamaica. And he was a worse pirate, if it is possible, than your Sir Francis Drake, or Hawkins or Frobisher, whose memory your country also honors."

Followed on this from Monsieur d'Ogeron, who derived considerable revenue from the percentages he levied by way of harbor dues on prizes brought into Tortuga, solemn counsels that Mr. Blood should follow in the footsteps of those heroes. Being outlawed as he was, in possession of a fine ship and the nucleus of an able following, and being, as he had shown, a man of unusual resource, Monsieur d'Ogeron did not doubt that he would prosper finely as a filibuster.

Mr. Blood didn't doubt it himself. He never doubted himself. But he did not on that account incline to the notion. Nor, probably, would he ever have so inclined but for that which ensued, however much the majority of his followers might have sought to persuade him.

Among these, Hagthorpe and Pitt were perhaps the most persistent. It was all very well for Blood to plan a return to Europe. He was master of a peaceful art, in the pursuit of which he might earn a livelihood. But they were men of the sea, and knew no other trade.

Dyke, who had been a petty officer in the navy before he embarked on politics and rebellion, held similar views, and Ogle, the gunner, demanded to know of heaven and hell and Mr. Blood what guns they thought the British admiralty would entrust to a man who had been out with Monmouth.

Things were reaching a (*Continued on page 146*)

A lonely Boy *who*

By *Frazier Hunt*

I WENT away feeling rather sorry for the little fellow.

He was a fine lad, too—strong, sturdy, with a friendly smile and a single fascinating dimple. And he lived in a great house, with servants and motor cars and horses and a hundred toys and apparently all the material things that a boy could dream of wanting. But I felt sorry for him just the same.

I felt sorry that he had to be a king; that he could not be just an ordinary little boy and play marbles and get into fights and in the wintertime skate on old Eel River and on long August dog days swim for hours in Devil's Hole. And I felt sorry that he would not grow up to dream of being a free agent, with his own life to make and with a whole world to roam over and to adventure in.

Somehow, life seemed to have been stopped at the source for him. It was all thought out and arranged. He would be brilliantly dressed in gay sashes and medals and swords and moved about—a king on the chessboard of Eastern Europe.

And I repeat, he was a dear little boy, with a shock of light brown hair, gray-blue eyes and a shy, sensitive voice and manner. It was his "Saint's Day," his name day—St. Michael's Day—and he was dressed in a new blue serge suit with long trousers, such as English boys wear. Two weeks before, on October twenty-fifth, he had celebrated his eighth birthday and these long trousers had been the present that had pleased him most of all.

When I was ushered in he was standing by his mother in a lovely room in his royal palace in Bucharest, Roumania, far off in the southeastern corner of Europe—a lonely boy in a lonely palace in a lonely country. The day before I had had a long talk with his mother, the beautiful Princess Elena of Greece, whose husband, the heir apparent Prince Carol, abdicated his rights to the Roumanian throne four years ago and is now living in a château on the outskirts of Paris. She had explained about the boy Michael's education and how she was trying to bring him up, and that evening his grandmother, the brilliant Dowager Queen Marie—the map-maker of the Balkans—had told me many little tales about him.

Under my left arm I had a long pasteboard box, and after greeting the princess and shaking hands with the boy king, I handed him the package.

"Here's a present for your Saint's Day that I've brought you," I explained. "Now you try to guess what it is."

He shook his head rather shyly. "I couldn't guess."

"Well, unwrap it and let's see. Put it on the floor and dig right into it."

The next second we were both on our knees and young Michael was throwing paper right and left. Then he shouted with joy.

"Oh, look! Isn't it lovely? A motor boat! Did you bring it all the way from America?"

"No; only from London," I confessed. "Now let's see if it will go."

WE FOUND the dry cells and the place they were to go in, but something was wrong. The tiny lights would not go on, nor would the propeller turn.

"Now, how in the world does this go?" the little king repeated over and over, while we tried every conceivable way of getting it started.

"I guess I'm a pretty poor mechanic," I said after a while. "We'll have to get some help, won't we?"

He allowed that the palace mechanic could do it—but all the time he kept tinkering with the batteries.

"Here, this paper comes off!" he exclaimed, picking a bit of brown cardboard from the connecting points. "Now it will go!"

Sure enough, it did go—with the green and red lights glowing and the propeller whirling. He was as happy as any other boy would have been.

I. Berman

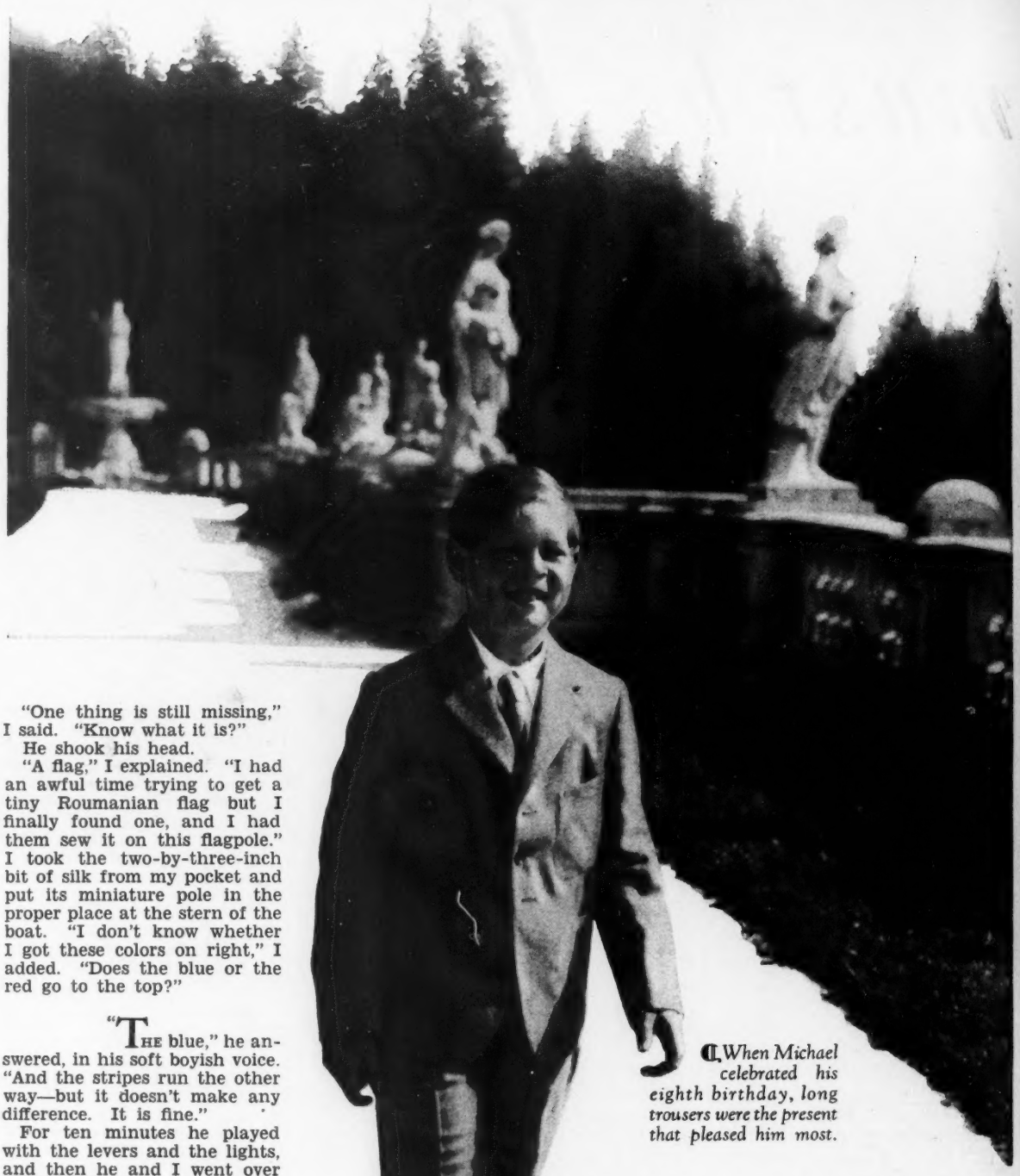
¶ *Michael has all the things a boy could dream of wanting except adventure in the wide world.*

must be KING

HOW *does the handwriting of this boy of 8 compare with the handwriting of your boy? Incidentally, this is the first picture of the boy king that he has ever autographed for anyone.*

Michael.
1929.

THE *King of all Roumanians, a ruler with a throne, a crown and a scepter; with all the fine trappings of royalty; with all royal prerogatives. But a lonely little boy just the same.*



I. Berman

¶ *When Michael celebrated his eighth birthday, long trousers were the present that pleased him most.*

"One thing is still missing," I said. "Know what it is?"

He shook his head.

"A flag," I explained. "I had an awful time trying to get a tiny Roumanian flag but I finally found one, and I had them sew it on this flagpole." I took the two-by-three-inch bit of silk from my pocket and put its miniature pole in the proper place at the stern of the boat. "I don't know whether I got these colors on right," I added. "Does the blue or the red go to the top?"

"THE blue," he answered, in his soft boyish voice. "And the stripes run the other way—but it doesn't make any difference. It is fine."

For ten minutes he played with the levers and the lights, and then he and I went over by the window and talked.

His mother had already told me his daily schedule: up at seven; breakfast at eight; studies with Roumanian tutors from eight-thirty to ten-thirty; then every other morning horseback riding, varied on alternate days with an hour of Swedish exercises in which three or four other little boys participate (the only real chance he has to be with children his own age); dinner at one; two to three, playtime; three to four-thirty, motor-car ride; four-thirty, tea; five to six, studies; six-thirty, very light supper; seven-thirty, bed.

His nurses were English and from them and from his mother and grandmother he had learned first of all to speak English. He had also learned Roumanian and he was being taught in that language now. He had picked up Greek from his mother's personal maid.

"What study do you have the hardest time with?" I asked. "Arithmetic?"

The deep dimple fairly disappeared when he smiled at my guess. "Yes, I have the hardest time with that."

"Most boys do," I went on. "My own fifteen-year-old boy can hardly get through it at all . . . He's like you—he hasn't any brothers or sisters, but he's got an old wire-haired dog he calls his brother."

I. Berman

¶ *The little king rides a bicycle in the lonely palace, wishing he could be a cowboy out West.*

"I have two police dogs," the little king explained.

"They're fine dogs. My boy has an Airedale, too. Say, here's a picture of my boy dressed up as a cowboy." I took a snapshot from my pocket. "See his big hat and his cowboy saddle and his leather chaps."

"What are those chaps for?" he questioned.

"When you ride through the brush they keep your trousers from being torn. You should come to America and go out West and be a cowboy sometime."

"I'd like to," he answered wistfully.

Then a uniformed adjutant announced that a delegation of dignitaries had arrived to pay their formal respects to the young king.

"I'm sorry; we must go now," the princess said with a warm smile.

We said good-by and I turned to go. I had just reached the door when across the room came the high, boyish voice of the little king.

"I was the one who fixed the boat, wasn't I?"

"Yes, you were the one," I agreed. "Good-by!"

A minute later I was in my car. But my heart ached for a little boy who had to be a little king, in a day when kings are out of fashion.

A little king who will be quarreled over and fought over—who will be saluted and bowed to and fussed with, and who will never be able to say for one single moment: "I am free; I can do as I wish."

For the next ten years he must be governed by three regents: his young uncle, the head of the Roumanian church and the president of the Supreme Court of Appeal. At eighteen he will become the actual king.

Soon, for reasons of state, he will have to marry some poor little foreign girl who is a princess. Then some day there will be another little boy prince who may have to be a boy king.

Only by that time there may not be any kings anywhere—and little boys can grow up to be citizen adventurers in a great, thrilling world.

Indian Summer of an

¶ "*Piggy! Fancy you being Lord Yaxley!*" *said Uncle George's barmaid.*

ASK anyone at the Drones', and they will tell you that Bertram Wooster is a fellow whom it is dashed difficult to deceive. Old Lynx-Eye is about what it amounts to. I observe and deduce. I weigh the evidence and draw my conclusions.

And that is why Uncle George had not been in my midst more than about two minutes before I, so to speak, saw all. To my trained eye the thing stuck out a mile. And yet it seemed so dashed absurd. Consider the facts, if you know what I mean.

I mean to say, for years, right back to the time when I first went to Eton, this bulging relative had been one of the recognized eyesores of London. He was fat then, and day by day in every way has been getting fatter ever since, till now tailors measure him just for the sake of the exercise.

He is what they call a prominent London clubman—one of those birds in tight morning coats and gray toppers whom you see toddling along St. James' Street on fine afternoons, puffing a bit as they make the grade. Slip a ferret into any good club between Piccadilly and Pall Mall, and you would start half a dozen Uncle Georges.

He spends his time lunching and dining at the Buffers' and, between meals, sucking down spots in the smoking room and talking about the lining of his stomach to anyone who will listen. About twice a year his liver lodges a formal protest and he goes off to Harrogate or Carlsbad to get planed down. Then back again and on with the program.

The last bloke in the world, in short, who you would think would ever fall a victim to the divine pash. And yet, if you will believe me, that was absolutely the strength of it.

This old pestilence blew in on me one morning at about the hour of the after-breakfast cigaret.

"Oh, Bertie," he said.

"Hullo?"

"You know those ties you've been wearing. Where did you get them?"

"Blucher's, in the Burlington Arcade."

"Thanks."

He walked across to the mirror and stood in front of it, gazing at himself in an earnest manner.

"Smut on your nose?" I asked courteously. Then I suddenly perceived that he was wearing a sort of horrible simper, and I confess it chilled the blood. Uncle George, with face in repose, is hard enough on the eye. Simpering, he goes right above the odds.

"Ha!" he said.

He heaved a long sigh, and turned away. Not too soon, for the mirror was on the point of cracking.

"I'm not so old," he said, in a musing sort of voice.

"So old as what?"

"Properly considered, I'm in my prime. Besides, what a young and inexperienced girl needs is a man of weight and years to lean on. The sturdy oak, not the sapling."

IT WAS at this point that, as I said above, I saw all. "Great Scott, Uncle George!" I said. "You aren't thinking of getting married?"

"Who isn't?" he said.

"You aren't," I said.

"Yes, I am. Why not?"

"Oh, well . . ."

"Marriage is an honorable state."

"Oh, absolutely."

"It might make you a better man, Bertie."

"Who says so?"

"I say so. Marriage might turn you from a frivolous young scalawag into—er—a non-scalawag. Yes,

Uncle

Good old JEEVES *again brings* Happiness *to* One *and* All

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

By P. G. Wodehouse

¶ *Jeeves fancied the union would turn out an extremely satisfactory one.*

confound you, I *am* thinking of getting married, and if Agatha comes sticking her oar in I'll—I'll—well, I shall know what to do about it."

He exited on the big line, and I rang the bell for Jeeves. The situation seemed to me one that called for a cozy talk.

"Jeeves," I said, "you know my uncle George?"

"Yes, sir. His lordship has been familiar to me for some years."

"I don't mean do you know my uncle George. I mean do you know what my uncle George is thinking of doing?"

"Contracting a matrimonial alliance, sir."

"Good Lord! Did he tell you?"

"No, SIR. Oddly enough, I chance to be acquainted with the other party in the matter."

"The girl?"

"The young person; yes, sir. It was from her aunt, with whom she resides, that I received the information that his lordship was contemplating matrimony."

"Who is she?"

"A Miss Platt, sir. Miss Rhoda Platt. Of Wistaria Lodge, Kitchener Road, East Dulwich."

"Young?"

"Yes, sir."

"The old fathead!"

"Yes, sir. The expression is one which I would, of course, not have ventured to employ myself, but I confess to thinking his lordship somewhat ill-advised. One must remember, however, that it is not unusual to find gentlemen of a certain age yielding to what might be described as a sentimental urge. They appear to experience what I may term a sort of Indian summer, a kind of temporarily renewed youth. The phenomenon is particularly noticeable, I am given to understand, in the United States of America among the wealthier inhabitants of the city of Pittsburgh. It is notorious, I am told, that sooner or later, unless restrained, they always endeavor to marry chorus girls. Why this should be so, I am at a loss to say, but——"

I saw this was going to take some time. I tuned out.

"From something in Uncle George's manner, Jeeves, as he referred to my aunt Agatha's probable reception of the news, I gather that this Miss Platt is not of the noblesse."

"No, sir. She is a waitress at his lordship's club."

"My Lord! The proletariat!"

"The lower middle classes, sir."

"Well, yes, by stretching it a bit, perhaps. Still, you know what I mean."

"Yes, sir."

"Rummy thing, Jeeves," I said thoughtfully, "this modern tendency to marry waitresses. If you remember, before he settled down, young Bingo Little was repeatedly trying to do it."

"Yes, sir."

"Odd! Still, there it is, of course. The point to be considered now is, what will Aunt Agatha do about this? She is not like me, Jeeves. I'm broad-minded. If Uncle George wants to marry waitresses, let him, say I. I hold that the rank is but the penny stamp——"

"Guinea stamp, sir."

"All right, guinea stamp. Though I don't believe there is such a thing. I shouldn't have thought they came higher than five bob. Well, as I was saying, I maintain that the rank is but the guinea stamp and a girl's a girl for all that."

"'For *a'* that,' sir. The poet Burns wrote in the North British dialect."

"Well, 'a' that,' then, if you prefer it."

"I HAVE no preference in the matter, sir. It is simply that the poet Burns——"

"Never mind about the poet Burns."

"No, sir."

"Forget the poet Burns."

"Very good, sir."

"Expunge the poet Burns from your mind."

"I will do so immediately, sir."

"What we have to consider is not the poet Burns but the aunt Agatha. She will kick, Jeeves."

"Very probably, sir."

"And what's worse, she will lug me into the mess. There is only one thing to be done. Pack the toothbrush and let us escape while we may, leaving no address."

"Very good, sir."

At this moment the bell rang.

"Ha!" I said. "Someone at the door. Probably Uncle George back again. I'll answer it. You get ahead with the packing."

"Very good, sir."

I sauntered along the passage, whistling carelessly, and there on the mat was Aunt Agatha. Herself. Not a picture.

A nasty jar.

"Oh, hullo!" I said, it seeming but little good to tell her I was out of town.

"I wish to speak to you, Bertie," said the Family Curse. "I am greatly upset."

She legged it into the sitting room and volplaned into a chair. I followed, thinking wistfully of Jeeves packing in the bedroom. That suitcase would not be needed now. I knew what she must have come about.

"I've just seen Uncle George," I said, giving her a lead.

"So have I," said Aunt Agatha, shivering in a marked manner. "He called to inform me of his intention of marrying some impossible girl from South Norwood."

"East Dulwich, the cognoscenti inform me."

"Well, East Dulwich, then. But who told you?"

"Jeeves."

"How, pray, does Jeeves come to know all about it?"

"There are very few things in this world, Aunt Agatha," I said gravely, "that Jeeves doesn't know all about. He's met the girl."

"Who is she?"

"One of the waitresses at the Buffers'."

I had expected this to register, and it did. The relative let out a screech.

"I take it from your manner, Aunt Agatha," I said, "that you want this thing stopped."

"Of course it must be stopped."

"Then let me ring for Jeeves and ask his advice."

Aunt Agatha stiffened visibly. Very much the *grande dame* of the old régime. "Are you seriously suggesting that we should discuss this intimate family matter with your manservant?"

"Absolutely. Jeeves will find the way."

"I have always known that you were an imbecile, Bertie," said the flesh-and-blood, now down at about three degrees Fahrenheit, "but I did suppose that you had some proper feeling, some pride, some respect for your position."

"Well, you know what the poet Burns says."

She squelched me with a glance. "Obviously the only thing to do," she said, "is to offer this girl money."

"Money?"

"Certainly. It will not be the first time your uncle has made such a course necessary."

We sat for a bit, brooding. The family always sits brooding when the subject of Uncle George's early romance comes up. I was too young to be actually in on it at the time, but I've had the details frequently from many sources, including Uncle George. Let him get even the slightest bit pickled, and he will tell you the whole story, sometimes twice in an evening.

It was a barmaid at the Criterion, just before he came into the title. Her name was Maudie and he loved her dearly, but the family would have none of it. They dug down into the sock and paid her off. Just one of those human-interest stories, if you know what I mean.

I wasn't so sold on this money-offering scheme.

"Well, just as you like, of course," I said, "but you're taking an awful chance. I mean, whenever people do it in novels and plays, they always get the dickens of a welt. The girl gets the sympathy of the audience every time. She just draws herself up and looks at them with clear, steady eyes, causing them to feel not a little cheesy. If I were you, I would sit tight and let Nature take its course."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, consider for a moment what Uncle George looks like. No Greta Garbo, believe me. I should simply let the girl go on looking at him. Take it from me, Aunt Agatha, I've studied human nature and I don't believe there's a female in the world who could see Uncle George fairly often in those waistcoats he wears without feeling that it was due to her better self to give him the gate. Besides, this girl sees him at meal times, and Uncle George with his head down among the foodstuffs is a spectacle which——"

"If it is not troubling you too much, Bertie, I should be obliged if you would stop driveling."

"Just as you

¶ "*What do you think of that knee?*" *asked the friendly soul. Well, of course, one has to be polite. "Terrific!" I said.*

¶ "*Mrs. Wilberforce, sir,*" *announced Jeeves. "I know him, you know," said the aunt. "He's taken tea with us."*

say. All the same, I think you're going to find it dashed embarrassing, offering this girl money."

"I am not proposing to do so. *You* will undertake the negotiations."

"Me?"

"Certainly. I should think a hundred pounds would be ample. But I will give you a blank check, and you are at liberty to fill it in for a higher sum if it becomes necessary. The essential point is that, cost what it may, your uncle must be released from this entanglement."

"So you're going to shove this off on me?"

"It is quite time you did something for the family."

"And when she draws herself up and looks at me with clear, steady eyes, what do I do for an encore?"

"There is no need to discuss the matter any further. You can get down to East Dulwich in half an hour. There is a frequent service of trains. I will remain here to await your report."

"But listen!"

"Bertie, you will go to see this woman immediately."

"Yes, but dash it!"

"Bertie!"

I threw in the towel.

"Oh, right ho, if you say so."

"I do say so."

"Oh, well, in that case, right ho."

I DON'T know if you have ever tooled off to East Dulwich to offer a strange female a hundred smackers to release your uncle George. In case you haven't, I may tell you that there are plenty of things that are lots better fun.

I didn't feel any too good driving to the station. I didn't feel any too good in the train. And I didn't feel any too good as I walked to Kitchener Road. But the moment when I felt least good was when I had actually pressed the front doorbell and a rather grubby-looking maid had let me in and shown me down a passage and into a room with pink paper on the walls, a piano in the corner and a lot of photographs on the mantelpiece.

Barring a dentist's waiting room, which it rather resembles, there isn't anything that quells the spirit much more than one of these suburban parlors. They are extremely apt to have stuffed birds in glass cases standing about on small tables, and if there is one thing which gives the man of sensibility that sinking feeling it is the cold, accusing eye of a ptarmigan or whatever it may be that has had its interior organs removed and sawdust substituted.

THERE were three of these cases in the parlor of Wistaria Lodge, so that, wherever you looked, you were sure to connect. Two were singletons, the third a family group, consisting of a father bullfinch, a mother bullfinch, and little Master Bullfinch. The last-named wore an expression that was definitely that of a thug and did more to damp my *joie de vivre* than all the rest of them put together.

I had moved to the window and was examining the aspidistra in order to avoid this creature's gaze, when I heard the door open and, turning, found myself confronted by something which, since it could hardly be the girl, I took to be the aunt.

"Oh, good morning," I said.

The words came out rather roupily, for I was feeling a bit on the stunned side. I mean to say, the room being so small and this exhibit so large, I had got that feeling of wanting air. There are some people who don't seem to be intended to be seen close to, and this aunt was one of them. Billowy curves, if you know what I mean.

I should think that in her day she must have been a handsome girl, though even then on the substantial side. By the time she came into my life, she had taken on a good deal of excess weight. She looked like a photograph of an opera singer of the 'eighties. Also the orange hair and the magenta dress.

However, she was a friendly soul. She seemed glad to see Bertram. She smiled broadly.

"So here you are at last!" she said.

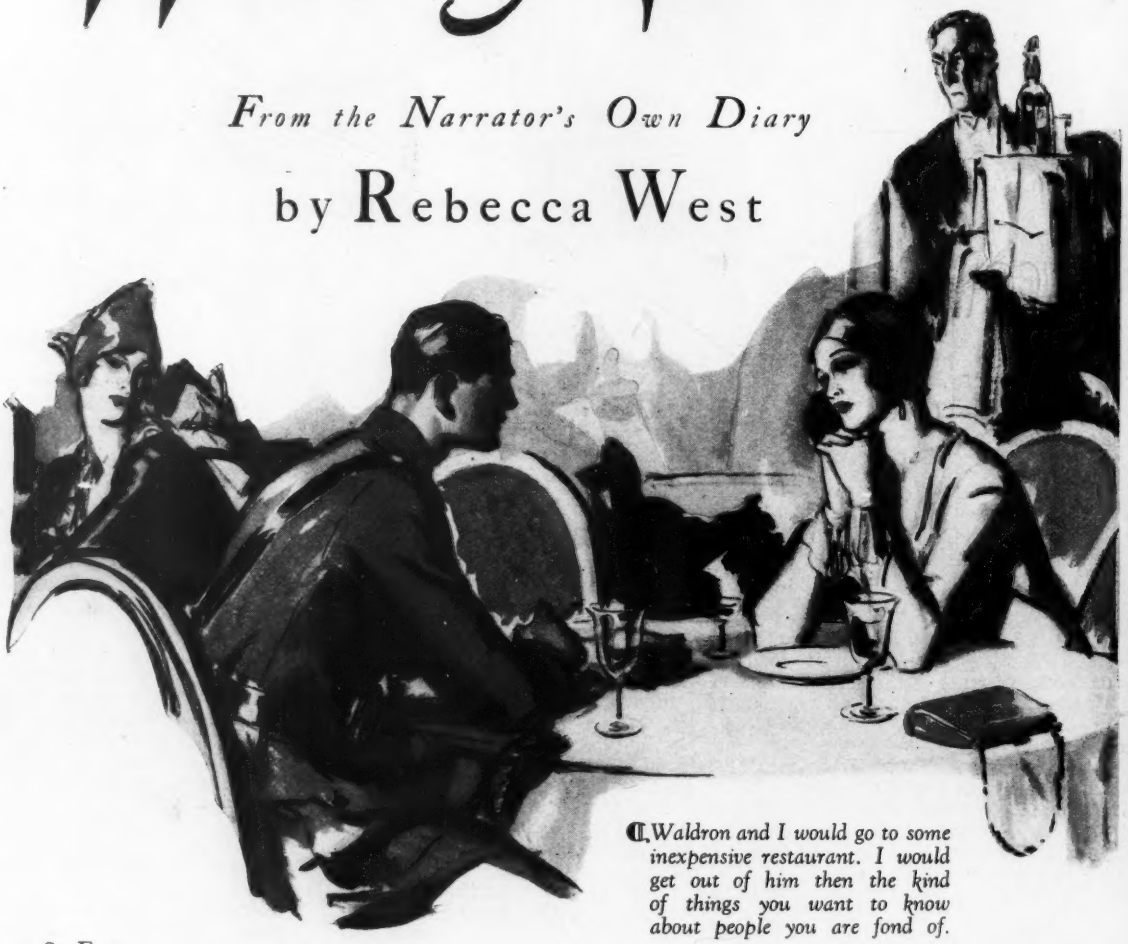
I couldn't make anything of this. "Eh?"

"But I don't think you had (*Continued on page 110*)

War Nurse

From the Narrator's Own Diary

by Rebecca West



¶ *Waldron and I would go to some inexpensive restaurant. I would get out of him then the kind of things you want to know about people you are fond of.*

The Story So Far:

THE Corinne Andrews of this amazing record of how the war changed a woman's life was the daughter of a well-placed New York family. With her sister Edna she was brought up in the innocence which the world expected of its women before the war, and which her trips to the Europe of those days did nothing to disturb.

With such an upbringing it was especially hard to grasp the fact of war when it started, yet she felt the unleashed force in the air as she fled from France that summer, and then a sad certainty that there was never going to be a life in London with Oswald Fanshawe, whom she had met after Edna's marriage to the elderly Joe Addison.

"It is funny how I don't want to describe Oswald. I am sure I loved him. But I have to bestir myself to remember it. It's as if someone who had an arm amputated years and years ago was saying to herself, 'Yes, on the third finger of that hand I used to wear a ring . . .'"

When Oswald was posted as missing early in the war, his fiancée, back in New York with her family, returned to France to nurse the wounded. "For I would get over Oswald's death not just by forgetting it, which would be to lose him, but by entering into an equality and partnership with him by participating in the war."

For Corinne Andrews the western front was a hospital at Neuilly, near Paris, where she became a volunteer nurse without preliminary training to soften the shock of her first impressions. Her first service, in fact, was in the operating theater

"It was a queer life. Soon I became almost like a disembodied spirit, with only such parts of my mind and body working as the hospital routine required. Yet I wasn't living a dead mechanical life by any means. Somehow my days were full of exaltation and happiness.

"We did a lot of eye work. Before long I got used to regarding the eye as a detachable article. There was something disconcerting to peace of mind about it, though. Life isn't so safe, really.

"Of course medical science kept up a pretense of doing its miracle. But don't forget there are some cases so bad that nothing can be done for them . . .

"It always seemed to me that an attack was like a heartbeat of the war that shook pulses all over the war area, just as a man's heart shakes pulses all over his body. When the wounded got to the hospital the doctors and nurses felt a quickening of their skill and their devotion.

"It even seemed to set a rhythm to the hospital routine. You stopped thinking of the war as something that people were doing. You thought of it as a natural

WAR *changed the* World *for this* American Woman who Lived, Loved *and* Suffered *on the* Western Front

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland

force that was swinging Europe as the moon swings the tides."

And after a year or so, with that thought uppermost in their minds, all the nurses at the hospital were nearly crazy with depression.

"At the beginning I'd taken it as natural that I didn't know what the war was about. But I also took it for granted that *somebody* knew. All of a sudden we found that we had lost that feeling. The thing was just going on and nobody could stop it. I can't tell you how low in our minds we were.

"Then suddenly there jolted out of us all a force that saved us.

"At least that was the way it seemed to me—though I suppose some people, even then, wouldn't have called what it did to Waldron Hilder and me salvation, exactly . . ."

Habitually calm and indifferent, even in his ambulance driving, Waldron Hilder was not one to analyze the thing—the new spirit of France at war. Yet he felt it, just as Corinne and his sister Mary felt it in the wards of the hospital, for one evening he observed: "Paris is waking up."

And that was what had happened in France. Nobody was weakening, but in the midst of war, in the face of the war's horrors, the gay, voluptuous spirit of the old Paris had suddenly come back, so powerfully that it was noticeable everywhere. It showed itself, first of all, as a craving for more human relationships.

At the dance that evening at one of the Overseas Clubs even Waldron seemed changed. "He managed to convey to me that our relationship had altered in some important respect."

In his queer, stolid way the ambulance driver from California made love to the war nurse from New York, and on her part, when Waldron announced that he had joined the aviators, the thought of the danger to him was blotted out by a wave of attraction toward him. But

it was not until they returned to her hotel that he tried to kiss her.

"And the funny thing was that I didn't want him to do it, in spite of the fact that all evening I had been making plans that depended on his kissing me . . ."

I REALIZE, looking back on it now, that I had picked him out for a purpose as deliberately and in a way as selfishly as any man ever picked out a woman. In fact, when I got down to brass tacks, I didn't find there was so much difference basically between men and women. Neither sex is a miracle of ethereal, altruistic love. Both are just looking for the best way to help themselves through life.

He did succeed in kissing me once, but it was a smudgy affair, half on my forehead and half on my hair. Then all of a sudden he was leaning against the wall opposite my door, looking half asleep.

Someone was coming along the passage. It was a girl who worked with me in the hospital.

She said, "Good night," and passed us; and then remembered something and came back. "I say, you know that boy who heard that his wife had had twins? Well, he's had a telegram saying his wife's dead. He's in an awful state. He's gone to pieces. He keeps on saying, 'But it was *I* who was all ready to be killed!' Isn't it terrible?"

I couldn't say anything. Suddenly I couldn't bear it any longer—all the death in the world, all the blood, all the suffering, all the tears.

As soon as the girl had gone down the passage I turned to Waldron and buried my face against his coat.

"Oh, what's the good of it all?" I wailed, and started crying.

"You poor kid!" he said, and tried to comfort me.

BUT I couldn't stop crying. I was so tired and there was this war, this war. So he guided me across the passage and into my room. It was lovely to have someone babying me as I babied the soldiers.

We stood in the darkness for a little while.

He whispered in my ear, "I do love you," and we kissed. It was all right. I did love him. I knew that was fixed up for good.

Then he felt for the switch, and the room was light. I was embarrassed, for I had dressed in a hurry and my things were all over the place. There was a rose-colored slip with some lace on it hanging over a chair, I remember.

He looked at it and said absently, "Pretty thing."

Then he sat down on the bed and drew me down beside him. I put my head on his shoulder and went on crying. I did really want to cry because it was so awful to think that I had to get up next morning and go on seeing and doing these dreadful things, and it wasn't going to do any good because the war was just going on and on and on. Also I wanted to go on being comforted by him.

He slipped his hand under my chin and turned my face up

¶ *Waldron and I were going pleasure either of us could too difficult. Our traditions*

straight to the supremest imagine, yet we felt it was all had a hold on us, all right.

to his. "You're beautiful," he said. "You're beautiful!"

I wailed, "I'm not, I'm not! You should see my sister Edna!"

He said, "You're beautiful! You have the loveliest eyes and skin and hair!"

I saw in my mind's eye a picture of a plane spinning like a top down a blue sky, and I cried out, "Kiss me! Kiss me!"

"Sure, I'll kiss you," he growled. *"Sure,* I'll kiss you."

I remember flinging my arms around him and whispering, "Go on! Go on!" because it was so wonderful to feel his lips on mine, and because it kept me from seeing that plane spinning, spinning, spinning down the sky! It was like having the worst thing in the world blotted out by the best.

We were there for the better part of an hour in my bedroom in the middle of the night. It was strangely unlike the circumstances of my sedate engagement to Oswald Fanshawe.

IT WAS strangely unlike them, too, in the nature of our feeling for each other. I had loved Oswald Fanshawe because I thought him the finest man I had ever met: brilliant, honorable, fastidious, heir to all sorts of traditions and incapable of falling below his own standards.

In that case my love was a kind of judgment, a bestowal of approval, an award of myself as a prize for merit. But now I loved Waldron Hilder not in the least because I approved of him, but because I needed him. I knew he had some qualities that were admirable—courage and endurance and a capacity for loyal affection—but I also knew that he had as many qualities that were not.

He was fundamentally uncivilized; he respected nothing but his own desires and convenience; he was habitually disingenuous and would pursue his ends with a slow, cold, red-Indian cunning. But he had an enormous vitality; a spring of life that was like salvation in a world which was being swamped with death.

And as for giving myself to him as a prize, the idea was absurd, for I wanted him as much as he wanted me. I was tired; I was frightened; the foundations of the earth were shaking under my feet. I clung to him as a drowning man clings to a spar. Waldron Hilder's kisses, too, were different from any I had ever known before. I got from them an ecstatic pleasure which Oswald Fanshawe had never given me. I don't suppose that the post-war generation would believe how sexless, at any rate superficially, the relations of pre-war engaged couples contrived to be.

In those days, even though we had discarded the Victorian legend that sex was not quite nice, we still preserved a conspiracy of silence about it. So when a girl was going to be married her mind ran on the agreeable social consequences of the marriage—the fuss of the wedding, and the exciting change of going to live in a nice new house with her husband, and using his name instead of hers—rather than on the physical love between them. So (*Continued on page 191*)

Laugh, fool, *laugh*

Drawings by
The Author

THERE she is now in her spangled ballet skirt doing her solo dance. How dainty she is as she pirouettes! See her little feet hardly touching the stage as she seems to float to and fro to the tingling rhythm of the ballet music. Hear the gallery applaud.

Little does that vast audience suspect that her beauty conceals a heart as cold as marble. Little does that theaterful of people know of my suffering. They laugh when I appear. They hold their sides in merriment when I perform my silly antics. They do not know that this pierrot ruff covers a broken heart—a heart broken by the charming little dancer who they think is so lovely.

What does the audience know of the trials and tribulations that we, behind the footlights, have to suffer? They come to be entertained and it is entertainment we provide. Music, joy, happiness, amusement, pleasure. The rosy side of life is what we show them. We dance, we clown, we tumble about and we smile. We always smile, even though our hearts are breaking. That's the theater, and we are here to please and to make merry.

They will not see that my eyes are moist with tears. The spotlight will reflect on those tears and the people will believe that my eyes are bright with joy and rapture. My costume is spotted with my tears but they do not see.

Oh, the pretense of it all! The years of study and work; the struggles and the merciless battle; bodily torture to perfect new tricks that will make them laugh. Pitiless driving of harassed soul and broken, pain-racked body. The indomitable courage of show folks. How thin is the tinsel and how dark and meaningless are the shadows that fall behind the painted scenery!

¶ *Little does the audience suspect that her beauty conceals a heart as cold as marble.*

HERE I must wait until her dance is ended and she comes out again and again to answer the encores. She will bow prettily, with tosses of her dainty head and smiles for her admirers. Then I, the mountebank, must go on and burlesque her dance.

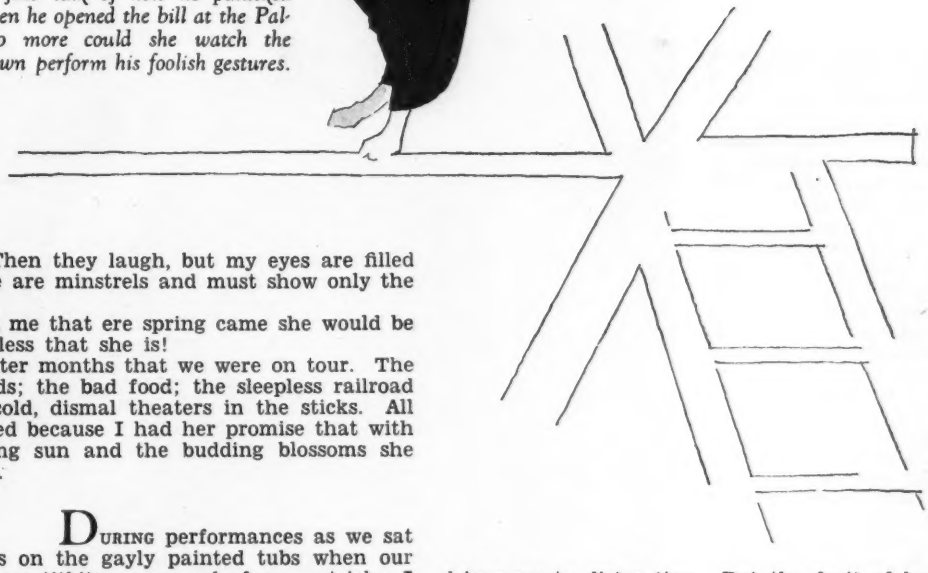
I stagger on and I fall about the stage. I tangle my feet as I

John Held, Jr.,

who put the Flapper *on the* Map, *is the* last man *in the* World *you'd* expect *to* write Sentimental Stories *about* Dogs.

But he *has* done just that. *And* here *is the* First One

¶ *When the dandy joined the troupe the charming little dancer had eyes only for him. She was impressed by his grandeur and his fine talk of how he panicked them when he opened the bill at the Palace. No more could she watch the lowly clown perform his foolish gestures.*



circle about. Then they laugh, but my eyes are filled with tears. We are minstrels and must show only the bright side.

She promised me that ere spring came she would be mine. O heartless that she is!

The long winter months that we were on tour. The one-night stands; the bad food; the sleepless railroad journeys; the cold, dismal theaters in the sticks. All this was endured because I had her promise that with the warm spring sun and the budding blossoms she was to be mine.

During performances as we sat in our positions on the gayly painted tubs when our master would toss titbits as rewards for our tricks, I always managed to miss mine and let them go by me so that she might reach them. She'd smile at me and I was happy—oh, so happy.

My performance had sparkle and the audience could tell that I enjoyed my clowning. It was a pleasure to be ridiculous. I made them laugh and it pleased her.

But when the dandy joined the troupe with his fine dress suit and his high silk hat and his specialty of sitting at a table and having a meal served to him like a gentleman, then she began to have eyes only for him.

No more could she watch the lowly clown perform his foolish gestures.

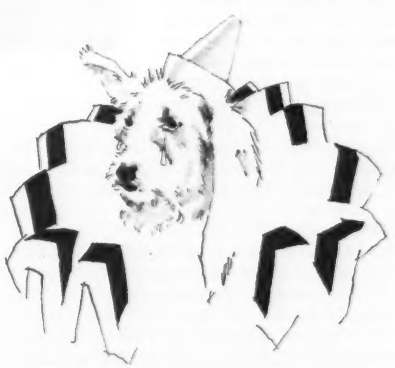
She was impressed by the grandeur of this dandy with curly mustachios and his metropolitan air, and his fine talk about how he panicked them when he opened the bill at the Palace. If he is so good what is he doing with this turkey?

She would sit in the wings and watch him do his tight-wire act every performance, and I could see the love-light coming into her eyes as spring approached.

It was the love-light that was to be for me, but was for me no longer.

The sight of her tantalizes me and her perfume drives me to distraction. But the fruit of love is not to ripen and fall in my basket. That is why my heart is broken. That is why I weep.

Here is the cue for my entrance. The show must go on, and I must laugh—— Laugh, Fool, Laugh!



¶ *The audience does not know that this pierrot ruff covers a broken heart.*

Fourth

By Rex Beach

¶ *"You and I will step over to the station house," protested. "He's a friend of mine." "Ollie*

THE young man from Clifton's showed Odette Newman from room to room of her new apartment. He was the smartest representative of the smartest establishment on the East Side and he certainly knew his "periods." His name was Cowperthwaite or Hipplesmith or something. His shoulders were broad but he had the waist of a polo player and he wore spats. He had regular features and worshipful eyes.

Excited matrons, eager to be soothed, were forever telephoning him about their tapestries or their taffetas or what not; when he talked to them he invariably looped himself over the edge of a table or the arm of a sofa, so that he could swing a leg. He breathed sympathy and Sen-Sen; his voice was like the gentle cooing from a nest of squabs.

His forbearance and his understanding were beautiful; only the plaintive lift of an eyebrow or a glance at Odette invited her compassion and betrayed his impatience at these unreasonable women of wealth. Mr. Coppersmith, or Brokenshire, was the It Man, the Sex Appeal, the Bedouin Business-getter of the Clifton Shops, premier highjackers of the interior-decorating racket. Naturally he had been assigned to supervise this job.

To Odette, who had been born back stage and brought up in the till of a Taylor trunk and who had associated most of her life with dancers, acrobats and stage hands with stubbly chins, he was the first chapter of Revelation. He was a symbol of the new and fascinating environment into which she had graduated.

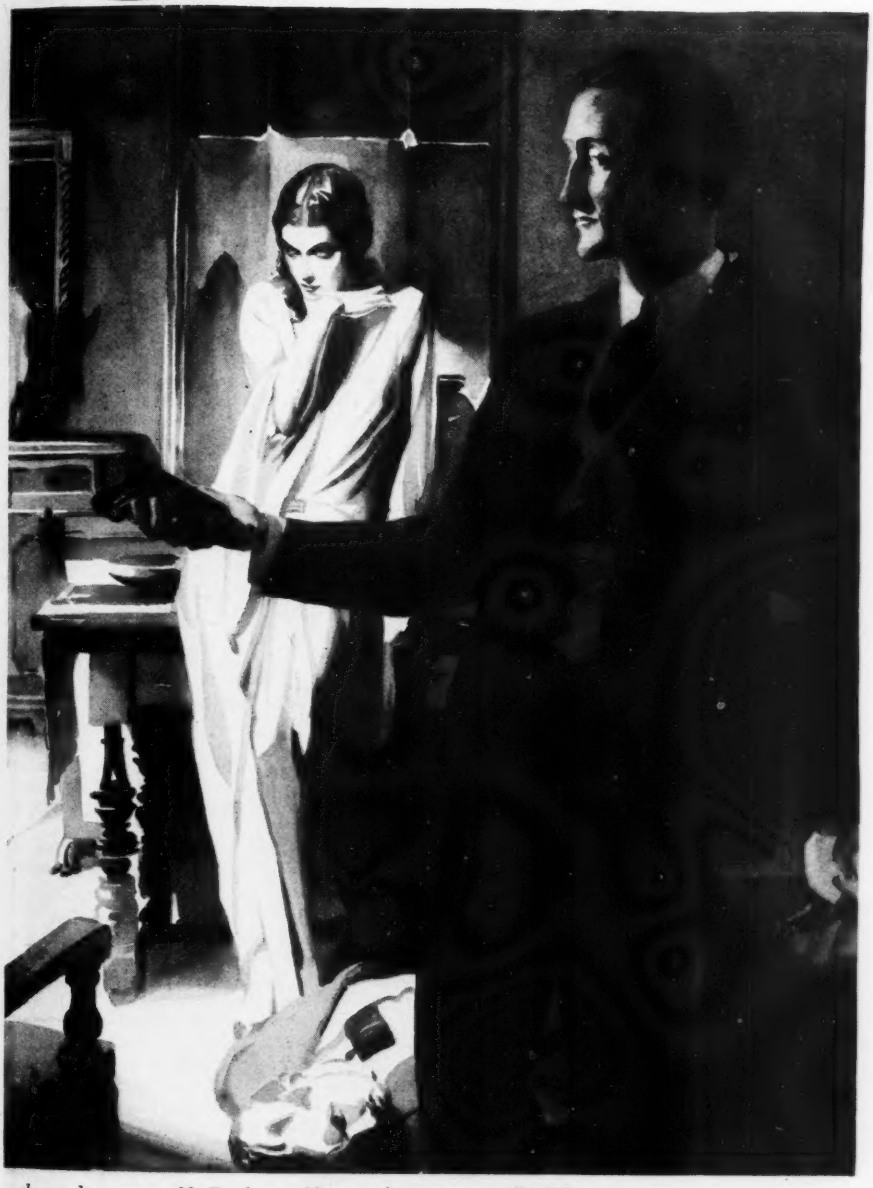
"That old altar cloth gives an int'resting touch," announced Mr. Hipplethwaite. He threw back his handsome head and eyed the object over the bridge of his nose. "The room distracted me for days. I couldn't sleep. Then it came to me—what was missing. A bit of color, a glow of warmth . . . Those Florentine cabinets are intriguing, if I may say so. Authentic, y'know. Historical pieces."

"I'm going to call them typhoid and pneumonia," Odette said. "They're so expensive."

"You can't go wrong in leaving a room to us," Mr. Collingsthorpe, or Throckmorton, told her. "So many women make the mistake of injecting their own personalities into their homes. A little over-enthusiasm, the yielding to some personal

Illustrations by George Howe

Offense



the policeman told Drake. "You can't arrest HIM*!" Odette Drake! A friend of yours? Well, well!" said the limb of the law.*

Romance comes to a Lonely Star

whim or prejudice or sentiment and—an entire harmony is spoiled." Clifton's machine-gun operator lowered his lids and stared about him. "Yes! I've never done better with a place of this size. I'm sure your friends will call it perfect."

"People in my line don't have many friends."

Mr. Coppleshire, or Carbuncle, raised his nice brows. "Now, Miss Newman! As if all New York wasn't at your feet! I've tried to fashion a shrine of perfect beauty for the most perfect beauty of the American stage."

"Apple sauce!" Odette said carelessly. She wished men wouldn't always compliment her in that reverent, ecclesiastical tone. Of course she was pretty. Heaven knew she spent enough time and took sufficient pains with herself. That was a part of her business, of her stock in trade, like her dimpled back, her shapely legs and her feet—those twinkling feet which had danced her into fame and fortune and into this perfectly appointed nest. Some time, perhaps, a man with a deep voice and large joints would look her squarely in the eyes and say roughly:

"Gee, kid! I'm wild about you."

But none had done so yet, and she was already in the sere and yellow twenties. The men she met were either timorous and overawed by her very name, or else they were frankly and avowedly predatory. The latter she hated; the former disappointed her and left her unsatisfied.

She was heartily sick of applause, adulation from out front, and completely fed up with the obsequious servility of the yes-crew back stage. More dreadful still, she had become a tradition; at twenty-one!

Well, she was her own mistress at last. She had a home and she stood on the threshold of a new life: vistas of a world completely divorced from the theater opened before her.

When the æsthetic Mr. Hipplewhosis finally finished rhapsodizing over his handiwork and bowed himself out, Odette made a solitary tour of the place. Then she sat down in her living room and let her impressions sink in. She adored everything she saw: the splendid rugs, the rich, stiff window hangings, the cabinets and consoles, the lights, the bronzes and porcelains, the Venetian mirrors—oh, there were a thousand things to look at, and they belonged to her!

She was an extremely immature person to be the

mistress of her own home, but her glowing Latin beauty went well with the warm Italian environment so cunningly fashioned by the artistic hands of Mr. Chipplesomething. What did it matter if Clifton's were robbers? Crimson was her color; here was harmony, perfection, luxury, class.

There was an unaccustomed thrill to the mere feeling of self-indulgence which she experienced at this moment, for she had never owned much of anything. All her life she had been a slave, a bondmaid; every hour of her days, every atom of her energy had been devoted to developing her talents. Work, lessons, practice, rehearsals, matinées and evening performances; she knew very little else.

While she was still a gangling, bony child, her mother had put her into the beginners' class at the Sophie Newman Ballet School and had taught her to kick and to pirouette and to pose. Arduous years of rigid physical training had followed, years of drudgery during which the slim Odette had wilted like a flower.

Month after month of bar exercises, during which she had kicked and bent and twisted before the wall mirrors until she hated the very sight of herself. Month after month of stretching, during which she had been manhandled and manipulated like so much putty in the hands of perspiring instructors.

Sophie Newman had her own technique of training; in her effort to avoid bulging muscles she kept her students off their toes until their bones had set. Suppleness, grace, agility were Sophie's aims, and once they had been attained, the real advanced training began. Then, indeed, she became a stern taskmistress.

Odette could visualize her mother only with her famous Malacca cane in hand, that cane with which she tapped and tapped as regularly as a machine. During class hours, Sophie might wax furious, or go into hysterics; she might converse animatedly with visitors or grant interviews with reporters, but always that stick maintained its monotonous tap-tap-tapping and the girls kept time to it like so many capering marionettes.

Odette of course had other things to do besides dance; she lived by a schedule as methodical, as unvarying as the beating of a metronome. There were fixed hours for study, for piano practice, for vocal culture; then, later, hours for dramatic lessons, lessons in expression, in carriage and deportment.

She was watched like a prisoner. Sophie dictated what she ate and drank, when she went to bed and when she got up. Her health and her strength were jealously safeguarded; her feet, her hands, her teeth, her skin, her hair received daily attention. Illness was a foe which robbed her of just so much practice and handicapped her in her race against time.

The years of preparation, as Sophie maintained, were all too short at best and it was necessary to crowd them full. Odette's girlhood had been one long nightmare of work, discouragement, weariness and tears.

When finally she made her first appearance it had been with the lynx-eyed Sophie in the first entrance, beating with her cane. It was to her rather than to the audience that Odette looked for approval; it was to the beat of that Malacca stick rather than to the music that she danced; it was by her mother's approbation, not by the applause from out front, that she knew she was good.

Looking back on her stage career now, it seemed as if she had always danced with one eye on the first entrance where the flaming, dominant Sophie stood smiling her encouragement or frowning her disapproval.

There were occasional stormy moments in the dressing room when her mother would berate her, crying shrilly: "You're a disgrace! Another performance like that and I'll close you" . . . "A headache, indeed! My Lord! Are you a trouper or an amateur? Your business is to dance; leave the headaches to me."

That was a mild outburst. There were times when Sophie actually threatened violence. But she reserved for herself the exclusive right to criticize her offspring and woe betide anybody who usurped that privilege. Then, indeed, she was like a tigress.

With Odette's triumph assured and her stardom attained, those bursts of temper became less frequent, but up to the very last the watchful Sophie remained a typical stage mamma and held the girl completely under her thumb. Hers was the brain that planned the thousand-and-one strategies leading to professional recognition; hers the eyes that looked ahead. It was she who fought for increases in salary; hers was the hand that indorsed the checks for deposit. It was she likewise who stood as a wall between Odette and the world outside the theater.

"Thank you, but we never go out," she would say icily, or in answer to some voice over the telephone, "This is Odette's mother speaking. It's very kind of you but the child has no time for anything outside of her work."

That had gone on for years. No time for anything but work! It had been Odette's creed. Naturally, young men were not allowed to distract her attention. Sophie would bristle at the threat and such specimens of the opposite sex as betrayed a personal interest in her child she regarded with a poisonous distrust.

"I had to refuse another silly invitation," she would sometimes explain. "Society people, so called. If they want to see you, let them pay at the box office. You'll waste no time at dinners and dances until you're over the top. Time enough for that foolishness when you're older and we can afford it."

As manager and watchdog, the tempestuous Sophie had been a conspicuous success; she had built up a reputation for her daughter unusual in the theatrical profession and the pair had lived a life of peculiar isolation. Odette had indeed become a sort of tradition. She had an army of polite and respectful acquaintances, but no girl friends, and she had never been alone for half an hour with a young man.

Never having savored the salty taste of freedom, she did not rebel, although there were times when she experienced dissatisfaction, resentment at her lot, and felt that she was paying a heavy price for stardom. More poignant by far, however, was her regret that she was mute. So far she had never been given a song to sing or a line to speak.

To the public she remained a lovely automaton, a voiceless creature of surpassing grace and intoxicating beauty, and that, too, was Sophie's doing, for in the mother's eyes all art abided in the dance. Odette sometimes wondered what her audiences would think if she burst into song, and asked herself what good it had done her to waste so many years in vocal and dramatic study. But it was useless to oppose her mother's will.

The very passion of Sophie's ambitions wore her out at last. She went to sleep comfortable in the knowledge that Odette was the highest-salaried danseuse in the world and had a sizable fortune in the bank. It never occurred to her that she had robbed the girl of her dreams and had broken the wings of all her butterflies.

Lucille, Odette's maid and dresser, arrived with the luggage and in frank amazement she stared at the new apartment. Lucille's real name was Mary and she was a middle-aged Irishwoman.

"Glory be!" she exclaimed. "It's as beautiful as a stage set."

"I—I've been trying to think up words to fit it," Odette told her.

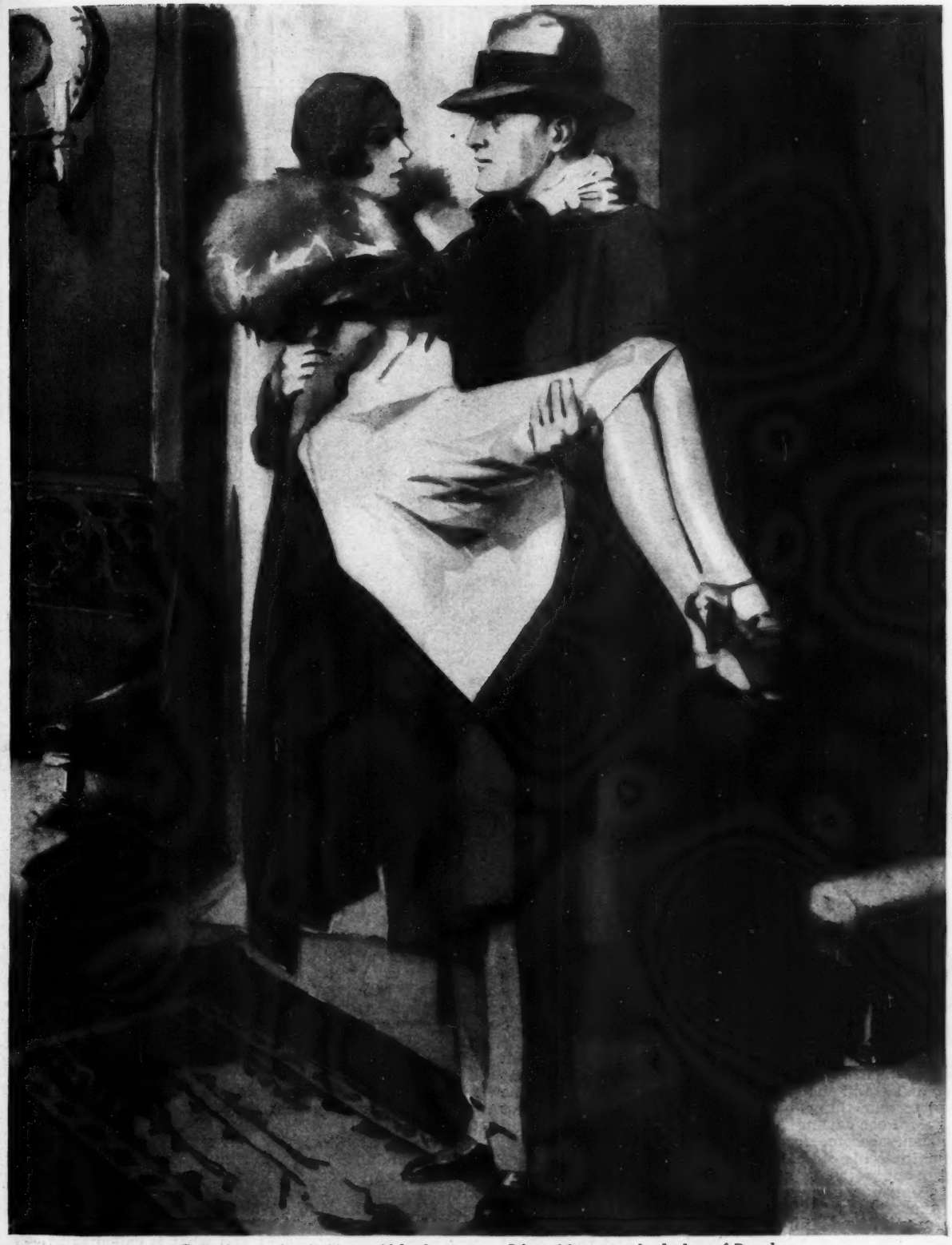
"Um-m! Well, your mother would have found something to say about all this extravagance . . . Tse! Tse! It's not much like the old place, is it? How two women with your money could live like you did——"

"It was one of her economies."

"Good Lord! Is that a yard yonder?" The dresser peered out upon the tiled terrace hung twenty stories above the street. "As I live! Flowers growing and little Christmas trees. Mind now that you never go out there unless I have hold of your hand."

"This is a penthouse. Isn't it *perfect?*"

"I can tell better when I see the kitchen."



Drake wondered if he could be dreaming. Odette Newman, the darling of Broadway, in his arms! "Well!" The girl was smiling. "This is the end of the line."

Odette leaped to her feet. "I'll show you around. I'm Mr. Hippityhop from the Clifton Shops." She struck a pose with hand on hip, her head back and her eyes half closed. Those eyes, by the way, were like two enormous black pansies fringed with silk. "I've never done better with a place of this size," she drawled. "That old altar cloth gives an int'resting touch. A perfect shrine for your perfect beauty, Mrs. McCabe. I'm sure your friends will like it."

"I can tell better when I see the ice box."

It was later. Lucille had unpacked the hand baggage and the trunks which followed it; she was busy now in the white-tiled kitchen. Odette had finally found her voice; joy intoxicated (*Continued on page 128*)

Dangerous Game

SHE was a tiny woman, dark-haired and with gray-blue eyes, very large and arresting in a small pale face. A little girl's face, with small delicate features, but worn—prematurely, for Mrs. Tarwin was only twenty-eight; and the big wide-open eyes were restless and unquietly bright.

"Moira's got nerves," her husband would explain when people inquired why she wasn't with him. Nerves that couldn't stand the strain of London or New York. She had to take things quietly in Florence. A sort of rest cure. "Poor darling!" he would add in a voice that had suddenly become furry with sentiment; and he would illuminate his ordinarily rather blankly intelligent face with one of those lightning smiles of his—so wistful and tender and charming.

Almost too charming, one felt uncomfortably. He turned on the charm and the wistfulness like electricity. Click! his face was briefly illumined. And then, click! the light went out again and he was once more the blankly intelligent research student. Cancer was his subject.

Poor Moira! Those nerves of hers! She was full of caprices and obsessions. For example, when she leased the villa on the slopes of Bellosguardo, she wanted to be allowed to cut down the cypresses at the end of the garden. "So terribly like a cemetery," she kept repeating to Signor Bargioni. Old Bargioni was charming, but firm. He had no intention of sacrificing his cypresses.

"All right, all right," said Moira Tarwin hastily. "Let's leave the cypresses."

"E la Tarwina?" questioned Signora Bargioni when her husband came home.

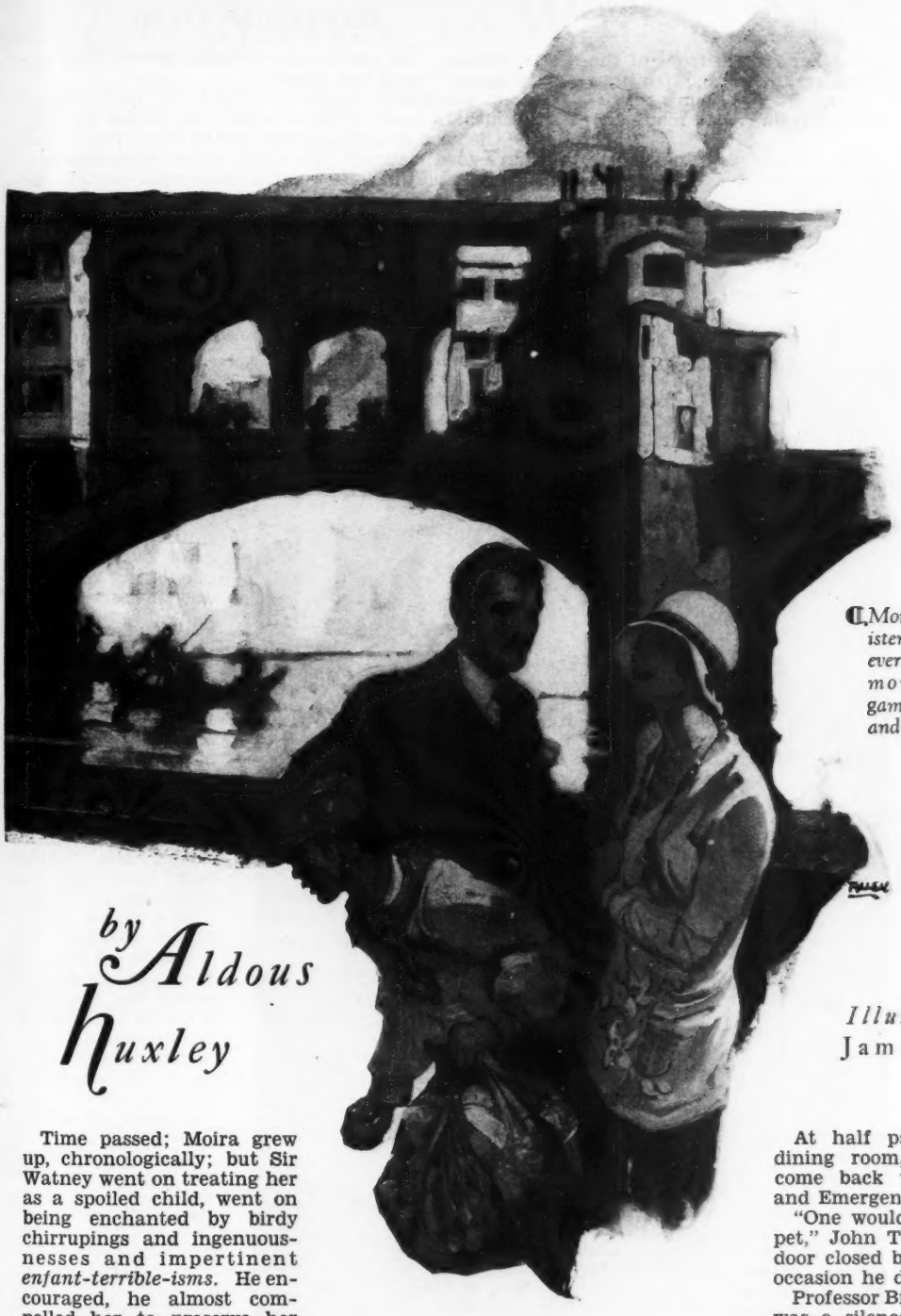
He shrugged his shoulders *"Una donnina piuttosto sciocca,"* was his verdict.

Rather silly. Old Bargioni was not the only man who had thought so. But he was one of the not so many who regarded her silliness as a fault. Most of the men who knew her were charmed by it; they adored while they smiled.

In conjunction with that tiny stature, those eyes, that delicate childish face, her silliness inspired avuncular devotions and protective loves. She had a faculty for making men feel, by contrast, agreeably large, superior and intelligent. And as luck, or perhaps as ill luck, would have it, Moira had passed her life among men who were really intelligent and what is called superior.

Old Sir Watney Croker, her grandfather, with whom she had lived ever since she was five (for her father and mother had both died young), was one of the most eminent physicians of his day. His early monograph on duodenal ulcers remains even now the classical work on the subject.

Between one duodenal ulcer and another Sir Watney found leisure to adore and indulge and spoil his little granddaughter. Along with fly-fishing and metaphysics she was his hobby.



¶ Moira wanted her existence to remain forever what it was at this moment—a kind of game with a pleasant and exciting companion.

by Aldous Huxley

Illustrations by James E. Allen

Time passed; Moira grew up, chronologically; but Sir Watney went on treating her as a spoiled child, went on being enchanted by birdy chirrupings and ingenuousnesses and impertinent *enfant-terrible-isms*. He encouraged, he almost compelled her to preserve her childishness. Keeping her a baby in spite of her age amused him. He loved her babyish and could only love her so.

Most of his friends shared Sir Watney's tastes. Doctors, judges, professors, civil servants—every member of Sir Watney's circle was a veteran specialist. To be asked to one of his dinner parties was a privilege.

On THESE august occasions Moira had always, from the age of seventeen, been present, the only woman at the table. Not really a woman, Sir Watney explained; a child. The veteran specialists were all her indulgent uncles. The more childish she was the better they liked her. When they started to discuss the Absolute or Britain's Industrial Future, she interjected some deliciously irrelevant remark that made them laugh heartily. Exquisite!

At half past nine she left the dining room, and the talk would come back to ulcers and Reality and Emergent Evolution.

"One would like to keep her as a pet," John Tarwin had said, as the door closed behind her on that first occasion he dined at Sir Watney's.

Professor Broadwater agreed. There was a silence. Tarwin broke it.

"What's your feeling," he asked, leaning forward with that expression of blank intelligence on his eager, sharp-featured face, "what's *your* feeling about the validity of experiments with artificially grafted tumors as opposed to natural tumors?"

Tarwin was only thirty-three and looked even younger among Sir Watney's veterans. He had already done good work, Sir Watney explained to his assembled guests before the young man's arrival, and might be expected to do much more. Enviable opportunities. A great deal to be said for a private income.

"Ah, here you are, Tarwin. Good evening. No, not at all late. This is Mr. Justice Gidley, Professor Broadwater, Professor Stagg and—bless me! I hadn't noticed you, Moira; you're really too ultra-microscopic—my granddaughter." Tarwin smiled down at her. She was really ravishing.

Well, now they had been married five years, Moira

was thinking, as she powdered her face in front of the looking-glass. Tonino was coming to tea; she had been changing her frock. Five years. It was John's photograph in the leather traveling frame that made her think of their marriage.

Why did she keep it there on the dressing table? Force of habit, she supposed. It wasn't as though the photograph reminded her of days that had been particularly happy. On the contrary. There was something, she now felt, slightly dishonest about keeping it there. Pretending to love him when she didn't . . .

She looked at it again. The profile was sharp and eager. The keen young research student intently focused on a tumor. She really liked him better as a research student than when he was having a soul, or being a poet or a lover. It seemed a dreadful thing to say—but there it was: the research student was of better quality than the human being.

She had always known it—or rather, not known, felt it. The human being had always made her rather uncomfortable. The more human the more uncomfortable. She oughtn't ever to have married him, of course. But he asked so persistently; and then he had so much vitality; everybody spoke so well of him; she rather liked his looks; and he seemed to lead such a jolly life, traveling about the world; and she was tired of being a mascot for her grandfather's veterans.

"I oughtn't to have married him," she said to her image in the glass, and shook her head.

John was the pet-fancier as well as the loving educator. There were times when Moira's childishnesses delighted him. He was less enthusiastic, however, when she had been childish at his expense, when her silliness had in any way compromised *his* dignity or interests. On these occasions he lost his temper, called her a fool, told her she ought to be ashamed of herself.

Four months ago, her nerves had gone all to pieces and the doctor had said that she must take things quietly, apart from John. Awful! The life had nearly killed her. And it wasn't (she had come at last to realize), it wasn't really a life at all. It was just a galvanic activity, like the twitching of a dead frog's leg when you touch the nerve with an electrified wire. Not life, just galvanized death.

One last dab at her lips and there! she was ready. She went downstairs to the drawing-room, to find that Tonino had already arrived—he was always early—and was waiting. He rose as she entered, bowed over her outstretched hand and kissed it.

Moira was always charmed by his florid, rather excessive southern good manners. John was always too busy being the keen research student or the furry-voiced poet to have good manners. He didn't think politeness particularly important. It was the same with clothes. He was chronically ill-dressed. Tonino, on the other hand, was a model of dapper elegance.

One of the pleasures or dangers of foreign travel is that you lose your class consciousness. At home you can never, with the best will in the world, forget it. Habit has rendered your own people as immediately legible as your own language. A word, a gesture are sufficient; your man is placed. But in foreign parts your fellows are unreadable.

For Moira, Tonino seemed the characteristic flower of Italian gentility. She knew, of course, that he wasn't well off; but then, plenty of the nicest people are poor. She would have been pained, indignant and surprised to hear old Bargioni describing him, after their first meeting, as *"il tipo del parrucchiere napoletano."* The typical Neapolitan barber. Signora Bargioni shook her head over the approaching scandal and was secretly delighted.

As a matter of actual fact Tonino was not a barber. He was the son of a capitalist—on a rather small scale, no doubt; but still a genuine capitalist. Vasari Senior owned a restaurant at Pozzuoli and was ambitious to start a hotel. Tonino had been sent to study the tourist industry with a family friend who was the manager of one of the best establishments in Florence. When he had learned all the secrets he was to return to Pozzuoli to be the managing director of the rejuvenated boarding house which his father was modestly proposing to rechristen the Grand Hotel Ritz-Carlton.

¶ *Moira's solitudes were endless meditations on the theme of Tonino.*

Meanwhile, he was an underworked lounger in Florence. He had made Mrs. Tarwin's acquaintance romantically, on the highway. Driving alone, as was her custom, Moira had run over a nail. When Tonino came upon her, ten minutes after the mishap, she was sitting on the running board of the car, flushed and disheveled by her efforts to detach the punctured wheel, and in tears.

"Una signora forestiera." At the café that evening Tonino recounted his adventure with a certain rather fatuous self-satisfaction. In the small bourgeoisie in which he had been brought up, a Foreign Lady was an almost fabulous creature, a (*Continued on page 119*)

A Love Story — By William Almon Wolff

So much depends *on the Approach*

IT WAS going to be another hot day, probably, but the morning that had just begun was still cool and fresh and sweet. It had rained in the night, and the sun wasn't high enough yet to have dried out the Renclair course. Except for Steve Cruger only the birds, busy with their own affairs, seemed to be about; that suited him to perfection.

He hadn't seen the Renclair links, until this week late in June, for six gloomy and depressing years; he hadn't, for that matter, played any golf in those six years, either. With any luck he would, now, for a month or two; he didn't see why he shouldn't come out like this every morning before breakfast. Unless the habits of Renclair folk had changed a good deal in six years, he'd have no company.

He'd been worried, a few minutes before; he'd thought a flash of yellow against the green background of the woods that bordered the eighth fairway came from a girl's skirt or sweater. He hadn't seen it again, though; probably he'd been mistaken. He hoped so.

He drove from the sixth tee; two hundred and forty yards, straight out; very nice. All carry, practically; there was no roll worth speaking of on the soaked turf. Still, had you been curious about his game, that drive would not have told you much; the veriest dub poles out a good drive occasionally.

Steve's second shot, though, would have told you everything. He walked up to his ball, dropped his bag; sighted the line of the shot; swung back, shoulder high; took turf cleanly and dropped the ball dead to the pin. Only a real golfer can approach so. He smiled as he holed his tiny putt; for the first time in six years he had played a hole perfectly. He had some reason to be pleased.

He was frowning, though, as he stood on the seventh tee. Not because of the accumulated horrors of that short hole, which had ruined so many promising medal rounds. He wasn't afraid of it, for one thing; for another, nothing hung upon his score.

No. WHAT bothered him was an old white Dutch-colonial house and an old-fashioned garden full of hollyhocks, of tall blue delphinium, of roses just coming into full bloom, that straggled down to the corner where the course turned sharply to the left.

Steve Cruger, you see, had been born in that house. More than two hundred years before, a Cruger had cleared the land on which it stood and built the house, and Steve was the first Cruger since that time, in the direct line, who had not owned land and house.

It was through no folly or fault of his own, to be sure, that Steve had

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

to see it now in the hands of strangers; it had gone, with all else to which he had believed himself heir, in the smash that had killed his father. Yet that didn't lessen the bitterness the sight of it brought into his eyes.

He shook his head doggedly after a moment; dropped his ball; drove the green cleanly, hole high, leaving himself a tricky twelve-foot putt. This time, however, he didn't smile as he holed out for his two; a birdie here, he knew, was always pretty much a matter of luck. He replaced the flag, picked up his bag, turned toward the eighth tee, and stopped dead.

He hadn't been mistaken about that flash of yellow. There was a girl. She was sitting on the bench beside the sand box on the tee, hands clasped about her silken knees, laughing at him, full of mischief and of mirth. She was ridiculous, incongruous, for she wore a yellow evening gown and gold slippers that the wet grass had stained, and yet, even in that costume at that hour, she was very lovely.

"Liar!" she said. "Pig! You told me you didn't play golf!"

"I hadn't for six years, when you asked me," he protested. "This is only the third time I've been out. I wanted to see if I could still hit a ball."

"I'll say you can!" she said. "I've been watching. I saw someone—we were coming back from a dance at Crooked Brook. I thought it was you. The boy friend was all for having me change and go for a swim, but I wouldn't. And I sneaked across when he'd gone, and caught you in the act."

"Yes," said Steve, scowling a little. He scowled too much, this young man; it was a habit with him.

"You're so dumb," the girl complained. "Why didn't you ask me to get you a guest card? I could, you know. They'd have loved to blackball us, but they didn't dare."

"Good Lord!" Steve's scowl deepened. "Did you suppose——? I've belonged here all my life. I kept up a non-resident membership when I—I went away." He laughed shortly. "Hanged if I know why!"

"Fate!" she said, making her voice deep and throaty. "So you could play with me this afternoon, after I've had some sleep. You know you're going to, now."

"I'd rather not, Miss Wilder——" She turned her back on him, elaborately. "All right—Joan!" he said. Then, flatly: "I don't want to."

"Spurned again!" she said cheerfully. "If it were only a line you'd be marvelous, Steve. You mean it, though, hang you! I've been throwing myself at you for months, and I'm all black and blue from bouncing back. I did think when I got you out here——"

"Chuck it, Joan, won't you?" he said. "Look here, you know why I can't play around with you and your crowd. I'm only a clerk in your father's office, even if he does have me live with you because it's handier for him."

"That's so silly!" she said. "I don't see why you can't

¶ *"Thought I'd made myself clear, this morning," said John Wilder. There was*

be human. Oh, well, go ahead and drive. I suppose you'll let me walk around with you and watch you?"

He was a little flushed as he drove. An odd picture they made. The boy—he was little more, for all the lines six years had etched in his face—in linen knickers and loose white shirt; the girl in an evening dress that clung to her slim golden legs, her wrap slipping from her tawny shoulders.

She was exquisitely made: tall and slender, with long, graceful hands; with hair touched with a faint hint of chestnut; with blue eyes full of smoldering fires. There was something untamed, undisciplined, about her; something about the way she looked at Steve Cruger as he went on soberly about his golf that might have made a man a little older, a little wiser, thoughtful to the point of caution.

They didn't talk much, and when they did, it was about the game. Until he turned from the fifteenth green, not toward the next tee, but to a gate in a stone wall.

"Oh, Steve, play it out!" said Joan. "You only need even fours now to break seventy—and that's the course record, isn't it?"

"Is it still?" he said, and smiled. "It used to be. I made it——" He stopped short and flushed. "I haven't time. I've an hour's work to do to get a report ready for your father that he wanted done when he got back from this trip he's been on." He held the gate open for her. "Coming?" he asked.

She bit her lip, and they walked across the lawn together to the big stone house the Wilders had taken for that summer. Birds of passage, they were, for all John Wilder's millions; that was something Steve couldn't understand. But there were people, of course, who never put out roots.

Joan's eyes were mocking him as she turned toward her room at the head of the stairs. "'Good night, sweet prince!'" she said. "That's in 'Hamlet.' Better look it up!"

He grinned when she had gone, and went up to his own quarters to bathe and change.

nothing for Steve to say, if Joan chose to be silent.

You had better learn, as briefly as may be, how Steve Cruger came to be in that house. You are not, you see, to harbor any illusions about him. That sullen look of his needs explaining; it testified to something that was wrong with him. And yet, as most people look at things, there was nothing wrong; he cut a wholly admirable figure; he was a young man to be looked upon as a pattern, a model, a very paragon.

He hadn't been sullen as a boy. He had grown up as the sons of most well-to-do men with position and family background do grow up. There had been nothing singular about him except his golf, which had been good enough to lead the experts to hail him as a coming Bobby Jones. As most normal youngsters do, he had one or two deathless passions, and got over them.

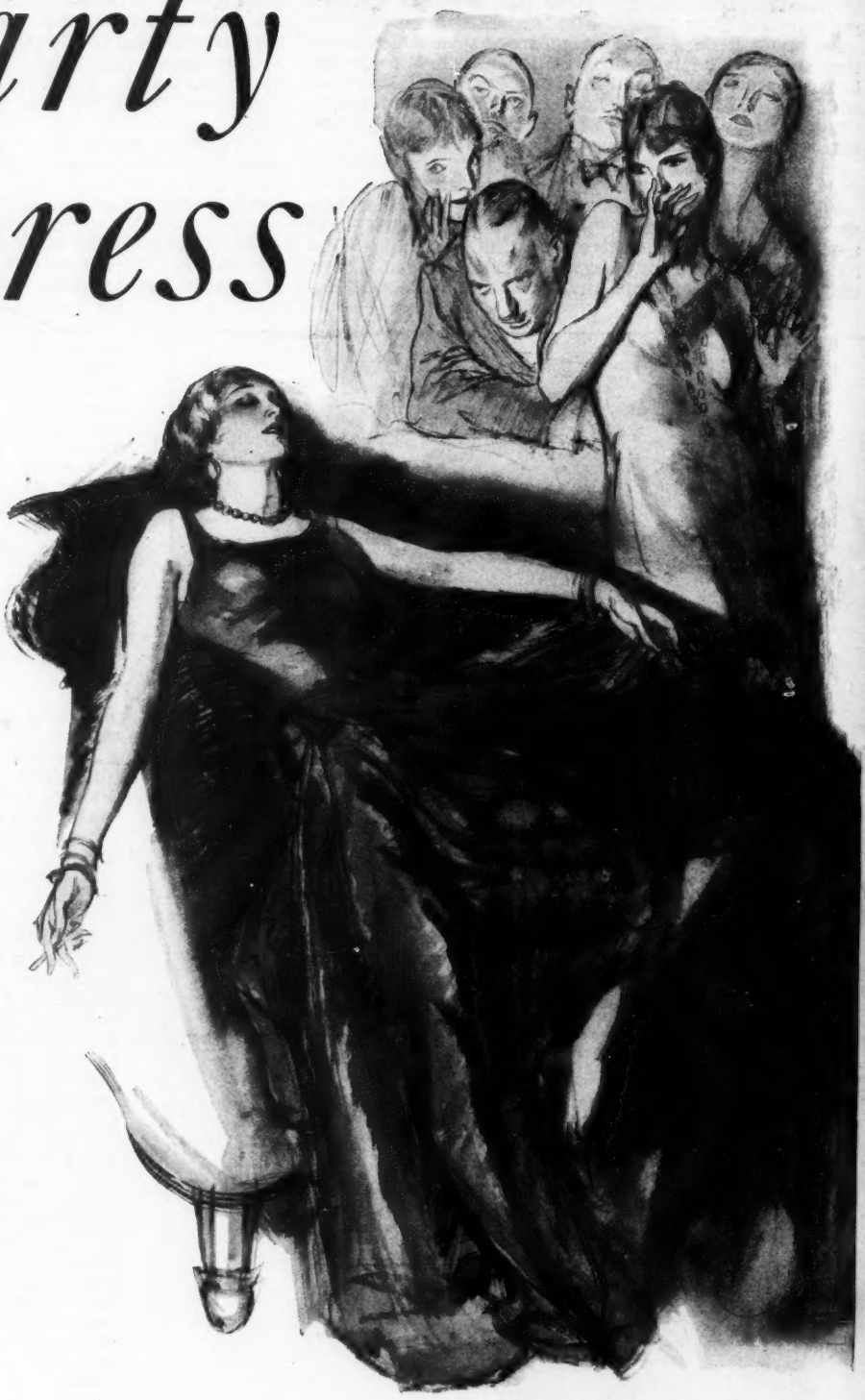
Then, when he was nineteen, there was a flurry on the Stock Exchange one day. The papers said it represented a healthy correction, in that it tended to eliminate some weak speculative accounts. Quite so. One of them happened to be that of Steve's father, who had been trying to see what could be done about adjusting an inherited income to the shrunken purchasing power of the dollar since the war. That flurry not only eliminated Mr. Cruger's account, and his income, but Mr. Cruger as well; his heart had not been good for some years.

Lawyers and other well-meaning people tried to make Steve see that he had no responsibility for the debts that were left after the house and everything else that remained had been sold. Luckily for him, they pointed out, he had the income of the trust fund his mother had left him; enough, with economy, to enable him to go through college.

That was when he began to scowl as a fixed (*Continued on page 220*)

Party Dress

Illustrations by



The Story So Far:

NINA HENRY is more than forty on that Memorial Day when the donning of a new gown changes completely the pattern of her life. Heretofore she has been normally content with her lot: with her husband, Wilson Henry, who is a successful business man; with her children, Acton, nineteen, and Cordelia, seventeen, who are good and sensible; with her beautiful home. But when she dresses for the Memorial Day dance at the Eastlake Country Club in the new dress her friend Mary Gow has brought her from Paris, she sees in the mirror a stranger. And she isn't sure she likes the renewed sense of power, of vitality, this revealing yet concealing masterpiece of the dressmaker's art gives her. If that is what a dress does to you, Nina tells herself, it's all wrong. It's immoral . . .

Others, it immediately became apparent, shared her views. Her husband's caustic comments caused her to defend the dress, although only a moment before she herself had had the same thoughts about it. At the dance other men besides her husband became aware of Nina's charm as never before. Francis Ambler, Eastlake's most eligible bachelor, who had long been in love with her, took this occasion to press his suit earnestly. But Nina, sure of her power over him, evaded answering by vague promises of future happiness. Roderick Wade, one of the younger married set, kissed her roughly and she responded involuntarily. Joel Bache, their old friend and neighbor, was captivated by her, too. Obviously, this was a dress that attracted men!

After the dance Nina and Wilson invited some guests to their house for champagne. Nina, in her moment of triumph, generously included Cora Lisher in the party. Wilson, she knew, had been having an "affair" with Cora. Nina was strangely indifferent, though at times she felt unaccountably malicious toward the other woman, especially when Cora was singing the praises of her daughter Anna Louise. It was partly on Cora's

Henry Raleigh

The Novel about a Lovely Lady who Stooped to Folly

By Joseph Hergesheimer

A feeling of disquiet weighed upon Nina. The air, she thought, was heavy with disaster. All the people of Eastlake crowded about her saying that her love for Chalke Ewing was immoral.

account that Nina bothered about Francis Ambler: Cora so patently wanted him for Anna Louise that Nina was impelled to keep him at her heels.

When the guests left the Henrys' house Nina was still restless. She walked home with Justin Gow and there met Mary's brother Chalke Ewing. Ewing was a strange man with queer ideas on most subjects; ideas unfamiliar to Nina, unlike those of anyone in Eastlake. But Chalke Ewing would, of course, be different. He lived on a sugar plantation in Cuba, and he spent his time, she supposed, smoking and drinking rum swizzle and making love. His life was entirely different from life in Eastlake.

Nevertheless, what he said was interesting. And though at first she felt she hated him, almost before she knew it she was defending him to Wilson, who didn't like him and peremptorily ordered her not to see him again, one night when she came home very late.

That was ridiculous, Nina cried. "I will see him again, of course." She could manage her own affairs without his interference. "I hope you are managing your affairs as well as I am attending to mine," she added angrily, though she hadn't meant to reveal to Wilson her knowledge of his entanglement with Cora.

Wilson was silent after that and Nina realized suddenly that she no longer loved him. She'd help him with Cora as much as possible. But Wilson was conventional. He'd never be courageous—in public. If Cora expected more than she had now, she was sunk.

It was soon after her quarrel with Wilson that Chalke Ewing kissed her. She had never realized before that a kiss was without end. Their physical closeness filled Nina with a high consuming flame. But she didn't know what it meant to Chalke, for he said nothing, though she felt he really ought to explain to her what had happened to them . . .

All the next day Nina waited for word from Chalke. She knew that he had been shaken as well as she. He must realize something of her state of mind. He simply could not kiss her and then do nothing about it. But the day passed without a sign from him.

In the afternoon, Mary Gow came over. "My dear," she said, "Chalke wants to give a party. At the country club."

Nina's happiness returned with a warm choking rush. Chalke Ewing was giving a party for her. He was

a strange man—darling but strange (Mary once had told her that he was an idealist!)—and he had a party for her in place of coming to her. It really would make a perfect occasion for their meeting.

At Chalke's party Nina again wore the Ishtarre dress. After dinner on the country-club porch, with the candle flames flickering and the moonlight a silver veil about them, she and Chalke were able to talk.

"I hope you liked the party," he said. "It was your party."

"I knew that," she admitted. "I knew it the moment Mary told me. I was terribly unhappy until then. But I didn't know what you were thinking about—about us . . . What did you think?" she demanded.

"What you would like me to think, of course."

That was all she wanted to know there; all she wanted to know—then.

The next afternoon Chalke came to her. He wanted to marry her as soon as possible and he wanted to tell Wilson at once. He wouldn't have an "affair" with her. "There is only one question," he said, "and it is decency. The rest can wait."

For Nina, however, it wasn't as simple as that. They would have to be patient for a while. She would have to arrange an enormous amount before she could marry Chalke and be with him always. Besides, she wanted to be happy for a little. Free from bother.

Next morning she and Wilson quarreled again about Chalke.

¶ *"Isn't it miraculous?" Nina said. "I'm entirely happy, Chalke, and yet I know I am going to be happier." "I think that all my life I have been waiting for this," Chalke admitted. "For you."*

"I don't see what there is in Chalke Ewing," said Wilson. "He looks cynical. A cynical man is an unsuccessful man. That's all there is to that. He's a failure and looking everywhere for the cause except where it always is—in himself."

"But he isn't a failure," said Nina. Soon, she thought, Wilson would discover for himself that Chalke wasn't a failure. Where she, Wilson's wife, was concerned!

THE ringing of the telephone met her; it was Chalke, and annoyed, she was almost willing to have Wilson hear everything. "Look here," Chalke proceeded, "I have to be in New York tomorrow. I told you I'd probably have to stay there two or three days. But I can go after dinner tonight. What do you think? Would that be a good plan? How about this afternoon?"

She replied that the first part was not a good plan at all. "I think it would be nice if we took a drive," she suggested. "At four o'clock maybe. It will be cooler then." That, he thought, was an excellent arrangement.

Leaving Eastlake with Nina, driving into the intense greenery of the countryside and the summer day, he admitted a certain pleasure in his surroundings. "I like the trees," Chalke explained. "After all, they have nothing to do with the people or politics."

Nina wore a white batiste dress scalloped with blue chenille and worked with a scattering of blue chenille flowers; it had no sleeves and was, naturally, very thin; she had even less than usual underneath it. Her hat was no more than a tight sheath of black silk. Nina

drove with one hand; she had her cigaret in the other; and she felt very close to Chalke. Her shoulder was pressed against his; her knee touched him again and again.

She was almost more reckless than happy: her entire being rebelled against the restraints of her position and existence; her prudence had evaporated. Emotion in Nina had overcome everything else. At any moment, now, she was certain she would lean over and kiss Chalke; she would hold her bare arm closely about his throat, press his head hard against her breast.

They were on a country road; the occasional gray stone farmhouses were set far back in their fields and orchards; few people passed them. Her desire to touch Chalke Ewing, to crush herself upon him, grew stronger and stronger.

What was going on inside Chalke she was unable to imagine. She could not guess by looking at him, that was certain. He was sitting erect and impersonal and cool. In a brown linen coat and flannel trousers. A black necktie. His Panama hat was beside him on the seat.

It occurred to Nina Henry that Chalke ought to do something. Take her hand or even kiss her. They entered an aged covered wooden bridge, a cool and isolated tunnel in the midst of the bright hot summer afternoon. The planks made a clatter under the wheels of her car and there was a close damp odor of old wood. At the middle there was an opening and a brief vivid glimpse of the broad stream and banks of pasture.

Nina drove slowly; it was an ideal place and opportunity for them to enjoy. They were out of the covered bridge. He had done nothing. She bit her lip sharply.

"Yes," he said at last, "this is a peaceful country. There isn't much of the present in it. It's asleep. Nina" —he turned squarely toward her—"we must get on with our engagement. I won't tire you by going over again all I explained. We can't stay like this. I insist on speaking to Mr. Henry.

"Remember, I have things to arrange myself. I shall need to have some kind of talk with the sugar interest I'm a part of. I must look over my investments with you in my mind."

"Thank you, Chalke," Nina replied; "you are all I care about. You are my investment. I can't think why you will mention money when we are really together for one of the very first times. I couldn't be practical now. Nothing I said like that would mean a thing. I'm not capable of thought. To begin with, I'm close beside you, and then it's too hot for plans. You must remember I am in love with you. It's all I am capable of. Perhaps it is all I'll ever be capable of. Perhaps I will never again pay attention to anything else. But how much I love you. Chalke, would you like that?"

He looked at her with a brief passionate tenderness. "You know I love you," he answered. "I have shown you that in the most unanswerable of all ways. I love you so much I won't wait a moment longer than necessary to have you. Mine," he said, in a simple and firm manner.

"I want to be yours," she declared eagerly. "That is what I am trying to make you see. You can have me whenever you like. I don't want to be a moment longer than necessary." She told herself that she'd stop the car now and go into the green thicket with him.

Chalke's arm was behind her, resting on the back of the seat, and for an instant he held her against him. "You mustn't think I'm indifferent to you!" he exclaimed. "I want to have it over with tonight."

Nina pressed close to him. "Oh, Chalke, not tonight," she begged. "I have to have everything clear in my head first. Chalke, darling, you must listen to me. We can't tell Wilson tonight because I couldn't answer any of the questions he would ask me. You don't realize what it would be like."

It seemed to Nina that a shadow again fell on Chalke Ewing's face. "Chalke, it isn't only Wilson—I have to think about the children. I mean about telling them. The truth is they are not children now: sometimes I'm really afraid they don't need me any more.

"Chalke, you must believe that if I have you I don't mind leaving them. Not so much I couldn't bear it. But I'll have to say something to them. I want to leave as good an impression as possible. You see, when I do speak to Wilson he won't be able to hide it. Everyone in the house, Acton and Cordelia and Rhoda and Harriet, will know."

She was suddenly, at the general vision of her house created by the thought of Rhoda and Harriet, breathless; a palpable sickness wavered in her stomach. Nina thought of Rhoda in the morning with the list for the day; she heard Rhoda's sympathetic exclamations; she saw Harriet with a crisp white apron over her gray uniform bringing her breakfast tray.

She sat staring over the wheel, through the glass before her, over the changing peaceful country road. The familiar scene became blurred; the car swung uncertainly toward a gutter. She desperately hoped that Chalke had not noticed the signs of her feeling. Nina recovered immediately. Her late, more familiar hardness returned; she drove in a careless surrender to fate.

Nina realized it was time to turn toward home. Chalke Ewing was silent, gazing in a pleasant relaxation over the countryside. The sun was like fire and her lips were dry with dust. At least she could end that. "I have to fix my face," she said; "will you hold the wheel?"

She powdered her nose and rouged her lips. There was a sensation of tears in her eyes. A vague fear invaded her. Why wouldn't he kiss her and be tender and tell her that everything was all right?

Instead of any of that, Chalke Ewing lighted a cigar. This made her laugh and she felt better at once. "What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"At you," she acknowledged. "Here we are in love with each other, we've had a long drive through the country and in covered bridges, and you haven't kissed me once.

"You gave me one hug hardly better than a pat and then you lighted a cigar. We might have been married forever."

He said cheerfully: "Nonsense. I explained to you the difference between love and marriage. I am going to marry you, a dignified (*Continued on page 203*)

I Can't Sleep!

Hal Phyfe

THIS is Tuesday night, and you feel you are not going to sleep. But your insomnia did not start this night. Oh, no. Lying awake last night, you knew you were not going to sleep the next night either. Lying awake a week ago you knew it. And, indeed, a year ago, fifteen years ago, you knew you were not the sort of person who went to bed with the calm foreknowledge of easy sleep.

Yes, it was written before you were ever born that a person would come into the world with whom Morpheus would shabbily coquet. And before your parents and your grandparents and your great-grandparents were born; for among them were some who could not sleep. And before them, and before history itself commenced. When the earth was a molten ball it was decided that on this Tuesday night you would not sleep.

Bed and the night, but no sleep. No sleep . . . What! No sleep? Not even a struggle for sleep?

But "struggle" is surely a bad word. You remember the wife of the great novelist who said the only way to cure yourself of insomnia was to make a fool of it. You went to bed and you thought: "Well, how nice this is! How pleasant to have a long evening just to loaf away; just to read, or to do anything I like." She said pretending like that was splendid—magical—infallible.

Certainly, it's advice that can do no harm. You go to bed with a book, and you duly say to yourself: "Well, how nice this is! I've a splendid long evening just to loaf away!"

You start the process of loafing. You read for an hour, and you begin to feel a lovely drowsiness. The thing has worked! You turn out the light; you turn in yourself; a quite ridiculous idea enters your mind, the sort of idea that means—ah, thank heaven!—you are going to sleep.

You are going to sleep. There is no such thing as predestination. You are going . . . most certainly . . .

A click. A flash. As if someone in the darkness had unlocked a door to a room flaring in magnesium light, you are awake, alert, maddeningly alive.

The game is done. Let the novelist's wife fool sleep if she can. You cannot.

You crawl back into a world of disillusion. And perhaps, you tell yourself now, you ought to try this: not to think what you don't believe, but not to think at all—as that man Cyril advised at the Embassy Club in London.

They all called him Cyril. They all called one another by their Christian names. "You call me Cyril," he said.

Well, Cyril, who was really quite a man, explained that he had suffered terribly from insomnia until he had trained himself to make his mind a blank when he wanted to sleep. Now, he said, he never went to bed before two; and then he slept at once; and he got up—it doesn't matter when he got up; he got up refreshed and able to do a day's work.

Of course, it takes will power to make your mind a perfect blank. But haven't you will power? Why not try?

You proceed to make your mind a perfect blank.

The minutes pass. Strange how those people at the Embassy had eaten kidneys and sausages with their champagne at two in the morning. Curious big features Cyril had. What he liked to talk about was how he had put the new Divorce Act through the House of Commons. He was a bachelor, but he spoke eloquently about unhappy marriages. He said the parsons preferred unhappy marriage to easy divorce.

You remember the reverend gentleman who, a few day ago, spoke so bitterly, so contemptuously, about a woman and her abandoned ideas on sex. You wonder if the reverend gentleman knew that she and her supercivilized husband were conducting an experiment in the education of young children.

But what, you speculate, is going to happen to those children, brought up in a world of reason to be flung into a world of emotion? Will they, in due course, adopt also the matrimonial doctrines of their apostle: "It's better to marry—and stray in marriage—than to burn," and will that stop the burning? Will the spouse temporarily deserted, and the lover suddenly abandoned, will they never have the old-time griefs of jealousy and shame, or the stiff agony of saving face? Will there not be untidy scraps of feeling left behind?

HE FORGETS emotion, the supercivilized gentleman. And yet it couldn't have been only reason that made him a conscientious objector in the days when it was so shameful to be one.

Now all the world wants peace. And colonels weep over "Journey's End," and generals say the Nobel Prize should be given ten years running to "All Quiet on the Western Front."

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

Illustrations by Harry Beckhoff

People thought years ago that war books and war plays were dead. And perhaps they were then, and will be again. But at this moment there's a new conception of life cracking its way through the shell of yesterday.

That was one of the things Cyril said about marriage, too. He said——

Cyril! Good heavens! What are you doing there, thinking? Make your mind a blank. No use. Too late.

You turn on the light. Eleven o'clock. Perhaps you can't sleep because you are hungry. You boil some milk and take two biscuits. While you eat and sip, you go on reading the book that was to have beguiled your delusion of a pleasant long evening. You turn out the light.

And there it is again! The motor car across the road that always starts up at eleven-thirty or so, starts up. What does that motor car do there every night? It must be paying court. You wish the gallant could afford a motor car that wouldn't suffer so much in the effort to go. Perhaps it symbolizes his feelings. "Parting is such sweet sorrow," and that sort of thing. "I will hold your hand but as long as all may, or so very little longer."

It's reading that's done it. It's artists have made love seem desirable. No swain too illiterate to find himself spurred by some love jingle. The letters read out in court! How unwise to write letters!

That hot milk's not going to help. You should have taken it before you engaged in the activity of making your mind a blank.

You go on thinking in a desultory way. How long can it be now since you took the milk? You turn on the light. It is half past twelve. No sign of sleep. What now?

Well, there was the girl who said she was cured of insomnia by putting a damp cloth round her middle. Over the damp cloth you folded a dry towel, and by the time the damp cloth was dry too, you were asleep without fail.

It isn't agreeable to put a cold damp cloth round your middle in the night's middle. And you are probably risking an internal chill. But you didn't sleep last night. Tonight you must sleep. Risk it!

You dampen a cloth. Perhaps you damp it too much. After an hour it is not dry, and you are still awake. Not cold, strangely enough. But how do you know you haven't got a cold inside?

Perhaps if you have quite a lot of port it will ward off the cold inside, and make you drowsy too.

You have quite a lot of port. It makes you magnificently wakeful. You begin to think about this article you will write tomorrow.

You remember the Scot whom you told that alcohol, which you took so seldom and with such reluctance, had no effect on you, and how wistfully he said: "You have a gift."

You think of the motor class you are attending. Full of too-talkative Scots. What is this Scottish passion for machinery? You think about Scotsmen: of how they like to be born in Scotland and go elsewhere to make a living; of how emotional they can be; of their kilts and bagpipes. Bagpipes! How exciting they are! Like the Kafir tom-toms. How maddening their insistence!

You almost think you can hear a distant tom-tom. But that's nonsense. You do, however, presently hear the milkman arriving. So it must be two o'clock.

You decide to take some aspirin. You have a sleeping draft in the cupboard, but you don't use that till you're desperate. And at two you are not yet desperate. You know yourself. Somewhere about three-thirty is desperation time. You crush three aspirin tablets.

They make you feel too warm, and you throw off a blanket. You recall W. S. Gilbert's patter-song: "When you're lying awake with a dismal headache." He must have known something about insomnia, Gilbert. So did most poets. So, supremely, did Shakespeare. How often doesn't Shakespeare talk of sleep and sleeplessness! You quote to yourself the things he said about it in "Henry the Fourth," in "Henry the Fifth," in "Macbeth"—oh, everywhere. He knew what it meant not to sleep.

You pity poor Shakespeare because he couldn't sleep. You pity yourself. How serene you would be, how well you could work, if you could sleep—if you could sleep, and your mind were not merely a dim light in a fog that was all existence.

Of course, what the greatest of American writers said was that insomnia meant only (*Continued on page 227*)

The Story of a WOMAN who wanted to BUY a MAN

When the

¶ *People who are afraid of the wind's will —want to go. Damaris was afraid.*

THE old gray house stood on its old gray hill and all about it the tall old trees kept turning and talking to the wind; for there was always a wind across that hill-top. The wide land to the west lifted it and the long narrow valley to the north made a funnel for it, and across the sloping meadows of the east and south, it flowed unhindered.

Damaris thought she knew the mind of every sort of wind: of the long gray traveling wind, of the fitful gusty earth-bound wind, of the watchdog wind, barking and leaping on its chain, of the fretful and the lovelorn summer winds, and of the little plaintive wind like the voice of a sick child. But the mind of the great autumn wind she never tried to know. It frightened her. It shook the house and grew greater and greater like a storm surf until she held her ears.

For a pale young clerk and a clerk's young wife, it was a lonely height, and for the day-long prisoners of desk and typewriter, of kitchen and of nursery, it was a trumpeting spell to lie under all the night through. The trees tugged at their tight old roots and the house strained, but there is no human heart so firmly rooted as a tree, no human mind so deeply founded as an old house.

In the veins of the anxious clerk ran the blood of frontiersmen and seafarers. It was never the rooted men that went westward across a strange sea and westward again across a blue land, while the women who would go with them were still-eyed adventurers, one and all!

Damaris looked as sleek as a dove. And she moved like an iris-tinted pigeon bright with sun, picking up grains now here, now there, contentedly. To her mate she seemed to coo and to stroke him with a gentle bill. The children were her loves, her nestlings. It was John who wore visibly the faint scar of a chain.

That old house had come to them by a chance inheritance, and because it came rent free and could not, for loneliness and largeness, be turned to any better profit, they had moved into it themselves: John and Damaris Kane and their four children. Always, while they played, the little girls' frocks flickered across their limbs and their hair lifted on their brows. They had already the eyes trained to horizons and coming storms.

Damaris on an afternoon of late September came out and stood on her western porch to watch them as the wide sun went down. For a breath, the trees and the children's dresses were still. During that brief stillness, to her windworn senses as sudden as a pistol shot, a footstep sounded in the empty house.

Damaris had no servant and her husband should not yet be coming home. It was the footstep of a man.

The hill was lonely. Damaris, however, did not feel afraid. She went to her back door and looked into the high square hall.

A YOUNG man stood, astonished, in the middle of the floor. He had been looking up at an old faded painting which hung there, but he had turned from it at the sound of her entrance and now passed a hand across his eyes, smiled uncertainly and spoke.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "I—you see, I didn't know that the old house had been—left—sold—to anyone. I rather thought it might be mine. I had a plan concerning it. I am her grandson."

He lifted his hand towards the faded hungry face of the portrait and Damaris saw a likeness—the thin old face released, intensified, feasted instead of starved.

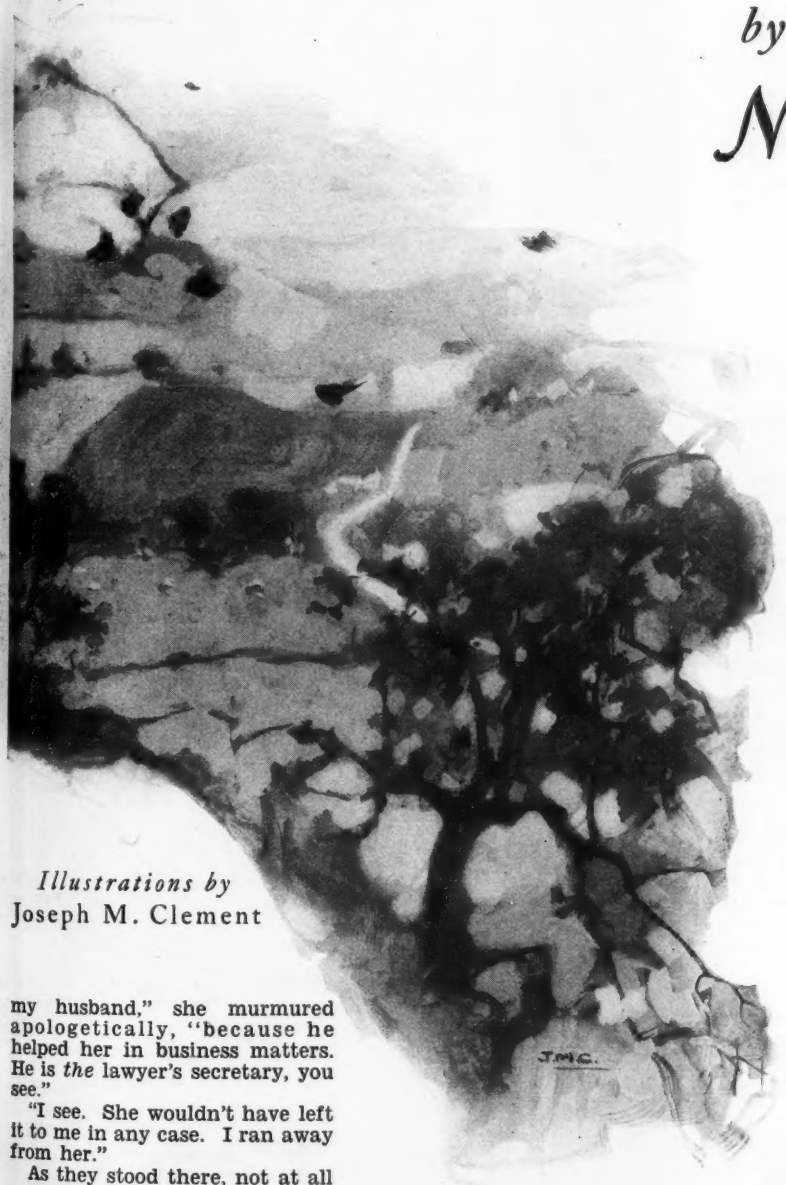
"I am Jesse Farr. It was stupid of me not to go to town first and get some of the facts. I knew, of course, that she was dead."

Damaris had come in to stand beside him. She looked from the portrait to him and back again.

"That was six years ago. Mrs. Farr left the place to

The Wind blows

by Katharine Newlin Burt



Illustrations by Joseph M. Clement

my husband," she murmured apologetically, "because he helped her in business matters. He is *the* lawyer's secretary, you see."

"I see. She wouldn't have left it to me in any case. I ran away from her."

As they stood there, not at all uncomfortably, the wind began to blow. He lifted his head sharply. "Ah! Do you like it —the wind?"

His eyes, a raw shrewd blue, as his hair was a crude red, went wild.

"Oh, Lord!" he said. "The nights I listened to it!" He was as unself-conscious as a child. "Tell me, do you like the wind?"

She listened. It poured across the roof and all about the walls, deep as a tide, louder and louder.

"Not that one," said Damaris, speaking rather shrilly, as she must to be heard at all; "not that one. It frightens me."

She had put her hands to her ears, and, laughing now, he boldly, casually, pulled them down. A bold clear face he had, burnt and lean. He waited for a lull and did not until then let go of her two hands.

Then, "Once you give up to the wind's will," he said, "you will not be afraid. The people who are afraid of that wind are the people who—want to go."

JOHN KANE, the attorney's clerk whom Damaris had described as *"the* lawyer's secretary," wore, while he worked, a green shade across his eyes. It made his smooth face look livid and strangely worn. Bent over his typewriter or his books, his young body, too, looked worn, anxious, almost aged.

But when he threw himself back, jerked off the shade and twisted the cramp out of his shoulders, he looked like a strong young prisoner who was planning to escape. Not that John Kane dreamed that he was a prisoner. He was contented with his lot.

The small bare outer office had to him a homelike air. From the big dusty window he could see the village street, its shade and sun, its rarely passing men and women; could hear the laughter of its children, the barking and the cackle of its animals—a pleasant village.

In summer the girls wandered past with prettily colored frocks and the sun on their bare heads. It was a sheltered hamlet in a low and hidden place. Hills lay about it like big green watchdogs with drowsy noses on their paws.

The attorney was also editor of a weekly newspaper and the owner of a stationery store. His daughter took charge of the store and of the buff house at the corner of the two largest streets. Nancy Tuckett was her name.

Nancy came in every day at noon to walk home with her father to luncheon. Sometimes they took John with them. But usually he ate the lunch Damaris packed for him: beef and cheese sandwiches, apples, gingerbread, coffee in a thermos bottle. John liked the quiet hour during which he was alone eating the lunch, smoking, tilted near the open window through which the drowsy noonday made its droning noise of subdued security.

"Gracious, I should think you'd want to get a little house in town, Mr. Kane," said Nancy, fresh, black-eyed,

with a large sweet voice and an eager, quickly moving mouth. "That hill of yours, say, a boy friend of mine took me up there once at dusk. Gee! It was lonesome like. You could see a hundred miles, I reckon, and the wind kept twisting up those trees and shaking the house. Ugh! I feel real sorry for your wife sometimes—alone up there all day."

"Damaris? She's always happy." John was proud, thinking of his small wife and her sleek contentment. "So long as the kids keep well and I'm easy in my mind."

"But how can you be easy in your mind up there—that's what I mean! Down here, now, why, I love this town. I was born and raised here and so were my parents and their parents, as far back as there was anyone here at all, and the feel of neighbors close by and the knowing what's going on about you and—why, you don't care about storms down here, and such things. Up there on the hill in that big lonely house"—she laughed at her own fancy—"about the only neighbor you can have 's the wind."

"I like it," said John curtly.

"You like the wind?"

"YES, Miss Tuckett. I like it. I don't know why. It makes me feel sort of—lonesome-happy."

"'Lonesome-happy'—what kind of 'happy' is that? Well, that's real quaint. I don't know anything about lonesome-happy. My! To be feeling lonesome is the most blues I have. And I don't have them very often, you can bet. I should think you'd be scared those little girls of yours 'd get blown away.

"Ah, come on down and live with the rest of us, why don't you? You got a real lonesome look—not lonesome-happy, either. Honest you have—sometimes. Ask your wife if she wouldn't be happier down here."

He did not ask her. He forgot Nancy's suggestion as soon as it was made until Damaris herself reminded him of it. This was a good many weeks later, on an October evening when the wind roared. They had been sitting in a sheltered corner of their porch.

It was not cold yet; in fact, all day in the village it had been warm with an oppressive lifeless heat, so that John's lungs and body drank and bathed in that cool free tide of air. Damaris had not come out at first after supper; she was putting the children to bed.

Later she came and perched near his feet, tense and alert as though listening and waiting for a call.

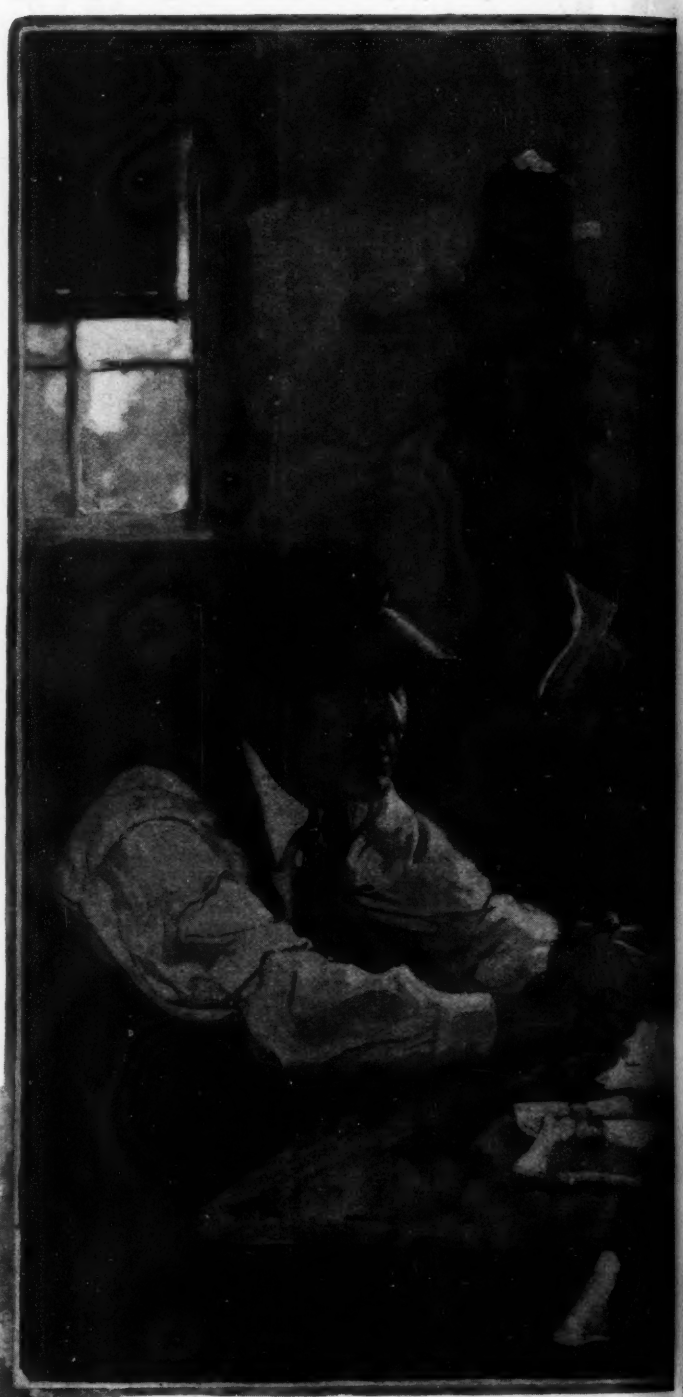
"They'll never get to sleep in this wind," she said, her lips set against the flowing night. "The house and the trees rattle and shout. It's—awful."

"Don't you like the wind?" asked John dreamily.

Damaris twisted her body into a tighter knot and did not answer him. She crouched forward and wrapped herself in her slim arms. Her brown hair for all its sleekness was lifted, ruffled. She looked as if she were bent over a bar, riding a bicycle downhill. John had forgotten his question when, at last, her answer came.

Sudden as a gust she threw herself upon him, clinging close, buried her head in the hollow of his neck and shoulder, trembled and gasped.

"Johnnie, Johnnie! Let's live down in the village. This wind! This wind! It does queer dreadful things.



¶ "*You don't know strange harbors—nor a strange*

Don't listen to it, please! Keep me from listening to it!"

John understood. She was nervous. She was tired. It had been an overbusy day. She'd been washing, hadn't she? He sat up, tender, concerned, amused. He soothed and smoothed her.

She slept suddenly under his caresses, small, weary,

her cheek wet. He wrapped her and held her safe from the wind. Perhaps she was too lonely; perhaps they had better move away from the old house on the hill.

But John's heart sank. He whispered above

woman." The mysterious intimacy of her words haunted John.

his wife's head, half singing to that strange neighbor of his, the traveling wind.

Young Kane looked up, sharp and sudden, from his desk, for he was startled. He raised a hand to the shade across his eyes.

"Take it off, won't you?" said the woman who stood in the doorway of the outer office. John flushed, removed his eye shade and stood up, confused.

The woman was now near his desk. She was tall, reedy, vividly dark. Her clothes were the livery of Paris' half-world adapted to the taste of the "Americaine," but her eyes, above the painted cheeks, between the heavily blackened eyelashes, beneath the narrow cruel black brows, were those of a sophisticated child. Gray, they were, insouciant, and of a beseeching width.

"I did want to see Mr. Tuckett," she said, "but I suppose you'll do. It's merely the matter of witnessing a signature. You have the power of a notary?"

"Yes," said John, troubled because she so caught and held his eyes. "Won't you sit down?"

At that she sat down close beside him, and got out her papers.

After the business was done, she rose and drew on her gloves, and still she looked at him with a pondering gaze.

"I'm passing through," she said, "in my motor, going south. I find this village charming. So quaint, so quiet, so sheltered. And the people look healthy and contented, prosperous. Yours is the only haunted face I've seen. I'd been watching you, you know, for some time before you saw me.

"I thought at first the expression was due to the green eye shade, but it was not. No, it was not." She smiled suddenly, a vaguely mocking smile, though it was generous. "I suppose women have told you"—John's face at her tone went scarlet and then white—"I suppose women have told you that you have the beauty of a viking. A viking at a typewriter! You!" She twisted her smile into a grimace of scorn. "You ought to be standing in a ship's prow with your face set against a great salt wind."

The door shut and she was gone.

A FORTNIGHT later she came again. Again she stood looking at him for several moments before he saw her. But this time she came close to him at once when he looked up and, with an air of mysterious intimacy, she spoke.

"I'm on my way north, viking," she said. "My car is outside your door there. Do you want to come with me, perhaps?"

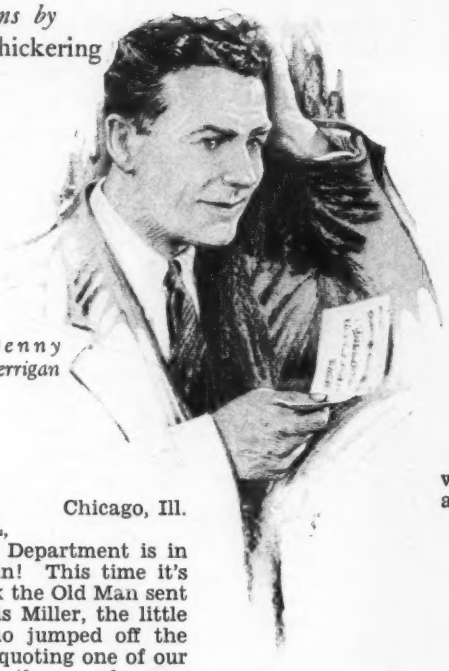
His eyes in a cold blaze, John told her sternly what he thought of her. He told her that his wife, Damaris, and four children lived up there on the hill, that neither he nor the town in which he lived was accustomed to such meteoric visitors.

Cool and hard of face he was and she listened to him, as though she could not understand, but with greedy and submissive eyes and, as soon as he was through, she went out. Her eyes were fixed upon him, deep and greenish-gray, until the last second. They made him think of something he had heard during his sleep—something tireless and without the power of speech—something that went by and never did return.

He could not work. He paced about. He could not laugh, as he should have laughed; he could not rage, as he wanted to rage. He felt (*Continued on page 108*)

Lonely

Illustrations by
Charles R. Chickering



¶ *Denny Kerrigan*

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR AL,

The Auditing Department is in a tail spin again! This time it's that $1000 check the Old Man sent me to give Doris Miller, the little dumb cluck who jumped off the excursion boat, quoting one of our Heart Throbs on the way down or something like that.

They want to know why the check hasn't cleared. I can tell them why it hasn't cleared. I've been trying to find her. Picture her embarrassment when she learns I'm following her all around Chicago trying to hand her a big juicy grand.

Of course, the Old Man thought the way her attempted suicide boosted the sales of No. 100-HT-1, "I Could Sail the Waters," etc., was worth the grand, and I guess he's sore at me for not having located her by this time but I'll tell him when he stops off here on his way back from New York. You see, I went over to the hospital where they had taken her after they had pumped most of Lake Michigan out of her, but she was all washed up, dried off, and on her way.

SO THEN I went to the rooming house where I dropped her the night I met her, but she had been thrown out of there for not paying her rent and they didn't know where she was, and cared less. So I thought maybe I might run into her sometime—you're apt to run into almost anybody in this town. They say if you stand on Michigan Avenue long enough you'll meet everyone you know, which is as good a reason as I can think of for not standing on Michigan Avenue.

I have asked a fella I know on one of the papers here how to go about finding her. He's going to help me when he gets around to it. His name is Pop Higgins, a big hearty old bozo with a sweeping mustache the color of old snow except where it is dappled with tobacco juice.

He certainly knows the town and spends all of his spare time and money collecting rare old lickers and hoarding them in his carcass. Why the government doesn't keep him in a bonded warehouse I don't know. I asked him where he expected to spend his old age and he said he was going to buy a charred keg and be poured back into it.

I have $900 in orders coming forward tonight. Muncie was n.g. on the boxed novelties, but while Gibson, Volland, Exclusive, etc., were sitting around with long faces, Handsome Denny, better known to the Gleason Home Office as "Old Faithful," came through with two honest-to-goodness orders: one $325, another $275. Two orders, $600. Show that to the Auditing Department and ask them what in blazes they mean by holding up my expense account last week. That's another tail spin they're in!

Denny

LONELY HEARTS

Trade-Mark Reg.
conducted by
CAROLYN COMFORT

Rest your head on Carolyn Comfort's shoulder. Tell your troubles to her. She will understand.

DEAR CAROLYN,

I am 19 years old, and oh! so lonely. You can't imagine. A few weeks ago I met a wonderful man, or at least I thought he was wonderful at the time, but he turned out to be a shameless liar, which so shattered my confidence in everything that I didn't want to

¶ *I said, You're Doris Miller, aren't you? and her eyes got as big as saucers. But I signed all my letters "Lonely Heart," she said.*

lonely heart

by J. P. McEvoy

who wrote

"SHOW GIRL"

live any more. Now I can see how foolish I was but still I can't get him out of my mind. What shall I do? LONELY HEART

LONELY HEART,

You know the poet said, "Men are deceivers ever" but, even so, don't despair. They are not all alike and some day you will meet the right kind and realize that Life is real and Life is earnest and the Grave is not its goal. Try not to think of him any more. Don't forget that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. Get some new interests. Read a good book. Take brisk walks. Why don't you try keeping a pet of some kind—a canary maybe, or some goldfish?

CAROLYN COMFORT

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Denny,

Your agonized yelp of recent date to hand, will say in reply you have been out in the world long enough to know that the auditor is always right, but right or wrong, our country! Meanwhile you might try to cooperate with the economy wave which is rolling up on these shores by holding your expense account down to company expenses.

The auditor says he could detect a suit of clothes in the last one. I told him it was a case of Scotch. Just to settle a bet, what was it? Meanwhile it will stay filed under the general heading of Unfinished Business or Just Too Bad For You!

The Old Man breezed in unexpectedly from New York yesterday. Seems he couldn't find a poet. Said he had been interviewing shoals of them day and night but those that were good were not free and those that were free were no good. Told about meeting you and your newspaper friend, Pop Higgins, at that German Social Club on Milwaukee Avenue last night and said to tell you he likes the old coot a lot.

He thought it was a great lark that a white-haired tobacco-chewing reprobate who could spit through a knothole at twenty yards should be running an advice-to-the-lovelorn column. Who is he supposed to be, Sophie Comfort, or Comfy Sofa, or something like that.

Of course Doris was a goofy kid. But my little day nurse, ah! she's something else again—aren't you?

WELL, Denny, you do know the darnedest people. I wish you knew a few more dealers that would buy Gleason cards. What good are you doing the Gleason Company running around Chicago with that old scofflaw?

About those thousand bucks for the little cluck, it seems to me you could try a bit harder on locating her. They ride me enough up here, and after all she didn't jump off the boat for me. Come to think of it, I've never been able to make them get out and walk, let alone making them get out and swim.

What is this strange power you have over females, and why don't you bear down with a little of it on the lady buyers of Indiana? That Sheila Cassidy gal in South Bend, for instance. I was talking to Joyce who carries the Buzza line in Indiana and he told me he had her eating right out of his hand, but after all he looks more like you did about five years ago before you went in so heavy for excursion boats.

A man can't work as hard as you do for the Gleason Company and then work Sundays and holidays too. You really should take a vacation at your own expense instead of prolonging it this way at ours.

Maybe Sheila is too smart for you. Why don't you go to night school? It might be a great relief to spend a few evenings a week where you don't jump through a window every time a bell rings. Al

Dear Al,

Your snide remarks at hand and contents noted. Joyce is a big bag of wind. I've known him for years and he's always bragging about how strong he is with the lady buyers.

As for the Cassidy gal, I can get twice as much out of her as he can, and that's exactly nothing! She just ain't human, that woman! When you think you have her all warmed up, you take a hold of her hand and it's just like a halibut.

Boy, I've lavished enough energy on her to cover the whole state of Indiana knee-deep in greeting cards and still she wouldn't any more think of going out with me than she would with hip boots. I guess her father confessor has warned her about traveling salesmen, but gee, you'd think I was Martin Luther.

I'm glad I'm not Joyce, either, going around vamping women in order to sell them things. I'm a salesman and a good one, too, even if you don't think so.

I'm glad the Old Man got a kick out of Pop. You would too, Al. He's one of (*Continued on page 156*)

¶ *Jinny*

It Pays to

By ANNA BRAND

Illustrations by

JINNY CARTON, at twenty-three, had an exasperatingly literal respect for the Fifth Commandment, to Mrs. Carton's secret disapproval.

It may be annoying to parental authority to be ignored—to see your small ducklings take to water in spite of clucking, but consider how thoroughly disconcerting it is when they follow instructions verbatim. When they become full-grown ducks and still squash themselves confidingly under your inadequate wings!

Madge and Judy had been so much simpler. They had run true to form. Madge had paddled into flirtations and love affairs; seventy-five percent daring, Madge, with twenty-five percent of Mother's caution for ballast. Judy, on the other hand, represented a heavier "take" of the maternal precept, but there was still a leaven of Judy herself, which saved the day.

But Jinny! With unforeseen lack of filial disrespect she swallowed every teaching, absorbed every warning, followed every propriety, one hundred percent.

"And you can't," reflected Mrs. Carton in irritation, "very well go to your grown daughter and say, 'I was just kidding about that water. It isn't as dangerous as it looks!'" No. She could only wait and hope that web-footed ancestry would eventually do its stuff.

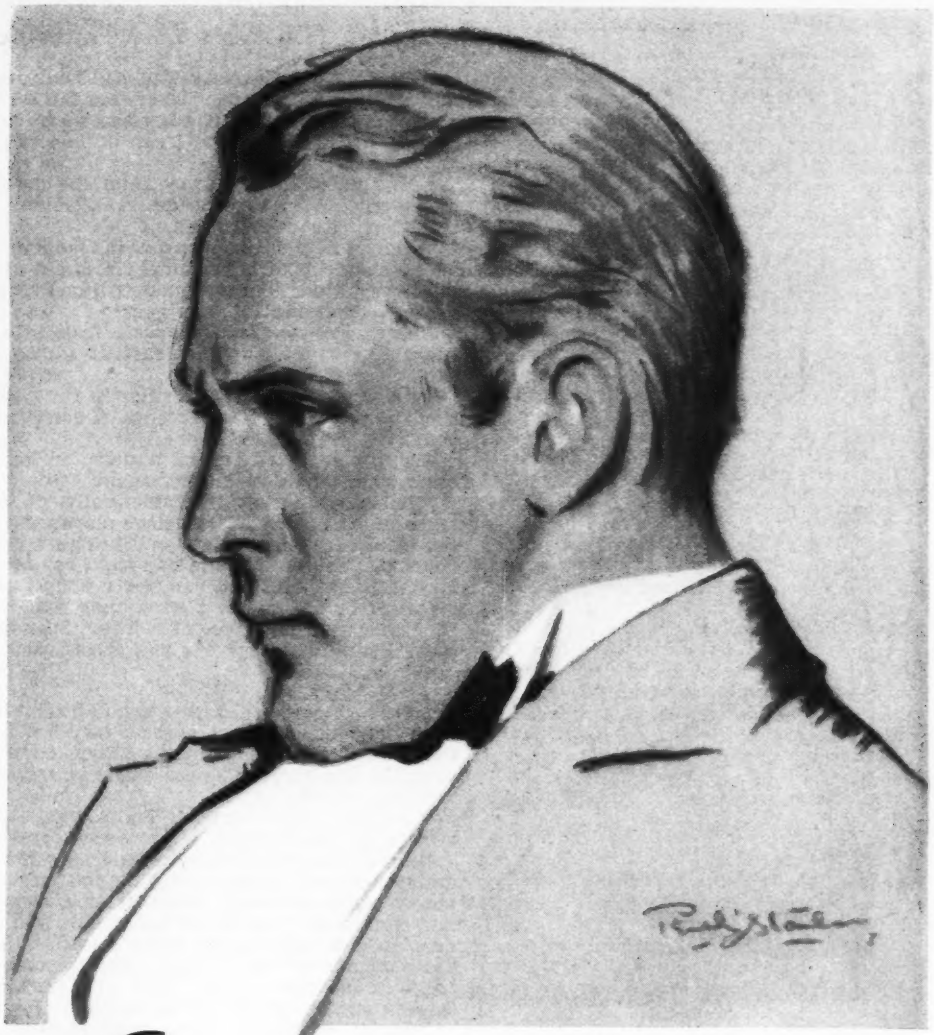
Mrs. Carton gave a baffled sigh as she paused at Jinny's open door. The splash from the bathroom proclaimed her daughter in the process of achieving that state which is next to godliness. On her bed lay an impudent little frock. Jinny was going to a dance.

In surreptitious haste Mrs. Carton held up the georgette trifle and studied its alluring design. No, it wasn't the clothes; it was just Jinny.

She moved over to Jinny's dressing table, picked up the hand mirror and regarded her profile with vague regret. To be twenty-three again and look like Jinny! What couldn't she do! Of course, it was partly her own fault that Jinny wasn't doing it, but who could have anticipated her whole-souled obedience?

Jinny emerged from the bathroom. She glanced at her mother in dutiful pleasure. If she had ever harbored a rebellious thought, Mrs. Carton hadn't been able to discover it. She always met her gaze with a cheerful, yes-mamma expression.

"Whom are you going with, dear?" asked Mrs. Carton



C. Barry

Advertise

A Girl who ALWAYS Minded MOTHER

Penrhyn Stanlaws

innocently, as she laid the mirror back on the table.

"Judge and Mrs. Pilkington."

"Page Bassett asked you last time, didn't he?" questioned her mother mildly. Jinny faced her helplessly.

"Oh, they all ask me *one* time, Mother, you know that. But they're all just alike. If I ever meet a man who is nice enough to take me out and not try—well, I just know I'll be obliged to ask him if he hasn't forgotten something, if he doesn't want to kiss me good night."

MRS. CARTON'S eyes were properly shocked. She suppressed an iconoclastic impulse to say, "I hope you do, dear, and see what happens!" Instead, she departed in resignation.

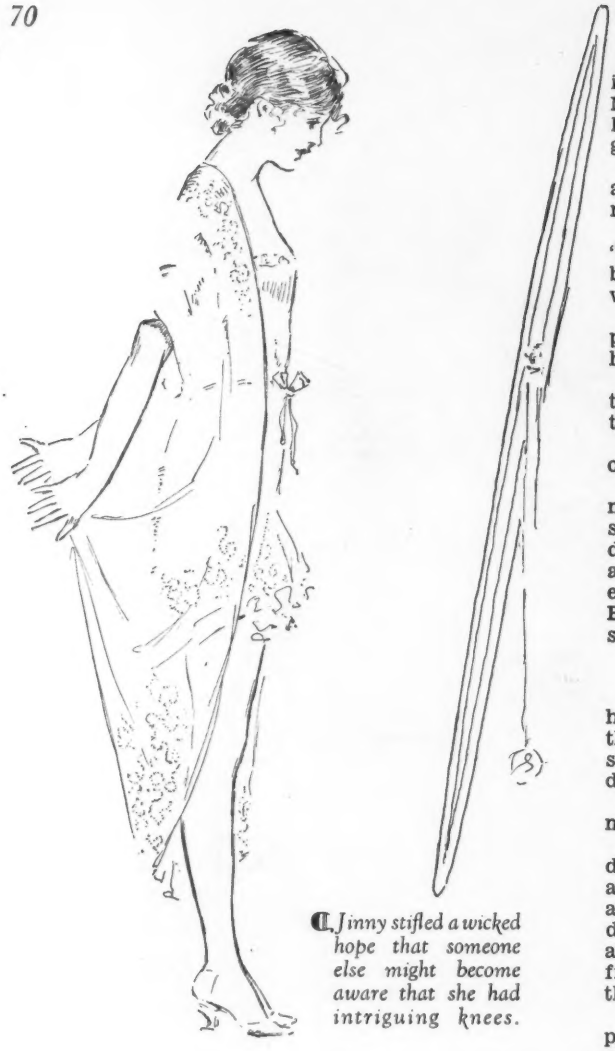
Jinny was glad she was gone. Dressing for these dances was a pathetically thrilling experience, but somehow she couldn't get the thrill unless she was all alone. Not that it would be any different from the hundred-odd dances she had attended—but it *might* be.

Each time a pantie-clad Jinny inspected her stocking seams carefully, stifling a wicked hope that someone else might become aware of the fact that she had intriguing knees. Each time she wriggled into an airy effect, which, having conceded to propriety that it was a dress, did all that clinging revelation could do to prove that it wasn't. Each time she viewed the finished result—a delectable Jinny with eyes that held immature dreams and lips that were a full-ripe actuality.

She was beautiful, she told herself, with a mutinous glare at the reflection which challenged the world to be kissed. If she could ever have walked onto a dance floor with that general effect, what a knock-out she would have been! But she couldn't.

Tonight, as usual, she promptly froze into the stereotyped Jinny who wouldn't sit on the balcony, thank you, and who didn't care to look at the moon.

Saxophones sobbed. Cellos moaned seductively. Through the open balcony doors, laughter, strolling couples, wind-fluttered skirts and heads bent close in sweet absorption—and Jinny sitting on the divan inside the door waiting for her next partner.



¶ *Jinny stifled a wicked hope that someone else might become aware that she had intriguing knees.*

"Say," whispered an irrepressible young lieutenant from Fort Bliss, who was executing (without mercy) a sort of doggy dance with Clytie Meadows, "who is that devilishly pretty little Puritan? I'll kiss her when I get drunk enough to try."

"You'd better say 'if you ever get her drunk enough to try,'" corrected Clytie sweetly, "for she's our annual débutante, a living demonstration that extra-good, unemotional babies are found under cabbage leaves."

Jinny heard. A sudden pallor, followed by a deep flush and a blazing look full into the young officer's eyes. The Jinny of the mirrored reflection revealed for a dizzying second in public.

"*Viva!*" chuckled the lieutenant, clutching Clytie to him in prompt response. "She may be good—I dunno. But if she's unemotional, I'm the Mayor of Juarez."

THAT finished the evening for Jinny. Gone were the little rainbows of possibilities. She didn't even turn a mental hair when the tall man lounging by the balcony door seated himself beside her. She forgot to watch her hands primly in her lap but gazed boldly into space, the mutinous blaze still smoldering.

A light touch on her arm. The stranger was addressing a remark to her. Her eyes traveled up the hand and arm to his face in defiance.

"It's the third time I've said it," he declared reproachfully, "and I didn't bring a horn along. Now somehow in this scramble I failed to meet you, but what's an introduction when your Methodist foot wants to backslide?"

Still that sir-unhand-me expression.

"Maybe you don't speak English?" he suggested with impervious hopefulness. "They told me I'd find lots of Mexicans down here on the border. 'You likee dancee—hoppee?' That's the best I can do in any foreign language."

Jinny pulled herself away from the detaining hand and turned her face aside in dismissal. But she reckoned without her man.

"I have it!" he announced in sudden inspiration. "It's a shame, poor little thing! You're deaf and dumb, but never mind. I'm a regular pantomime artist. Just wait a second and I'll show you."

Jinny's eyes widened in swift fear. Heavens! He probably would do it that instant if she didn't stop him.

Turning her head still farther in the opposite direction she observed in zero accents, "I don't care to dance, thank you."

Rising, he walked around and seated himself on the other side, calmly facing her again.

"Well," he remarked confidentially, "I didn't make much of a hit, did I? Must have played the wrong card somewhere. What's that old bridge rule—'when in doubt play trumps'? Now let's see, I believe some noted authority has said you can get a conversation out of everyone by asking them what they eat for breakfast. But then, you don't eat, of course. Spending all your spare hours in the ice box you absorb your food."

THERE is no knowing what might have happened if the orchestra had not finished just then and the hall cleared for a fifteen-minute intermission. In the surging shuffle Jinny was swept into the dressing room by Clytie.

"Lend me your compact, Jinny. Page Bassett has mine in his pocket."

Jinny's heart was thumping with a sort of dismayed desire to return to the annoying stranger and let him annoy her some more. The dressing room was stuffy and confusing. The heavy odor of perfumes and powders. Girls dabbing at their noses. Girls giggling about what "he said." Girls jostling one another in front of the mirrors with a "F'r heaven's sake let me there a minute, Mabel; I'm a wreck!"

"You know," sighed Clytie dramatically, "I'm simply prostrated with disappointment. Page said his father was going to run out here for a few minutes with Barry King—*the* Barry King, the writer, you know—when they got back from Juarez. But I've been watching all evening and I haven't seen a soul with human intelligence."

Jinny wasn't interested in Barry King. She'd seen these celebrities come and go, leaving a glamorously brief trail like a comet. An entertaining man in hand was to Barry King, of New York, what bacon on the shelf is to wild game.

She was conscious of a growing irritation with herself when they returned to the dance floor and she found that the irrepressible stranger was gone. Evidently she didn't have sense enough to take bacon when it was broiled and set under her nose!

It was a sleepless night for Jinny. Smarting recollections of Clytie's character sketch. Disturbing memories of the blue-eyed stranger and his quizzical smile. Utter disgust with her own stupidity. Sometime during those humiliating hours a new Jinny arrived. She'd do something. Now what?

She fumbled under the edge of her bed for her satin mules. "Clytie," she told herself savagely, "would have answered him with all kinds of clever patter. She keeps it on tap. Now how in the world can I learn how anybody acquires poise and sophistication? I'd do anything. I'd even advertise." Her eyes grew suddenly round and daring—*advertise,* ADVERTISE!

Still nighty-clad, she rummaged her desk in haste and began to scribble in delicious excitement.

Her manner was elaborately casual as she strolled into the breakfast room half an hour later in her street clothes.

"Going to town this early, dear?" Mrs. Carton questioned in bland surprise.

Jinny reached for the percolator. Complete attention on the matter of filling her cup; then her eyes met her mother's with absent-minded innocence. "Why, yes, the library, unless you need me. Juaquina came, didn't she?"

A rattle of pans from the kitchen and a muttered *"Ay Dios!"* proclaimed Juaquina's presence before Mrs. Carton could answer, "Yes, dear, but I think she was drunk again."

Juaquina was an amazing model of domestic efficiency. A comfort unparalleled, she waddled about leaving a trail of shining order when she did arrive, and her temperamental failures to arrive only made her the more appreciated.

Mrs. Carton would have liked to question her daughter further as to the unusual trip, but what was the use? If Jinny said she was going to the library you could swear that nothing but the library was her destination. Maybe. Jinny's first stop was the post office.

With a hazy realization that she was doing something rash, she was going to temper it with a fair amount of caution. There seemed to be just two methods of attracting attention. You could, as most girls did, be safe in a wild fashion, or you could be wild in a safe fashion; the latter, Jinny decided, offered the most excitement.

"I want to rent a post-office box," she announced boldly at the grilled window.

HER breath was coming unevenly. She opened and snapped the little mesh bag three times before the nondescript woman pushed out a blank card with an equally blank expression.

"Poor creature!" thought Jinny as she took the card to a table to fill it out. "Post-office boxes all around her and she's never once thought of parking her inhibitions inside one."

Jinny paused a second at the line "Name"; then wrote with relish, "Olga Chandler"—a combination of mystery and class.

From the box window to the money-order window, where Olga secured a money order payable to the El Paso Post advertising department for its part in her checkered career. From the money-order window to the mailing slot, and Jinny stepped out into the open air with a scared, triumphant knowledge that she was advertising for a man. Well, what of it? Wasn't that what all the girls were doing in ways not half so original?

It was perfectly safe. She'd covered her trail beautifully. No one on the paper had seen her. She had inserted the box number in the advertisement. The men had to address their replies to the post office.

How could they find out who she was unless she chose to reveal herself? All she had to do was to slip in tomorrow and get the answers. Simple.

Afternoon found Jinny watching for the paper boy, watching with a nervous eye on the Meadows' house across the street and a feverish hope that he would arrive before her mother returned from the Pioneers' Club. What had seemed a delightful inspiration in the beginning now began to resemble sheer idiocy. But maybe they wouldn't print it. Maybe it was too daring.

There "Pink" was, turning the corner at last. His bicycle made a serpentine trail down the center of the street as he flung his papers right and left.

Jinny snatched the paper from the porch floor and made the cool sanctuary of the living room before the bang of the screen door across the street announced that Clytie Meadows had reached first base. Rest assured if it was in the paper Clytie would see it, and Clytie, of all people, must never guess.

JINNY'S hands shook as she rustled the pages over to the classified advertising section. Yes, there it was!

> WANTED TO MEET A MAN between the ages of thirty and forty who likes books, dogs and the occasional society of a small brown-eyed woman who doesn't smoke, drink or pet. She's never had a chance to learn how. Object —remains to be seen. Address Post-office Box 121.

It looked perfectly scandalous! What was more, it *was* perfectly scandalous.

What in the world had possessed her? How could she!

Jinny looked around the room wildly. At any moment Mother would arrive. No lady with a still-smoking automatic in her hand ever surveyed her immediate surroundings in more nervous haste. Her eye lighted on the wastebasket. But no. That would never do. Mother would just phone the Post and complain that "Pink" had not left the paper and upon his innocent head would fall the consequences of her folly.

She would leave it on the table as usual and take a chance that the advertisement (*Continued on page 140*)

Tonight, as usual, she promptly froze into the stereotyped Jinny.

The Ogre *of Europe*

WHEN the usurper and tyrant is reduced to literary controversy, when the Communist instead of bombs produces effusions for the capitalist press, when the refugee war lord fights his battles over again, and the discharged executioner becomes chatty and garrulous at his fireside, we may rejoice in the signs that better days are come.

I have before me an article that Leon Trotsky alias Bronstein has recently contributed to John o' London's Weekly in which he deals with my descriptions of Lenin, with the Allied intervention in Russia, with Lord Birkenhead and other suggestive topics. He has written this article from his exile in Turkey while supplicating England, France and Germany to admit him to the civilizations it has been—and still is—his life's work to try to destroy.

Russia—his own Red Russia—the Russia he had framed and fashioned to his heart's desire regardless of suffering to others or hazard to himself—has cast him out. All his

scheming,
all his daring, all
his writing, all his harangues,
all his atrocities, all his achievements,
have led only to this—that another ruffian,
his subordinate in revolutionary rank, his inferior in wit, though not perhaps in crime, rules in his stead, while he, the once-triumphant Trotsky whose frown meted death to thousands, sits disconsolate, a bundle of old rags stranded on the shores of the Black Sea.

But he must have been a difficult man to please. He did not like the Czar, so he murdered him and his family. He did not like the Imperial Government, so he blew it up. He did not like the Liberalism of Guchkov and Milyukov, so he overthrew them. He could not endure the Social Revolutionary moderation of Kerensky and Savinkov, so he seized their places.

And when at last the Communist régime for which he had striven with might and main was established throughout the whole of Russia, when the Dictatorship of the Proletariat was supreme, when the New Order of Society had passed from visions into reality, when the hateful culture and traditions of the individualist period had been eradicated, when the secret police had become the servants of the Third International—in a word, when his Utopia had been achieved, he was still discontented. He still fumed, growled, snarled, bit and plotted. All had fallen out as he had urged. But nevertheless the vices of human society required, it seemed, new scourgings.

In the deepest depth he sought with desperate energy for a deeper. But—poor wretch—he had reached rock-bottom. Nothing lower than the Communist criminal class could be found.

IN VAIN he turned his gaze upon the wild beasts. The apes could not appreciate his eloquence. He could not mobilize the wolves, whose numbers had so notably increased during his administration. So the criminals he had installed stood together and put him outside.

Hence these chatty newspaper articles. Hence these undulations from the Bosporus. Hence these entreaties to be allowed to visit the British Museum in order to study its documents, or to drink the waters of Malvern for his rheumatism, or of Nauheim for his heart, or of Homburg for his gout, or of some other place for some other complaint. Hence these broodings in Turkish shades pierced by the searching eye of Mustafa Kemal.

It is astonishing that a man of Trotsky's intelligence should not be able to understand the well-marked dislike of civilized governments for the leading exponents of Communism. In the article before me he writes as if it were due to mere narrow-minded prejudice against new ideas and rival political theories.

But Communism is not only a creed. It is a plan of campaign.

A Study of a

Living Dead Man TROTSKY

by the

Right Hon.

Winston S. Churchill

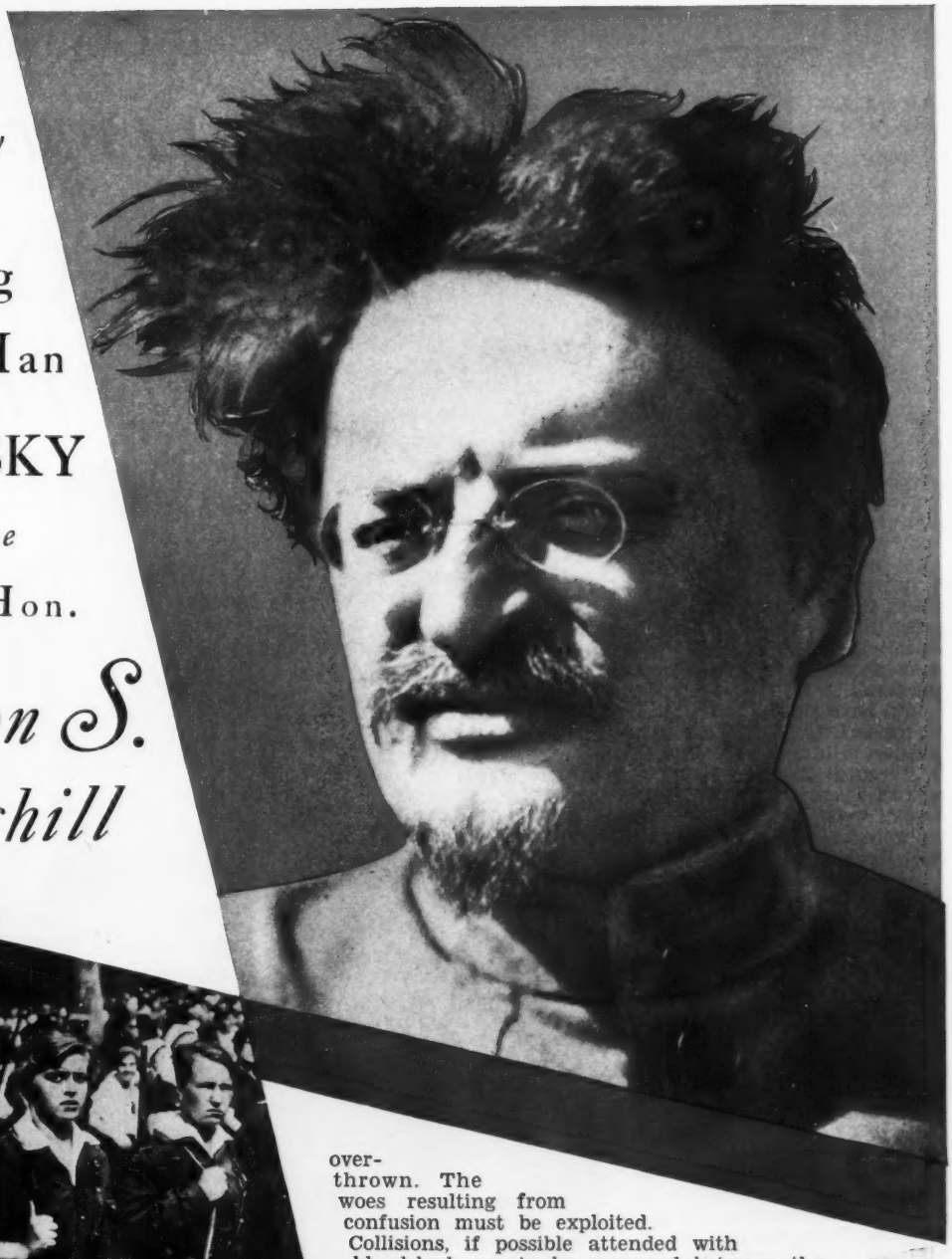


Photo by U. & U.

A Communist is not only the holder of certain opinions; he is the pledged adept of a well-thought-out means of enforcing them.

The method of enforcement is as much a part of the Communist faith as the doctrine itself. At first the time-honored principles of Liberalism and Democracy are invoked to shelter the infant organism. Free speech, the right of public meeting, all forms of lawful political agitation and constitutional right are paraded and asserted. Alliance is sought with every popular movement towards the left.

The creation of a mild Liberal or Socialist régime in some period of convulsion is the first milestone. But no sooner has this been created than it is to be overthrown. The woes resulting from confusion must be exploited.

Collisions, if possible attended with bloodshed, are to be arranged between the agents of the New Government and the working people. Martyrs are to be manufactured. An apologetic attitude in the rulers should be turned to profit. Pacific propaganda may be made the mask of hatreds never before manifested among men. No faith need be, indeed must be kept with non-Communists. Every act of good will, of tolerance, of conciliation, of mercy, of magnanimity on the part of governments or statesmen is to be utilized for their ruin.

Then when the time is ripe and the moment opportune, every form of lethal violence from mob revolt to private assassination must be used without stint or compunction.

The citadel will be stormed under the banners of Liberty and Democracy; and once the apparatus of power is in the hands of the Brotherhood, all opposition, all contrary opinions must be extinguished by death. Democracy is but a tool to be used and afterwards broken; Liberty but a sentimental folly unworthy of the logician. The absolute rule of a self-chosen priesthood according to the dogmas it has learned by rote is to be imposed upon mankind without mitigation progressively forever.

All this, set out in prosy (*Continued on page 230*)

Sometime a Bridegroom at that

IN THE beginning Tommy Jones had no more than his hunch that Judy was telling the truth. The younger and more irritating daughter of his chief, Samuel Sears, was many things of which he definitely did not approve. A complete catalogue of the flaws he found in her would have run to a considerable length. But she was *not* a liar.

Of course the two officers who placed her under arrest were not so ungallant as to call her one. Her explanation they neither accepted nor rejected.

"Tell it to the judge, miss," their manner said in effect. "We are just doing our duty as we see it."

Tommy did not blame them. They had a mystery to solve and Judy's two damaging admissions were definite, damning clues. They obviously believed they had the right person. Aside from that they made it as easy as possible for all concerned. One can't, naturally, snap a handcuff on the sacrosanct wrist of the younger daughter of a multimillionaire.

In brief, everybody was tactful and diplomatic except Judy. She flashed fire and assured the officers they were making perfect idiots of themselves.

"I tell you I simply sidewiped a tree," she announced passionately.

The officers had looked torn between a human desire to retort, "That is what they all say!" and a hunch they had better look and remain dumb.

The charge against Judy was manslaughter. The victim was one Annie Melehanty, aged sixty, late resident of Baysport, Long Island.

A speeding car had struck her just after eleven o'clock the night before, flung her body to one side and passed on, leaving her dead or dying. Tommy himself had passed the spot before midnight. He knew from the knot of cars gathered that there had been an accident, but he had not stopped.

"Automobile accidents are no novelty these days. I'm not morbid and I was late," might have been his explanation.

Illustrations by George Brehm

¶ *"I'll do whatever I can," Tommy promised Sears as Judy reappeared. "I've heard this is the sort of costume to wear in court," she announced flippantly.*

It was nearing one o'clock of what was to develop into the day before Christmas, when he had reached Southampton. There were two other cars in the garage.

One was the big sedan that the chief had arrived in earlier in the evening.

"I'm opening the place for a few days," Sears had told him that afternoon. "I feel like getting out of the city and I can give you more time at Southampton in the morning than I can here. Perhaps we can have a few holes of golf if the weather holds good."

THE other car was Judy's roadster.

"You'd know it was hers by that crumpled mud guard," Tommy had soliloquized. "She must spend more to remove dents than she does for gas."

He was surprised to find it there.

"I'm not to spend Christmas in the bosom of my

By Royal Brown

Our hero, TOMMY JONES, hadn't considered the Fact that in Matrimony the Female of the Species is more Determined than the Male

family," the chief had remarked dryly. "Sam, Martha and Judy have their own plans for the day and Southampton at this season does not tempt them."

Evidently Judy had changed her mind. But perhaps that was not surprising, after all. Judy was like that.

"Wherever she may be or whatever she may be doing, she has all the possibilities of a stick of dynamite barging around," Tommy reflected.

He had seen but little of her recently. Judy was now eighteen and she had made what was once known as a bow to society. But he couldn't imagine Judy making a bow to anybody.

Tommy had been invited to the ball that marked her début but had not gone. One of his intimates had.

"Dancing started at ten and Judy wasn't off the floor once until four," the latter had reported. "I cut in about a hundred times and danced about a hundred feet with her, in all."

And that, presumably, was Judy's life these days. So far as Tommy was concerned Judy was spoiled, self-willed, selfish, arrogant and—consult your own thesaurus. That she might be none the less attractive to males who did not know her as well as he did, he was willing to admit. But nothing more.

Nevertheless, something quickened in him as he entered the house.

At this hour the chief must be abed. But the lower floor was alight and in the library logs blazed high in an open fireplace. In front of this stood Judy. She lifted her eyes and let them meet his.

"Oh, Father's pet miracle man!" she mocked. "What are *you* doing here?"

THE same Judy he remembered, yet subtly changed. He took her in at a glance. He was no Poiret of Paris, yet he felt that her black chiffon frock would be more suitable on a demimondaine than on a deb.

"And that's why *she* picked it," he decided.

That it was as devastating as it was daring he did not deny. It was the sort of frock a girl might wear and turn her back on a man, certain that she would still hold his attention.

This Judy did. The frock was cut almost to the waistline, baring most of Judy's slim, straight back.

Evidently he might join her or not as he chose. Tommy would have said he did not choose. Yet he did linger. He was not sleepy. The bright, cold December night and the pace at which he customarily drove had brought a vague excitement.

"I *might* ask you what *you* are doing here," he commented, merely making conversation.

He might—but she would not tell him. Not for all the millions that she would some day inherit. Tommy was wrong on one point—Judy did not always tell the truth.

Instead, she turned her face toward him again. Smooth and mocking. Impudent of nose, too scarlet of lip. "Oh, New York bored me stiff, so I've come back to the farm for Christmas," she gibed.

Tommy, standing at ease, produced cigarets. As he placed one between his lips her eyes challenged his.

"You might offer *me* one!" she suggested.

"Why, of course," apologized Tommy, but added deliberately, "It's hard to remember that you have emerged from the nursery."

Her eyes held his languidly. "It would be hard for *you*, of course," she retorted. "I sometimes wonder if you will ever believe that I have."

She took a cigaret from his package, tapped it and let her too-scarlet lips receive it. He lighted it for her. She glanced up and, swiftly, he felt some subtle spell flung over him.

But he was disciplined against such things. They gummed up the works. "Often a best man—but never a bridegroom," was Tommy's platform.

Besides, there was an alcoholic savor to her. And Tommy, for all his modernity, didn't like that.

Naturally, he could not know that Judy had taken her first drink of the evening just a few minutes before. Defiantly, recklessly. Because she felt the need of something to carry her through this moment with him.

"I take it from the condition of your right mud guard that you drove down," remarked Tommy, extinguishing the match and tossing it into the fire.

"I sidewiped a tree," explained Judy.

"And what had the tree done to you?" asked Tommy.

"Nothing—but a truck running without lights and with a drunken driver, I should say, edged me over as I was trying to pass it to the right——"

"To the right?" objected Tommy.

"I perceive I am being put back into my place—the nursery," said Judy. "But it hogged the road so that it was impossible to pass to the left."

"And of course you were in an awful hurry, as usual," sympathized Tommy.

Judy gave him a direct glance. "Did I hear something about your being arrested for speeding not long ago?" she asked politely.

TOMMY merely grinned. "I do drive fast, but always with extreme care," he assured her.

"And so do I. In fact, if I weren't a very skillful driver I might not be here now—and wouldn't that be too bad?"

Tommy ignored the last. "You may be skillful but just the same I'd suggest you carry a couple of mud guards instead of spare tires. You'll use them more."

"Oh, I can get the mud guard fixed in the morning," Judy assured him. "The local garage is good at that."

"Practice makes perfect—they should be, with you here," commented Tommy. He glanced at his wrist watch and added, "It seems to be morning already. Do you plan to stay up all night?"

"Probably," retorted Judy. "It gets to be a habit. A deb seldom gets to bed before dawn, you know."

"But I'm no deb," interpolated Tommy. "Good night."

SHE gave him a swift glance. And briefly Tommy felt as if—well, as if Judy were even more kinds of dynamite than he had previously reckoned her.

But Judy herself broke the spell. "Good night," she said almost curtly, and turned back to the fire.

She stood there but her ears followed his progress upstairs. "And that's that!" she murmured. "What a fool I was to come!"

The truth might be in Judy but it did not always come out. The reason she had come was that her father had mentioned that Tommy was to run down for the night. She hadn't wanted to come, but something stronger than herself had drawn her on.

"To make a perfect idiot of myself," she told herself now.

Tommy would not have understood what she meant. But she knew. She had changed to this shockingly expensive, shockingly daring frock in the hope that—oh, that something might happen. And nothing had. Nothing ever did with Tommy. He remained insulated. She wasn't sure whether she hated him or not. But she did know that he made other men seem insipid.

"He's put some darned Indian sign on me," was the way she summed it up.

Nevertheless, she was no mid-Victorian maid dissolving in tears or pining away for love. She was angry at Tommy; angrier at herself. She couldn't understand why it had to happen to her. Or what she could do about it—except snap out of it. She wished she could do just that. "But it *would* be my rotten luck to be a one-man squaw," she reflected dismally.

She felt like getting into her car and driving back to New York. There was a party on that wouldn't end till four. And if Tommy couldn't see her, there were those who could. Plenty!

"But if I went off like that he might suspect something," she decided. "And thank heavens he is dumb enough that way never to guess what a nut I am about him."

¶ *"Why do you always have to be so perfectly horrid to me?" Judy demanded of Tommy.*

NOR was she mistaken. Tommy would have been appalled could he have known what was in Judy's head. But he would not have been surprised had he awakened in the morning to discover that she had gone.

"The debs nowadays all act as if they were in the first stages of St. Vitus' dance," was the way he saw it from the lofty eminence of his advanced age of twenty-five. "They're always rushing from one place to another."

And so, with a clear conscience, he unpacked his bag in the rooms he had occupied the previous summer. There were flowers on the table, a fire in the grate in what had been his living room. In the other room the blankets of his bed were turned back. It was all as if he had vacated it the previous morning instead of almost two months before.

"The miracle of millions," mused Tommy.

Twenty-four hours before, (*Continued on page 100*)

Who Murdered *Jamie Darricott?*

You *will find the* Solution *in this* Installment *of "Ladies' Man"*

DO YOU recall this illustration? It appeared in the first installment of "Ladies' Man," by Rupert Hughes. You learned in the opening paragraphs of the story that the horrified features of the bespangled figure struggling for life were those of Jamie Darricott. But whose were the hands that held Jamie in such relentless grip; hands which released that grip and sent Jamie's body hurtling to the street crowded with pleasure - seekers? For there were plenty of women and plenty of men who had cause to hate Jamie, to hate him enough to kill him. But was it man or woman? And which man—or which woman?

Mr. Hughes has put all of the clues before you. Have you fixed upon the murderer? No member of the staff of Cosmopolitan was a good-enough sleuth to guess the real culprit.

Beginning on the next page Mr. Hughes reveals to you what happened on the inside of the room pictured in the illustration. And this scene reveals the murder—and the murderer.

You, of course, will be sorry that "Ladies' Man," which has entertained you for eight months, must come to a close. But here is good news for you. Mr. Hughes is at work on another novel, a novel in which is involved a fascinating and intricate riddle of life. Though it is, in a sense, a mystery story with an unusually seizing and holding plot, it is of a sort never before contrived, since the problem comes home to every reader, and involves every life. Mr. Hughes' new serial will begin in a few months in Cosmopolitan. It is as new in treatment and as different from the usual run of mystery stories as was "Ladies' Man."

The word "different" characterizes all of the serials we publish in Cosmopolitan. They must be more than entertaining—more than mere fiction. They must have an idea behind them; they must truly picture a phase of contemporary life. "Ladies' Man" not only gave you a baffling mystery; it portrayed a cross-section of New York society as only one who knows the people in that social set and their activities could portray it.

Real people, people you know in your daily contacts with life, people you read about in the daily papers. People with problems much like your own, or problems which, while strange to you, are real enough to them. These are the personalities you come to know in Cosmopolitan fiction. And new and fascinating parts of the world are made familiar to you.

You will find a particularly good illustration of what we mean in the new novel by Robert Hichens which begins in next month's Cosmopolitan. The setting is gay, fashionable Mayfair. You not only read about this playground of London society; you live there in Mr. Hichens' novel. You will come to know the charming people of his story, share with them the intrigue and drama of their lives—the curious triangle of the homely, fascinating social arbiter, Lady Bettine, the striking Oliva, war-poor and talented, and handsome Brett Arden. A wonderful girl, Oliva, honest and frank and modern, a girl who, to use an expression of Mr. Hichens', does not mix moral values. You will like her and the story Mr. Hichens has written.

In Cosmopolitan you find, of course, most of the writers who have won their literary spurs. That is not because their names are "Big" but because their work *is Big*.

But we seek constantly the new name, the new fresh note. When we find this combination we rejoice.

WE DID find such a combination in a writer new to our pages and a novel she has written. You, therefore, will soon have the pleasure of reading "The Beauty Mask Murder," by Viola Brothers Shore.

Here again you have more than a murder, more than a mystery. You have a masterly analysis of woman psychology, see feminine intuition at work.

Only a woman, we believe, could have solved the mystery of "The Beauty Mask Murder"—and when you meet Maxine Ainslee you will find her as charming as she is clever.

RUPERT HUGHES

ends his Mystery Novel *with a* Perfect Crime

¶ *The veil of the Oriental flew aside a moment and Darricott knew those eyes. His own glared recognition, though he could not utter a sound.*

THERE comes a time in the life of the finest steel when a certain twist or an added ounce of burden makes it snap as if it were gossamer from the spinneret of the least spider. Women's patience is like that, and no one knows when the torsion strain or the tensile drag will crack it.

Helena Fendley had seemed able to endure anything and everything from Jamie Darricott: scandal, spiritual ruin, the pitiful humiliation of her husband, the destruction of her home, but it was what he did not do that broke her at last. It was his silence that finished her.

Perhaps it was the costume of the empress that exalted Helena's pride. In her crown and ermine to learn of Jamie's duplicity—it was the wrong moment.

His failure to reassure her even with a glance ended her love in a puff of mist. When, a long instant later, Rachel proclaimed that Darricott had arranged a marriage with her, the shock was cataclysmal, but it rocked a heart already emptied of love.

Helena marched in upon Darricott with all the high fury of an insulted czarina, and locked the door after her lest her children see her in a wrath they had never witnessed; for she had been the gentlest of mothers. She found Darricott setting on his head the grotesquely gorgeous hat, so heavy that a page was expected to carry it. The foppishness of his attitude revolted her. She had given herself to a coxcomb. He glanced at her from between the plumes with a bird's bright impudence, and dared to say:

"Is this the best angle?"

"From any angle you are loathsome to me, Jamie. This whole horrible affair—I told you I would go through with it as an atonement. I never dreamed how bitter it would be."

He took off his hat and set it down, the better to stare at her as she denounced him.

"The punishment isn't the gossip, the ridiculous figure I cut, the wrong I've done; it's learning that I've given my heart and my body to such a cheap—— Why, the only big thing you ever did was to drag my daughter into the mire with her mother. Only a fiend could rise to that. But you can't have her. If you don't promise me——"

She was actually tugging at a brooch fastened to her breast; the pin was almost as long as a stiletto. It had a safety catch and she had such trouble in releasing it that she ripped it free, though it tore her bodice. While she wrenched at it, Darricott was patronizing her.

"Helena, if you'll only go on and get this night over, I'll marry you tomorrow."

"Marry me!" She gagged on the words. "My atonement doesn't include that, thank heaven. But if you don't give me your solemn promise never to speak to Rachel—— Here I am asking you for another of your promises. Agh! The only way to be sure is to——"

HE SAW her with her hand upraised and between her fingers the long needle, actually about to stab him. Her features were almost unrecognizable with mania. He caught her arm, wrenched it back of her with a twist that brought a wail of pain from her, and holding her helpless so, murmured over her shoulder:

"Unless you've gone as mad as you thought you would, my darling, you'll save this outbreak for tomorrow. I'll come to your house and let you call me all the names you like. And when you're tired out, I'll tell you

Copyright, 1930, by Rupert Hughes

Ladies' Man

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

the truth. Even if you are crazy enough tonight to believe what your crazy daughter said, I'll soon convince you that—that I love you as much as ever."

She tried to whirl on him, but could not. She turned her head as far as she could to groan: "Jamie, if you use the word 'love' to me again, I'll——"

"You'll hear it again!" he said. "I'm proving my love for you now by trying to save you from a lifelong disgrace. For I do love you. There are thousands of people waiting downstairs to see you. You never were so beautiful. You're magnificent. I love you. Go on and see it through. Tomorrow you'll be glad and proud, and we'll be happy yet—Helena—together."

In her present mood every word of praise or tenderness seared her with a branding iron, but she could not fight him now. He tried another course.

"For the sake of your son and your daughter if not for your own good name you've got to go through with it, Helena. You can't be a quitter now, not you!"

To this she yielded and bowed her head in submission to the duress of her own character.

Seeing that she was coerced, he said: "Pull yourself together and play the queen. I'll join you in a minute."

He led her to the hall door and, bowing, kissed her hand. She snatched it from him and hurried along the hallway. But her knees gave way and she dropped into a chair, pinning the brooch where she could.

The trumpets were blatant in the corridors, but she did not hear them above the laughter of the crowds moving toward the ballroom.

Meanwhile Anthony and Weldon had pressed through the empty room to the locked door and stood irresolute there, hearing the sound but not the words of Helena's voice and nothing at all that Darricott replied. They heard her short cry of distress as he twisted her arm. Then no more.

They shook the knob, beat on the door and set their shoulders to it to break it down, but it was too stout for them. Anthony drew back and ran at it, jarring it. He drew back and ran again, just as Darricott turned the key and opened it. Anthony and Weldon plunged into the room so far that they almost fell.

When Darricott laughed at the spectacle they made, they whirled and sprang at him with fingers clenched for his throat. He slipped aside, darted across the room to the bed, where his golden belt lay coiled against a golden sheath. Catching the (*Continued on page 173*)

When the Ticker

Illustrations by

OUTSIDE my door I heard a laugh —a ghastly bloated cackle of hollow indifference. Curiosity caused me to peer out through a crack. A bell boy and a doorman were supporting a sagging figure down the hall.

There was a fleeting glimpse of a sickly, oyster-white face—a face that often adorned the front pages. I waited for the bell boy's return to inquire the trouble.

"It is Mr. A," he said. "He was hit for two millions in the market and his chauffeur just brought him home delirious."

Thus, as a spectator, I was catapulted into the whirling financial confusion of late October when the world suddenly shivered, poised and turned completely over.

Even now the whole thing is a phantasmagoria—blobs of nebulous gloom here and lightning flashes of terrible reality there. I am fortunate in living at what is considered a fashionable New York hotel and I saw the catastrophe strike people who seemingly never had been touched by sorrow before.

It was Stevenson, I believe, who observed that the most tranquil people were those living on the edge of the crater. In this fashion I had heard much chaffing in the hotel barber shop and lobby about the first dip of the stock market on that memorable Thursday.

The week-end, despite the dark ugly rumors, was one of sublime optimism and then came what have become known as the "Blue Monday" and the "Terrible Tuesday."

Tuesday evening, of course, was the worst. When the newspapers came with their despairing thick headlines, the whole of New York seemed to stiffen tautly in a sort of mad terror. Even those of us who had nothing to lose read the thick headlines and had the sensation of floating off in space.

I lifted a telephone receiver to talk to a garage and a crossed connection brought the voice of an anguishing woman, a voice whose intonation bespoke refinement.

"O BLESSED MOTHER OF JESUS," she choked, "it can't be true!" It was fraught with such emotion my hand trembled when I hung up.

My wife and I suddenly abandoned our customary evening motor ride and decided to walk. On the busy corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-sixth Street people seemed to be standing dumbly as people do when they watch a funeral pass. A man was sick at the curb.

"It is terrible, sir," said the crossing policeman, waving his hand at the acres of traffic-jammed automobiles. "They look like ghosts going home." A block or so away on Park Avenue's "Gold Coast," a leather-lunged newsie was bellowing: "Panic in Wall Street! Here y'are! Getcher pape!" His grin had a sardonic leer.

At a Fiftieth Street corner a woman with poppy-red lips stepped from a coupé. She had the brittleness of spun glass and the cold isolation of those ladies who love only love. One of her obvious sisters of a discreetly sinful guild awaited her in front of a drug store.

"Jim smashed up this afternoon," said the lady of the coupé. "He won't join us. He's home with his wife and here I am with a twelve-thousand-a-year apartment on my hands."

NOT many steps away a softly sobbing woman and a pale man, followed by two bewildered children, crossed the pavement from an apartment-house entrance and stepped into a waiting taxi.

"Anywhere. Just drive!" the man said to the perplexed driver.

At a restaurant on East Fifty-second Street, where we often dine, the *maître d'hôtel* swept his arm toward a room whose snowy-white table tops revealed a ghostly emptiness. "Any table you please tonight, M'soo!" he murmured.

Ordinarily it is filled with from three hundred and fifty to four hundred diners. This night it held, by actual count, nineteen. "Some others came," said a waiter, "but when the soup arrived, they glanced at it and suddenly walked out."

I looked in at fashionable Sherry's on the way home. It held exactly eleven diners—each like a death's-head at the feast.

Twelve were dining at the equally fashionable Colony. "Only one advance reservation was kept," said the head waiter sadly.

Westward, Broadway's beacons were burning with the usual brightness but the cafés, the theaters and even the cheap dance halls were desolated. The lines that coil in front of movie houses had shrunk to nothing at all.

Outside the Capitol, a gaudily caparisoned doorman dripping gold ropes had his elbow on the cashier's cage chatting with the blond ticket seller. The doorman at the braggy-fronted Paramount was leaning against a pillar perusing a copy of Variety.

Broadway had suddenly dried up like a raindrop on the parched desert! Even the "tip-off" men of the gambling houses, who stand in front of certain chophouses to whisper the hotel room numbers of the nightly dice and poker games, had evaporated. Mayor Walker in a campaign talkie in Times Square wasted his political forensics on the proverbial thin air. Only a half-dozen mounted patrolmen on drooping horses comprised his open-air audience.

Tolled

By O. O. McIntyre

Oscar Cesare

The cumulative effects of a sudden fear had completely prostrated the night life of the busiest city in the world.

A hideous fright, like some nightmarish monster, was stalking the entire city—Broadway, Fifth and Park avenues, the Bronx, the Bowery—leaving it gasping, cowering, impotent.

On West Forty-second Street, almost the lone driver on the block swerved to the curb with his empty cab and inquired:

"Say, buddy, is the world coming to an end?"

I could not put much enthusiasm or comfort in my reply: "I hope not."

Back at the hotel, the lobby and coffeeroom were deserted.

In the apartment we turned on the radio but in a few moments, by mutual consent, turned it off. I settled myself in bed to read an autographed copy of a novel which had just arrived from the author.

Several weeks later I read it with interest. That night it was a jumble of unintelligible phrases.

So we snapped off the lights and sought escape in the valley of moonbeams. Fear, it is said, is tangible to wild animals. They can feel it as much as a blow.

Psychologists or other mental experimentalists might explain it but there are few New Yorkers who did not "feel fear" that night. It had the impenetrable thickness and clutch of heavy fog.

At four A.M. I had not slept a wink nor had my wife. It was at this time we heard what sounded like a hiccup in the apartment adjoining. The hiccup was followed by a moan like that of a sleeper in the throes of a bad dream.

At length we were conscious of two distinct voices. Someone, we thought, was desperately ill. It continued in ugly rhythm until we fell asleep long after daylight.

The next morning we learned the story. In the apartment lived an elderly couple, each past sixty, from a western city. They had by industry and thrift amassed a million. He had come to New York with his wife to shop.

Foolishly, he had been dabbling in the market—his speculations increasing with success. The first day's plunge had ruined him.

For four days thereafter they had remained in their beds from the shock—wide-eyed and sleepless. A maid tiptoeing through the rooms had thought them merely resting.

A THOUSAND similar tragic episodes were taking place in a thousand different hotels and homes, while New York was trying vainly to pull itself together in the blackest financial period the world has ever known.

Everyone has had personal contact with the disaster—a friend or relative or at least an acquaintance who has been stripped of everything.

I hear many say that the world and especially those who gamble have learned a valuable lesson. It is a pleasant prophecy, but as Goldberg might say: "It doesn't mean anything!"

There have been Wall Street panics before with thousands ruined overnight. And there are likely to be future Wall Street panics with the same result.

What we have salvaged chiefly out of this turbulent experience is the sublimity, the new stature of American courage. Just around the corner from my hotel is a tea room and at luncheon today the cashier handed out my change with a smile.

Ten days before Wall Street rocked, she was a widow with two children in fashionable boarding schools, a $150,000 home and stocks with a potential value of $750,000. Multiply her plight by many thousands and you will have an idea of Yankee resiliency in overwhelming disaster.

Illustrations by
Douglas Duer

O'Bannion *rules*

"JOHNEEN," said Mr. Malachi O'Bannion to his former employer and late shipmate in the United States Navy, Johnny Kendrick, "answer me this. Am I or am I not as good a marine chief ingineer as iver set foot on a deck?"

"You're better than that, Malachi," Mr. Kendrick, of the now defunct shipping firm of Kendrick and Son, almost sighed. "I think you're the finest chief engineer in the world."

"Why, thin, in the name av all the saints, can't I get a job?" Mr. O'Bannion pleaded. "Since bein' fired out av the Makaweli I've been a year on the beach. I have stone bruises, corrns an' bunions afther walkin' tin t'ousand miles lookin' for a job.

"The past t'ree months I've lost me pride intirely an' have been axin' the chief ingineers I raised meself for a job as firrst assistint. An' divil a job can I land. 'Tis true I did worrk half a day on the Western Trader, but the minute the port ingineer saw me 'twas Kitty, bar the door!"

"I'm sorry," Johnny Kendrick murmured.

"I've sunk so low," O'Bannion almost walled, "I've applied for jobs on shteam schooners—me that niver serrved a day annywhere but in a ship that sailed blue wather. An' divil a job can I get."

"What do they say to you when you apply for a job, Malachi?"

"Whin I make a written application," Mr. O'Bannion mourned, "they write me an' tell me they've received it an' will place it on file an' if annythin' turrns up they'll let me know. Whin I call at their offices neither the managin' owners nor the port ingineers will let me in—so they don't say annythin' to me."

"I think," said Johnny Kendrick, "you're blacklisted!"

"Begob, thin, if I am, Johneen, I'll sue thim all for conspiracy."

"No, you'll not, Malachi. In the first place you can't prove it and in the second place you can't afford the luxury. Your savings must be held intact for your wife and children."

"I'll have to quit the sea," Mr. O'Bannion then decided. "Johneen, for the sake av ould sake's sake, can ye not get me a job ashoore as a shtationary ingineer?"

"I'll try very hard, Malachi."

"I've got to do somethin', if it's only shweepin' the shtreets." And with this final sad statement Mr. O'Bannion departed from Johnny Kendrick's office.

No sooner had he left than Kendrick telephoned to Mr. Pierce, president of the Transpacific Line, owners of the S. S. Makaweli, the steamer upon which Malachi O'Bannion had last been employed as chief engineer.

"John Kendrick speaking, Pierce. Remember that chief engineer, O'Bannion, I recommended to you about two years ago? You gave him a job against your will and a year later you fired him. What was the trouble?"

"He's rebellious and contumacious. He will not obey an order if he thinks his superior is in error. On his first voyage in the Hispaniola she kicked off her wheel. He was ordered to buy a duplicate of the old wheel and refused. Instead, he bought one slightly larger and with more pitch, claiming the Hispaniola had ample power to handle it.

¶ *"Out o' me way or I'll slay ye!" the fire department. Then his ax*

the Roost

A Story *which proves* You Can't Boss *an* Irishman

by Peter B. Kyne

howled Mr. O'Bannion and charged came down on the distended hose.

"He was right and we were wrong, so I forgave him his crime. A year later the Makaweli, to which he had been transferred, knocked a foot off one blade of her starboard propeller. She made Honolulu on the port propeller and we ordered her put in dry-dock to ship a spare wheel we had aboard.

"The captain was in hospital for an appendix operation when the order arrived. O'Bannion induced the mate to snatch all the cargo out of her after holds first; naturally her nose went down and her tail went up, and he keyed the spare wheel onto her in jig time."

"Then you only lost a couple of hours discharging."

"That's right."

"AND you fired him for that, Pierce? Why, I should think you'd have been grateful to him for saving you a lot of money."

"He risked the ship. You know very well, Kendrick, that a big steamer out of balance that way might easily turn turtle, particularly if a sudden storm came up, even while she was lying at the dock."

"But I know Malachi O'Bannion, Pierce. He must have taken some precautions to guard against such an accident to the ship."

"He did. He tied her more securely to the dock and lashed a couple of big barges along the opposite side of her hull, to hold her up in case she took a notion to list."

"And you fired him for that eh?"

"No, I fired him because he disobeyed orders. I'm the boss, whether I'm right or wrong, and I'll not have any employee dictating my course to me."

"There must have been something else, Pierce. No man dismisses an employee who works overtime to save him money and who, even when he is disobeying orders, remembers to protect him against loss."

"Well, there was something else," Pierce admitted. "That man just can't mind his own business——"

"I know it," Johnny Kendrick interrupted. "He forgets to mind his own business in his passion for looking after the business of the man who pays him his wages."

"Well, he saw his old ship, the Maverick, lying across the dock in Honolulu, and naturally he had a yearning to visit her. Her chief wasn't aboard, so O'Bannion went down into her engine room to see (as he told me himself) how far she'd gone down since he'd left her. He went prowling down the shaft alley and found the shaft couplings covered with oil and dirt.

"Well, he got himself a handful of waste soaked in kerosene and cleaned the couplings, and in the after coupling of the tail shaft he found a crack he could stick the blade of his knife into. But did he say anything about it? He did not!"

"You fired him in Honolulu, didn't you?"

"I did. I sent a man down to relieve him, and he licked the relief and came home chief of the Makaweli. However, he wasn't paid for it, because he wasn't in our employ. I imagine he crowded himself on us to save the expense of the trip home by passenger steamer."

"Then he realized all the time he was not in your

employ; that he had been fired in Honolulu and would be thrown out of the ship in San Francisco."

"Undoubtedly. He didn't even ask for his pay."

"That explains the whole thing, Pierce. If he'd been in your employ at the time he discovered the crack in the Maverick's tail-shaft coupling he would have cabled you.

"I know Malachi. He's loyal, if he is mercurial, pugnacious and refractory. Not being in your employ, why should he bother telling you things your own engineers should have discovered? Didn't he even mention that he could tell you something of interest to you?"

"Of course he did. He offered to trade me this important information for his job. I thought he was talking through his hat."

"O'Bannion never does that. He means what he says and says what he means. You hurt his feelings by firing him, so he let you take the consequences. A month later that cracked coupling broke, so the Maverick became a derelict, and the salvage job cost you thirty thousand dollars."

"Exactly."

"Consequently you've blacklisted O'Bannion. Every steamship company in the country has had the whisper passed to it. I've been a steamship owner myself. I know the ropes. We protect one another against employees we deem dangerous, but once in a while somebody passes the word to vent a private grudge and thereby ruins a good man in his profession.

"Pierce, you haven't been fair to O'Bannion. He has the highest sort of recommendation from me, but he left our employ four years ago and he can't show a good recommendation since. I know he isn't popular, but he *is* efficient."

"He's an Irish blatherskite," Pierce growled. "Good-by."

¶ *"May hivin forgive yer chief ingineer!" Mr. O'Bannion told Maverick. "We're in for it now. There's gas in the bilge an' if I know annythin' about it." They had it! Swenson fled up to the*

the third assistant of the ye'll have another explosion deck shrieking: "Fire! Fire!"

The following day Johnny Kendrick sent for Malachi O'Bannion.

"Malachi," he began, "I think it's time to revive Kendrick and Son and get back into the shipping business. The Emergency Fleet Corporation is getting sick of the vast number of big steel freighters it has on hand. A lot of them are war-time graft jobs; they might be better models than they are, but still the shipping world could use them if the government had only equipped them with reciprocating engines and Scotch boilers. They're in the shop half the time and it costs too much to replace those inferior boilers and engines.

"However," he added, "I've had them all pawed over and have discovered eight splendid eighty-eight-hundred-ton boats with Scotch boilers and reciprocating engines in the lot.

"They cost over a million to build and I can buy them for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars each, twenty-five percent down, balance at four percent interest over a period of ten years, provided I maintain them in certain trade routes for a period of five years. Those trade routes look good to me. I may not make much money, but I think I can pay for the ships in five years out of the profits."

Mr. O'Bannion's face had begun to take on the radiance of a desert at sunrise. Kendrick continued:

"It will require several months of negotiation before I can close the deal, but I think I can do it because nobody seems particularly anxious to run these smaller ships in foreign trade. They are interested in the ten-thousand-ton types.

"However, I have an idea I can induce the government not to insist that the ships must be run in a foreign trade route for five years. I'll argue that they aren't big enough and perhaps I'll get away with the argument.

"I want those ships for the coastal run. Their draft will enable them to enter such shoal draft harbors as Grays Harbor and Willapa Harbor—ports the ten-thousand-ton ships cannot enter. I think I can load them with lumber for New York every voyage, and bring back five or six thousand tons of general cargo. If I can I'll have the world by the tail on a downhill haul."

"How does this concern me, Johneen?"

"Well, when I close the deal I'm going to send you back East to take over each ship as I bring her out. They've been laid up a long time and I'll have to make some repairs in the engine rooms, of course. It will be your job to superintend these repairs and get those engines and boilers tuned up right. You'll have to ship new oil-burners. The present type are wasteful."

"An' afther all the ships are in service—what thin, sor?"

"You shall be the port engineer." Johnny Kendrick smiled. "The men made for bosses come from Erin's isle, Malachi. You're always in hot water when you have to take orders, but you know how to give them, and when. Meanwhile, I imagine you'll be idle for another six months. How's your bank account holding out?"

"I'm not borryin' money to live on—yet!" There was a snap of finality, of Celtic pride and independence, in Mr. O'Bannion's reply, and Johnny Kendrick knew better than to press his kindly suggestion.

"Well, when you have to, Malachi, come to see me. Meanwhile, I suggest you hypnotize yourself into the belief that you're on a vacation, and go into the country. You'll not get a job until I have one to give you. I am morally certain you're blacklisted."

"Hivin bless ye, Johneen," Mr. O'Bannion replied fervently, "an' may the divil fly away wit' me inimies, if he only flew a mile a day."

However, once an idea had lodged in Malachi O'Bannion's ingenious head, it was well-nigh impossible to dislodge it. He was one of those who cling to an idea for its own sweet sake; when opposed by forces he could not defeat, it never occurred to him to cease fighting.

He could not afford another six months on the beach and he could not afford to have Johnny Kendrick feel sorry for him but he was incapable of communing with anything but the salt sea and reciprocating engines. So he did not accept Kendrick's advice to go to the country, but continued his weary round of the docks and shipping offices until, at his approach, men who might have stretched a point and put him to work, fled rather than face him.

In a locker in the rooms of the (*Continued on page 137*)

These Folks know

By Irvin

© *Pirie MacDonald*

DO YOU think our country is a melting pot? Give Brazil a look, then. With us the human atoms have not thoroughly fused; generally you can tell t'other from which. But down there under the tropic sun the intermixing of white and red and black goes on so furiously that the composite type is not a rarity but a commonplace, and a new race unlike any other race is being developed.

Brazil today is one vast ethnological experiment. In spots the experiment has become a perfected demonstration. Most of us would call it a mongrelizing process. By the philosophy of the Brazilian it is an amalgam evolved out of the needs and the conditions of the land. He looks on miscegenation not as a social error but as a social necessity.

For proof that he has come nearer than any to solving the color problem which so vexes us, he points to the incontrovertible facts that mulatto statesmen have helped to shape his national destinies; that half-breed Indians have made capable generals and admirals for his army and his navy; and finally that out of this welter and flux of bloods, a brilliant and luxurious literature has arisen, and a school of true national humor begins to emerge, and a harmony and tolerance as between the various elements—call it a homogeneous harmony—commonly is prevalent.

By contradiction, though, the leading pure-strain Caucasians, while preaching the beauties of a system of political parity and cultural equality, nevertheless take steps to maintain for themselves and among themselves an unmixed circle within these greater circles. So there are groups and cliques and family divisions across the barrier lines of which no person of a darker skin pigmentation may enter in.

Certainly Rio is no negroid community, although it has, in proportion to its Aryan stocks, a formidable negro population. And of a certainty, Rio is, to my way of thinking, the most beautiful city and the most volatile and vivacious city I ever saw or ever expect to see. Romance and lightheartedness abide with her as likewise they abide throughout the tremendous domain of which she is the chief city. "Rolling down to Rio"—why, the very sound of it has allurement.

Here was the last stand of royalty in the New World. Here was the last stronghold of African slavery in the civilized world. Here, on the threshold of the last great area of unexplored wilderness left in the whole world, sits a fair metropolis, modernized and sophisticated and pleasure-loving, yet unique and peculiar. Here is where you get your black diamonds, your rare spices, your scented woods, your talking parrots, your chattering monkeys, your biggest butterflies, your smallest humming birds.

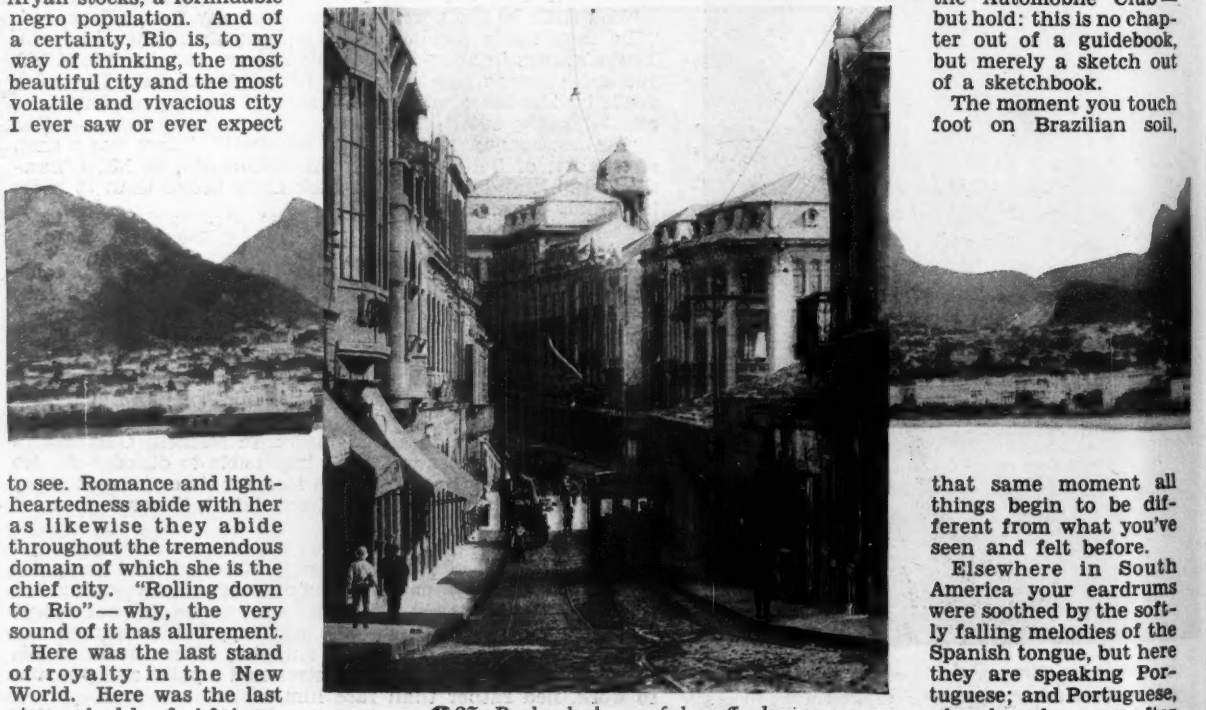
On such rhapsodic prospects as these the appetite of the traveler is whetted; nor is it to me conceivable that he possibly can be disappointed in the feast provided. I guarantee that his first impression will be no disappointment provided he approaches Rio from the ocean side and slips in through her matchless harbor.

WE AMPLY were thrilled, although our itinerary brought us in at the back door by way of a prosaic railway station. In fact, we had enjoyed a whole week of preliminary thrills, seeing that we already had peeped in on Santos, the great coffee port, and on São Paulo, the inland center of the coffee industry and the home of the coffee barons.

Now be it known that Santos has its merits and São Paulo, as a rich and resplendent and bejeweled city, has enough merits to keep a careful statistician busy for quite a while. There is a certain vista of parks and palaces to be seen from a certain commanding height; and there is a sort of cocktail that they make out of pineapple rum at the Automobile Club—but hold: this is no chapter out of a guidebook, but merely a sketch out of a sketchbook.

The moment you touch foot on Brazilian soil, that same moment all things begin to be different from what you've seen and felt before.

Elsewhere in South America your eardrums were soothed by the softly falling melodies of the Spanish tongue, but here they are speaking Portuguese; and Portuguese, when heard so soon after



São Paulo, the home of the coffee barons.

how *to* *Play*

BRAZIL—

The Color Problem—
The Lamp-post Lover—
The Jungle—Rio Harbor—
THEY LIKE US

S. Cobb

so much Spanish, seems a choppy and a roily, yea verily, a muddied and muffled language.

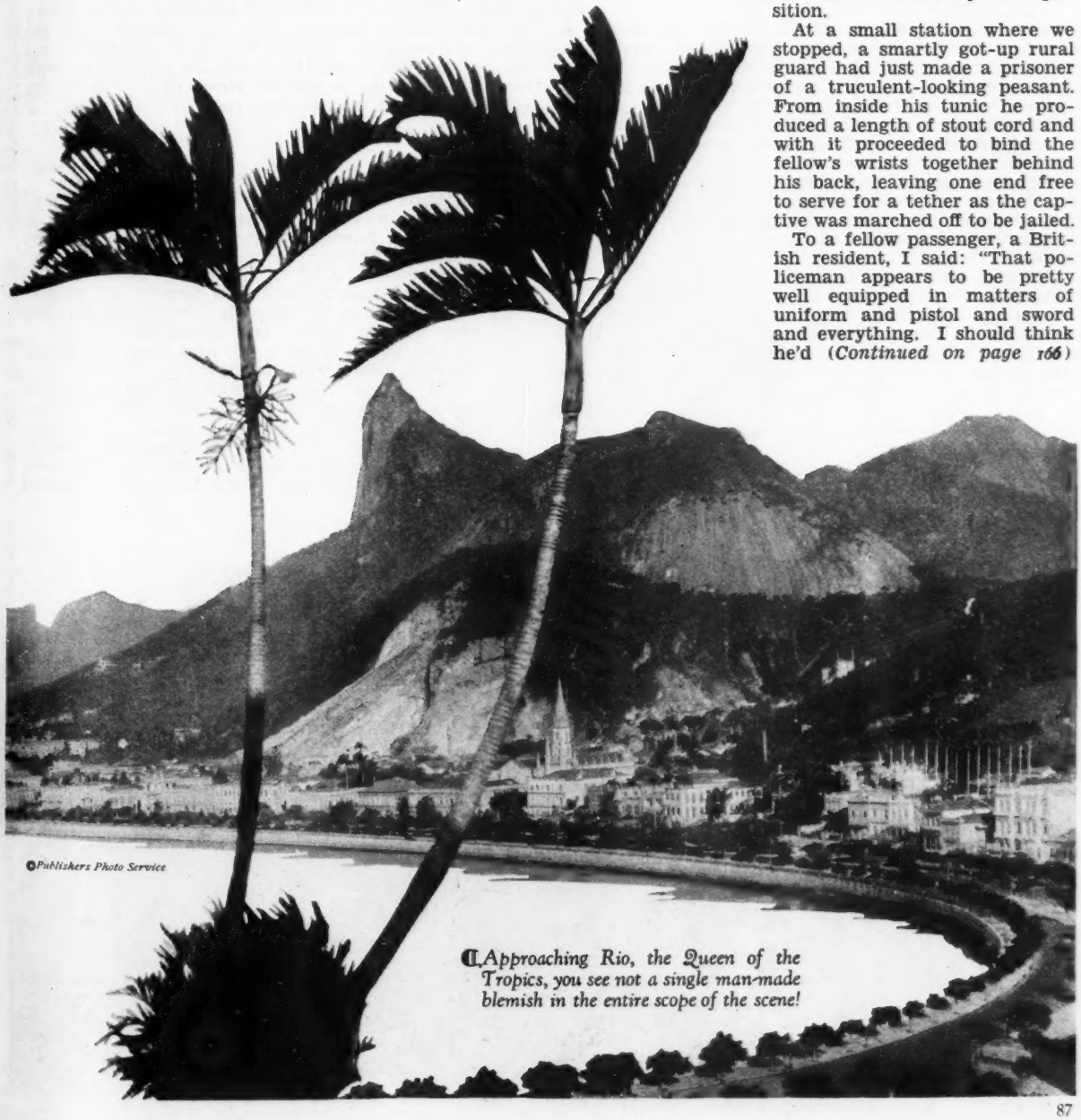
The people are more frolicsome, more care-free, seemingly more irresponsible than their neighbors across the boundaries. Gone is all suggestion of that heavy Spanish gravity. These folks are as unlike the hard-working Argentines, say, or the staid Uruguayans as San Franciscans are unlike Brooklynites—which is to say, very unlike indeed.

Essentially, Brazil is a land of sharp contrasts, of acute paradoxes. Outlanders domiciled among them will tell you that the Brazilians are prone to grow excited during small emergencies but become placidly fatalistic in the face of a real danger. I can well believe it. And they have a way of stepping around bothersome technicalities, whereas we of the Nordic stocks are so prone to butt headlong against them.

Going up through the mountains from Santos to São Paulo over the famous "gold-plated" railroad with its hand-polished roadbed, I observed a graphic illustration of this flexibility of disposition.

At a small station where we stopped, a smartly got-up rural guard had just made a prisoner of a truculent-looking peasant. From inside his tunic he produced a length of stout cord and with it proceeded to bind the fellow's wrists together behind his back, leaving one end free to serve for a tether as the captive was marched off to be jailed.

To a fellow passenger, a British resident, I said: "That policeman appears to be pretty well equipped in matters of uniform and pistol and sword and everything. I should think he'd (*Continued on page 166*)



©*Publishers Photo Service*

Approaching Rio, the Queen of the Tropics, you see not a single man-made blemish in the entire scope of the scene!

The Office Wife

KATHLEEN, coming in rather late, found Ted still there. When she entered, he was walking the floor in a blaze of excitement.

Anne, curled up in a chair, a little pale, her eyes drowsy, was watching him. And as Kathleen, entering, ejaculated, "Why the oratory? Where's the soap box?" Ted seized her, implanted a resounding kiss upon her smooth cheek and announced gayly:

"Congratulate me—sister!"

Kathleen promptly extricated herself and looked at Anne. "Has he gone cuckoo?" she asked, astonished.

"On the contrary," Ted answered for himself. "I'm sitting on top of the world. How'd you like to be maid of honor at a quiet home wedding?"

"Not really?" She ran to Anne, stooped to kiss her.

Anne nodded. "Yes, really!" she answered. "Ted, do go along home. I have to work tomorrow," she added mechanically, and then she stopped and bit her lip.

"No, you don't," Ted told her; "never again. Kathleen, will you leave the room or must I embrace my affianced bride before an audience?"

Having received her cue, Kathleen departed. Ted, lifting Anne to her feet, held her a long moment and then kissed her with, she thought wearily, a new reverence, a new sweetness.

"Good night, dearest," he told her. "You've made me very happy."

At the door he turned. She was looking at him with a curious expression—one which he could not read. "May I tell people?" he asked.

She hesitated, then nodded. Well, why not?

When he had gone, Kathleen came back into the living room in a wisp of lace and a sheath of satin.

"It's true, then?" she asked Anne gravely.

"Yes."

"Anne, you're not happy. You don't love him!"

"I do," said Anne. "I'm awfully fond of him."

"It's not enough," Kathleen answered out of a new wisdom. "Being 'awfully fond' isn't enough. Nor yet being crazy about a person. I think I know now," she went on dreamily; and Anne was too preoccupied with her own problems to wonder about that. "Anne, you can't marry Ted with another man in your heart."

"I WON'T. I promise you, Kathleen, I'll make Ted a good wife."

"Who wants a 'good wife'?" asked Kathleen scornfully. "Anne, we've got to have this out. You're in love with Lawrence Eaton and you're going to marry Ted O'Hara. It's not fair to you or to Ted."

"I'll *make* it fair!" Anne cried. "The other was madness, insanity. I'll cure myself. I'll forget."

"I advise you to make the cure thorough before your wedding night," said Kathleen.

"Kathleen!" Anne cried, and then was silent, flushing. Her—wedding night?

"Oh, Anne," Kathleen told her, in affectionate exasperation, "get wise to yourself! You are grown up; you've worked for your living; you've seen what life does to people, what marriage does to them. You don't believe in Santa Claus any more, do you? Face things. Don't hide around corners

You now come to the conclusion of

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about men and women you meet every day.

¶ NEXT MONTH you meet the gay aristocrats of London's Mayfair in a new

Novel *by Robert Hichens*

Illustration by
R. F. Schabelitz

from them!" She put her arms around her sister. "I want you to be happy."

"I will be. I *must* be," Anne assured her.

Time went on. The family was told and received the news without much astonishment. Mr. Murdock was frankly pleased.

"I hope you can manage her better than I've been able to," he told Ted dourly.

But Mrs. Murdock was grave. She liked Ted; she had hoped for just such an outcome to his devotion to Anne, but she was anxious.

She asked her daughter, that first Sunday when the entire family reunioned in the little brick house: "Anne, tell me, girl, are you *sure?*"

"Quite sure, dear," Anne told her steadily.

"You must be," her mother said. "Marriage is hard enough even for people who love each other very much."

Jim got Anne by herself long enough to ask: "Is it all right, sis?"

¶ *"Congratulate me—sister!" announced Ted. "It's true, then?" Kathleen asked Anne.*

"Of course it is. Don't be silly. Don't you like Teddy?"

"Sure, I like him; he's a good scout. That's not the point. I mean, what you told me"—he floundered—"and what I said up at the office. That hasn't forced you into anything you'll regret, has it?"

"No. PLEASE don't worry about me. What I told you was true, only it was just what you said: glamour, propinquity. This is different."

And with that he had to be content.

Ted's news was not long in spreading over the office. Betty Howard was the first to know and she was genuinely happy about it. And then Sanders, who sighed and said, "Another good man gone! Well, she's one in a million, O'Hara. We'll have to do something for you both." Then Polly, whose eyes were red for a week thereafter and whose congratulations, extended to young Mr. O'Hara himself, were compounded of honey and gall. And finally, of course, Lawrence Eaton.

Well, the fact that he had known it for some days was no consolation. Nor that he had made a fool of himself.

Ted was insistent upon an immediate wedding.

"No," Anne told him, "not until next fall."

"Next fall!" Ted exclaimed in horror. "A year away!"

It was then early autumn, a year from the time Anne had gone to Hot Springs with Eaton and Linda.

"Yes."

"But what's the sense of waiting?" he wanted to know, in despair.

"All the sense in the world. I want to get my clothes ready," Anne told him, frantically hiding behind one of the oldest of all feminine excuses. "We must take time and look about for a place to live—and I want to go back to work."

"Work? But you promised——"

"No, I didn't. Ted, please don't be angry," she begged him. "I—I can't be rushed into things. I must have time. You said you'd be patient."

He was terribly disappointed, but there was no moving her. So he had to accept her decision. Soon thereafter she took a job with the Barrows people and went to work as secretary to the general manager of the concern and tried to believe she was happy there, and contented.

She had been frank with the new boss, McPherson.

"I'm engaged to be married. Will that make a difference?" she asked when he interviewed her.

McPherson looked at her in vexation. "Of course it will. That's the trouble with you women, you're always getting married," he grumbled, and added, as if to himself: "Just when I thought I had somebody who'd yank me out of the tangles six incompetent women have got me into!"

She said, smiling faintly: "But it won't be for a year yet; perhaps more."

"Can you promise me that?"

"Yes, Mr. McPherson."

She had known of him for some time. A clever man, a keen one. She had even met him. "My secretary, Miss Murdock," Eaton had said proudly, as if he were introducing his competitor to a phenomenon.

"Well," McPherson told her, "you've got me where you want me. I must have someone at once. Someone who understands this game. And you're the only possible person so far. I know how efficient you are; I know all about your work. I was ready to give you a life job if we got along together. However, a year . . . Lots of things can happen in a year," he added hopefully. "Not that I wish your young man any hard luck, but if he breaks his neck or runs away with another girl I wouldn't shed any tears."

So Anne went to work. She liked the position. It was much the same, in a way, as her work with Eaton. But McPherson was a very different chief. He treated her as if she were an intelligent boy. There was no consciousness of her sex in his attitude. Half the time he called her "Murdock."

Sometimes he swore, not at her but at life in general, when things were going badly. Often he praised her in his blunt, forthright manner, and he stood on no formality whatever. He treated her as if she had been in his employ for many years.

Anne liked him, but she was unhappy. After all, she told herself, it *had* been the man and not the job. For all the excitement was gone, all the thrill, all the feeling that she was a part of the work, that she counted. All the joy had departed. It was simply a good job that she tried to do well.

That was the autumn in which Linda Eaton procured her divorce and sailed immediately for Europe. The papers announced the conclusion of her suit and her departure, and that was all. The incident was closed.

Once during that winter Anne saw Lawrence Eaton. He had heard of her new position. For weeks he fought against an overwhelming desire to drop into the Barrows office to see her. Of course, had it not been for the fact of her engagement, the moment he was free he would have gone to her—but she no longer was for him.

He told himself that it would be sheer madness to attempt to see her. Better to forget her. He had tried to, in a hundred futile ways.

On this occasion his appointment with McPherson was not of his own seeking. He came to the office, therefore, schooled to the encounter, yet it was with a sense of absolute shock that he walked in and saw Anne sitting at the typewriter. She was alone in the big room and as he came in she lifted her hands from the keys, dropped them in her lap and drew a deep breath of weariness.

Standing in the doorway, Eaton experienced a tremendous surge of emotion. She was just as he had seen her so many times; just as she was in his dreams and in his heart, since she had left him—little and lovely, the sunlight on her hair, the small face a trifle thinner and more colorless than he remembered it, the slim, round figure, the simple, smart frock.

"Anne!" he said and his voice shook.

She had not heard him come in, so many miles had she been from the office, from the work just completed. Now she looked up and saw him, and he watched the color flood her face and throat, and die away.

But her verbal recognition of his presence seemed perfectly composed. "Mr. Eaton, I'll find Mr. McPherson," she said, and rose.

Eaton came nearer and held out his hand. "Aren't you going to shake hands with me?" he asked. "Haven't you forgiven my stupidity, my second blunder?"

She laid her hand in his. Why, she wondered, in terror and agony, had this encounter been forced upon her? It was so hard, so terribly hard. And she had been trying to forget, to cut him out of her mind and heart, and to turn that mind and heart to Ted.

He said, releasing her hand abruptly, because he so longed to hold it: "I heard that you were here. I wondered—I thought, of course, that you and O'Hara——"

She answered briefly: "We're not to be married for some time."

"I see. He's a fine chap," Eaton admitted, and hated Ted O'Hara as he had hated no other living person. "I don't suppose it's in the book of etiquette to congratulate the fiancée, but I do."

"Thank you," Anne told him, smiling. He looked at her and if her eyes had not been so blind with terror she must have seen that which was naked in his own.

"Have you forgiven me?" he asked again.

Anne nodded mutely and stepped back a pace, twisted one hand in the other. If McPherson didn't come in, if Eaton didn't go, she'd scream, burst into tears, run away, escape somehow.

But McPherson arrived in time. As his tall shadow darkened the doorway Eaton said low, hurriedly:

"Anne, I hope you're happy; I want you to be."

"Oh, I am!" she assured him and smiled brilliantly. What was it to him if she were happy or miserable? If he had cared for her, he had recovered soon enough. All his caring had been based on one appeal only, an appeal she had once tried to invite and to make use of, and which had almost destroyed her—and him. Happy? She was less happy than ever, now that she had seen him again.

She gathered up her papers and left the men together. Eaton stared after her and McPherson spoke to him twice before he answered. She'd said she was happy. Well, what was it to her how he felt?

Anne went into the lavatory and put cold water on her wrists and forehead. She saw in the long mirror over the washstand the blue eyes that had darkened to black and were blazing with excitement; she saw the red lips that shook and the cheeks that flushed and paled.

"Fool!" she told herself.

She had not seen him since the day she left his office. Not many weeks, yet an eternity, and still too soon; too soon for her peace of mind—and for Ted's peace of heart.

When she returned to her desk he had gone.

McPherson remarked in that careless, familiar, yet indifferent way he had with her: "Eaton looks badly, don't you think?"

She responded that she had not noticed, wondering that McPherson couldn't see that she lied. For was not every altered line, every haggard trace in Eaton's face known to her in the first moment she'd looked at him again?

"Funny thing," went on McPherson casually, "that wife of his divorcing him so suddenly and quietly. Good-looking woman. I met her several times before

his uncle's death, at a time when he took her around a good deal to dinners and what not. She stopped that when he reached his present job. I hear he's been hitting it up since she left him. One wonders what's in back of it. Well, I suppose he'll marry again, some little snip, pretty as paint and shallow as a saucer."

"Why should you suppose that?" Anne wanted to know.

"Oh, because that's the sort of thing men nearing forty usually do. It appears to be routine. They marry, quite young, a suitable wife. Then, for some reason, they dissolve the marriage. And they're lonely. So they look around. And there are plenty of girls waiting for just such a psychological moment."

"That is a generalization," said Anne shortly. "And generalizations are apt to be wrong."

"Well, you know him better than I do," McPherson admitted.

ANNE was astonished and angry at herself for her lack of discretion. But McPherson had stung her into admitting to herself something she had tried not to face. Of course, now that Lawrence Eaton was free it was on the cards that he would marry again. Anne had never been jealous of Linda in a bitter sense save during that time at Hot Springs. And even then her jealousy had been more a wounding, self-tormenting agony, and had not affected her genuine liking for the woman who was then Eaton's wife. But for that hypothetical, shadowy, unknown woman who might enter Eaton's life intimately now that Linda had left it, she knew a devastating hatred.

And McPherson, who had been watching her face, repeated reflectively: "Well, you know him better than I do."

Anne said nothing further, and McPherson was left with a gnawing curiosity. Had there been anything of a personal nature between her and Eaton? he wondered. She was, of course, an extravagantly pretty girl, a girl with whom any man might fall in love. Was there, he asked himself, any connection between Anne's resignation and Mrs. Eaton's divorce? But if so, where did Anne's young man come in? And why?

These speculations rather increased his interest in Anne, but the interest was neither personal nor emotional. If, as he conjectured, there had been some sort of mix-up in Anne's former job, then Anne had all the potentialities of a stick of dynamite. Not that he, of course, was in any danger.

She did not hold the position of trust with McPherson that she had held with Eaton. Now, coming to the conclusion that she had been in her former employer's confidence, McPherson decided that perhaps it would be profitable to pump her regarding the other agency.

Here, he was consciously neither dishonest nor unethical. It was simply of a piece with his unbridled curiosity.

And Anne, who sensed something of this, was not concerned. When she could answer his careless questions without affecting her loyalty to Eaton's business—a loyalty which remained as strong as if it had been born in her—she replied. When she believed that McPherson overstepped the mark, she evaded or said that she was unable to answer the query.

Toward summer, however, a newly organized company, having set aside a large appropriation for the launching of a new razor, teetered coyly between Eaton and Barrows when it came to selecting an advertising agency.

McPherson, with his uncanny scent, got wind of this, and warily began to question Anne as to certain policies of the agency whose employ she had quitted—policies which it would be well for Mr. McPherson to know.

Anne answered him with a blunt denial that she knew anything at all. And McPherson asked her if she was still employed by Mr. Eaton. The answer to that was her instant resignation.

She went home, worn out with wondering whether she had been right or wrong. Strictly speaking, she would have been betraying no trust had she replied—as she could have—fully and with absolute knowledge to McPherson.

But Anne, apparently, had not been able to free herself from her old associations. Her heart was not in her work for Mr. McPherson. Her heart was back where she had left it, in Lawrence Eaton's office. And nothing that she had learned in the Eaton Agency could ever be passed on to a competitor.

Ted was overwhelmed with delight when he learned that she had relinquished the position. She did not tell him the reason. She could not afford to give herself away. She merely stated that she did not like the job and was already tired of it. His natural reply was to urge marriage upon her.

"I'll get a vacation during July," he said. "What's the matter with making it a honeymoon?"

Anne put his eager hands from her and turned her cheek to his kiss. "No. I said in the fall. Give me this summer," she begged.

"But what will you do?" he wanted to know. "You might as well marry me. You wouldn't take a summer job. What's the matter, Anne? Can't you make up your mind?"

"I made it up for—next autumn," she answered. "Oh, please, dear, try to be patient! I want to go home and be with Mother for a time. Kathleen's going on the road. I'll give up the flat. I'd like to rest," Anne said.

"You don't care for me at all," he told her, wounded.

"Yes, I do. Only—only——" To her surprise and horror, she began to cry.

Ted was seized with instant remorse. He took her in his arms and tried to comfort her and all but cried with her.

"It's all right," he said, over and over. "You're tired and nervous. I'm a brute to nag you so. Forget it and make your own plans. I won't say another word."

So the flat was closed and Kathleen went off on the road, her heart high with a sense of adventure, yet a little low because of someone she was leaving behind. Frank Young, an impetuous and clever newspaperman whom she had met through her brother, had become an emotional factor in her life. She admitted as much to Anne.

"That's one reason why I'm taking this road-company job," she said frankly. "It will keep me away all summer, and by then I ought to be sure. I am sure when I'm with him, but I've been that before," said wise Kathleen, "and it's being away that counts. If I don't miss him as much as I'm afraid I'm going to—why, that's proof enough."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes. Of course he has. The first time I met him, for that matter!"

"If you marry him, will you stay on the stage?" Anne asked, feeling that this young sister of hers had matured amazingly in the last year.

"Of course. Frank doesn't mind. He likes it," Kathleen told her. "I'd like to have a baby," she announced further, "but there's plenty of time for that. We've talked it over."

"You've talked it over, and still haven't said you'd marry him?" Anne asked.

"Not yet. Not until I get back from the road. Not until I'm sure," Kathleen answered. But her eyes were sure as she spoke.

Kathleen gone, Anne moved back to the red brick house.

Her mother told her flatly: "You're not happy."

"Of course I am. What makes you think such a thing?"

"You're not," her mother insisted—"not the way a girl should be who's looking forward to her wedding."

"Girls don't sit on silk cushions and hem napkins and dream and flutter and swoon the way they used to," Anne told her. "I'm perfectly happy, and Ted and I understand each other."

"I doubt that," Mrs. Murdock denied instantly. "There isn't a man and woman living who understand each other. If they did," she added with unconscious cynicism, "they'd never fall in love, much less marry. Of course, it's natural for a girl to have—misgivings. All of them do. I did. But I married your father and I've never really regretted it, although I used to think I did when you were all small and there wasn't much money, and it was summer time and hot in the kitchen, and I had an ailing baby or two to look after and fret over. But that wasn't regret, really. It was lack of faith in my own strength. You'll know, some day, when you've children of your own."

Children?

Ted "liked kids." He said so; he acted as if he did. Anne had seen him with Jim's uproarious pair.

Children—hers and Ted's!

She tried to face that veiled future. Kathleen's open discussion of it had brought the matter close. And here her mother was talking, hinting . . .

But Anne's first response to Ted's love-making had vanished. It had produced in her a genuine if ephemeral emotion, born of her loneliness and her tired heart and her grief; born too of the natural demands of her unblunted senses.

His kisses, his arms about her, had brought her a certain comfort. And she had thought, her lips warm under O'Hara's and her heart longing for Lawrence Eaton, that that forbidden dreaming, that perilous making-believe, would lessen, would vanish and leave her wholly Ted's. But it had not.

THIS she had faced as the weeks went by. And had faced also that dreams are not nourishment for healthy young appetites. There came, inevitably, a time when Ted's arms and Ted's lips were, as she had hoped, just *Ted's*—and not, in imagination, another's. But once released from her imagination, once robbed of their dreaming, deluding quality, they left her indifferent, cold. And lately Ted had complained bitterly.

"Why won't you kiss me? Why do you always put me off?"

She knew why and could not answer. If she was so numb to Ted's ardor now, what would become of her as Ted's wife, as the mother of his children?

She did not want Ted's children!

This realization came to her, not suddenly but painfully and slowly, over the first part of that summer in the sweltering red brick house. And when it no longer could be evaded, she knew that she could not marry O'Hara. And after a time she told her mother so and told her why—in part, with no mention of Eaton.

Mrs. Murdock was unastonished, but

indignant. "I knew it," she said, "and you knew it all along. It's not been like you, Anne, to keep the boy dangling like this."

She was ashamed of her daughter and said so, and Anne answered humbly:

"I don't blame you. I've been dishonest with Ted and with myself. It was a way out, an escape. I truly thought, when I said I'd marry him, that I could come to care the way I should—the way he wanted me to."

"You must tell him at once," said her mother.

Ted was taking his vacation. He had not left the city, but was staying with three other young men in a bungalow at Manhattan Beach. This was in order to be near Anne and to get the exercise he loved: tennis, handball, swimming.

The evening of her talk with her mother, Anne was terribly restless. Having made up her mind, she was impatient to have the whole thing settled. Ted had said something about a party—moonlight swimming—that night and had offered to drive in and take her down. She had refused, and he'd been hurt and angry about it.

Sometime after dinner, she put on her hat, slipped a white flannel coat over her sheer sleeveless dress and spoke to her mother.

"I'm going to drive down to the beach and talk to Ted," she told her. "I must. I can't go on a minute longer."

"You've gone on the better part of a year," her mother informed her. "Can't you wait until tomorrow?"

"No. Please, please understand," Anne begged. "I've been such a fool, and so unfair. I can't go through another night, thinking, thinking."

"You can't go down there alone with a party going on."

Anne argued that she knew Ted's friends. They wouldn't think it strange. The party didn't amount to anything, just a few young people going for a swim and building a beach fire.

"I'll be going with you," said her mother. And that was that.

They drove in absolute silence through the stupendous massed traffic of a hot summer night. When they reached Manhattan Beach the wind was cool and salt and the rows of bungalows blazed with light, resounded with voices and laughter, the music of phonographs and radios. At the end of each side street the ocean rolled in, calm, dark, mysterious, with the promise of light that the rising moon held out to it.

The bungalow Ted shared with his friends was brilliantly lighted and a phonograph was playing on the porch.

ANNE parked the car. Her mother, speaking for the first time, said, "I'll wait here," and settled back to watch the ocean and the rising moon.

Anne went in. Half a dozen young men and women, all of whom she knew, looked up at her entrance. They wore bathing suits and had been dancing.

Harry Peters, Ted's closest friend, came forward. "Anne! What a piece of luck! Did you bring your suit?"

"No; I'm not going to stay." She greeted the other, smiling. "Mother's out in the car. We went for a ride," she improvised, "and I want to speak to Ted."

"He's down on the beach," Peters told her hastily. "I'll go get him."

"No, I'll go."

"Please." Peters' pleasant face was troubled. "You'll get your shoes full of sand. I'll call him."

But she had run out, saying over her shoulder, "Thanks, Harry; don't bother."

There was a silence after she had left until one of the girls remarked resignedly, "Well, that tears it, probably."

Peters said: "Oh, I don't know. Anne's sensible. Still, Jane, you shouldn't have brought her down."

"Why not? She begged to come. It isn't my fault that Ted gave her one sort of rush last year, and the bum's rush this," answered Jane coolly. "*I* should worry!"

Anne went down to the private beach adjoining the bungalow. She called Ted once, and as she called she saw a dark blur near a pile of driftwood.

She walked over, thinking he had not heard her. The wind was blowing hard and in the wrong direction.

She stumbled upon them—Ted with a girl in his arms; Ted saying over and over: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Anne stopped stock-still. She wanted to die of shame at her involuntary eavesdropping. But she couldn't move.

She heard the girl's voice answer, a voice familiar to her: "You did know. I've loved you all along. You cared once, a little—or said you did. I can't give you up, Teddy. I *won't*."

Anne said quietly, walking nearer: "You won't have to, Polly."

Polly Ames pulled herself out of Ted's arms with a little shriek.

"Anne!" Ted exclaimed.

He moved forward, angry and at the same time abject. The moon, sailing out from under a cloud, flung a silver arrow on the scene: the driftwood pile, the two girls and the man, the white, shifting sand.

"It doesn't matter. I came here to see you," Anne began.

"I can explain," Ted said unhappily.

"You don't have to. I came down to break our engagement. I hadn't intended to do it before an audience," Anne went on, "but that doesn't matter either. I don't love you. I've told you so. I told you I thought I'd care—some day. I've found that I can't. This"—she indicated Polly by the merest gesture of her hand—"this accident has nothing to do with my decision. I came on purpose to tell you that I was sorry, that you must let me go."

Before Ted could answer, Polly Ames spoke, anger drying the tears in her eyes, anger lending force to her words:

"You're a selfish woman, Anne Murdock," she accused. "You used Ted as long as it suited you, and now you throw him over because you no longer need him. What's the answer? Did Mr. Eaton give you your job back?" she asked. "There isn't anyone who doesn't know that you're crazy in love with him, that you just took Ted because you hadn't a chance——"

"Keep quiet," Ted ordered, turning on the other girl savagely. "All this is none of your business."

"It *is* my business! I'll make it so!" cried Polly furiously. "Listen to me, Anne. All the time Ted was going with you at first, he was going with me, too. Oh, I know I had your leavings, but I didn't care. I was in love with him, really in love. I thought he'd come to see it; to see how little he meant to you, how much he meant to me.

"I wanted him, I tell you. Not as a convenience, but as my own. I wanted a home and babies. I wanted Ted—and because I did, I let him make love to me; I let him kiss me with you in his mind. I thought perhaps some day he'd forget you and turn to me.

"Well, when you lost your job and saw that your boss had no further use for you, you gave Ted his chance. Some chance! A fine life he would have led with you always comparing him with another man. Don't I know what a life it would have been? Hasn't he played the same game with me?

"You make me sick, you business women, competing with men, thinking yourselves so superior, always aiming to get the man higher up, not giving a snap of your fingers for the man who hasn't got there yet! You wouldn't be willing to work for a man. You'd always be throwing up to him how important you were to your job.

"Work!" said Polly scornfully. "What does that amount to—to a real woman? It's just marking time until a man comes along who'll work *for* you, who'll make a home for you; a man who'll come to you, not for business conversation, but for love, for comfort, for babies. A man who'll be head of his house, not just tolerated in it."

She fell on the sand, a soft heap of curls and rage, and with her face on her arms began to cry.

"She's right," Anne said, her voice shaking. "She speaks for her type, I guess, and puts mine in its place. I'm sorry this had to happen," she told O'Hara. "But please believe me, it isn't because I saw Polly with you that I told you I'd quit. I'd made up my mind to it before I came down. She hasn't made any difference, except that she makes me see myself more clearly."

O'HARA looked down at Polly and then across at Anne. He said, with utter wretchedness: "I've known for a long time how you felt about me. But I cared for you so much—Anne, it's you I love!—that I was willing to take the chance."

"I'm not willing to take it for you," she told him. "Good-by."

She turned and walked away. Ted, walking over to the pile of driftwood, cursed aloud and kicked at the logs with his sandaled feet.

She'd found him in a ridiculous position. She'd let him down before another woman. Not that that was her fault, however, he was forced to reflect. A woman who loved him. Well, she'd heard that much—that someone cared for him. That was a sort of stinging salve to his pride.

Polly—it hadn't been her fault, either. It had been his from the beginning. But a man couldn't be blamed for going where he knew he was wanted. Of course Polly had made a mess of this and he'd never get over Anne, but still Polly loved him and she hadn't been responsible. He had taken her in his arms and kissed her after she'd asked him when he was to be married, and had started to cry when he told her.

No, it hadn't been Polly's fault. She was the sort of girl a man wanted to take care of. She didn't make you feel inferior and schoolboyish. She made you feel every inch of your height and every pound of your weight, and every atom of your strength, and perhaps a bit more.

Anne? He'd lost her. He'd never had her, really.

After a moment he walked back to Polly and set her on her feet.

"It's pretty much of a mess, isn't it?" he asked gently. "Come on; let's go back to the house."

"Please," Polly begged, "please forgive me."

"It doesn't matter," he said casually, and went with her back to the bungalow. He was not thinking of Polly then; he was thinking of Anne. It would not be until much later that he would realize how completely, how gladly, how gratefully he had come to forgive them both.

"It is the inevitable result of the combined action of effective detergents," said the bachelor Professor.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Watkins, mother of four.

"It's extra help!"

MRS. WATKINS doesn't think much of using long, strange-sounding words in talking about an old friend like Fels-Naptha. "Effective detergents, indeed!" says Mrs. Watkins. As though she didn't understand better than a college professor why Fels-Naptha made those smudges on his shirt disappear—and without hard rubbing.

"Here," says Mrs. Watkins, respectfully, but firmly, "take this bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell it. That's no what-ever-you-call-it—that's naptha, and plenty of it.

"Naptha and good soap working together—that's what makes Fels-Naptha give you *extra* help every time. I've washed clothes every way there is to wash them—boiling, soaking, and now in these new washing machines. For ten years Fels-Naptha has helped me to get clothes clean, and no hard rubbing either.

"I use Fels-Naptha for washing woodwork and linoleum, windows, and dishes—in fact, just about everything that needs soap and water, and Fels-Naptha never hurts my hands. It—

"Oh, do you have to be getting back to your work, Professor? Well, mind, now—any time you think any part of your washing needs *extra* help, you can be sure it's getting just that! For as long as I'm here—so is Fels-Naptha!"

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Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

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Fill in completely—print name and address

When Anne returned to the car she found her mother waiting for her. She looked at her daughter and asked merely, "Is it all right?"

Anne nodded and got in beside her, and they drove back to the red brick house, Mrs. Murdock talking fluently and irrelevantly. She did not mention their completed errand again until they drew up at the house. Then she said:

"Your father will have to be told. He won't like it."

So when Murdock, smoking his pipe on the little porch, asked, "Where have you two been?" Anne told him.

"We went to see Teddy," she answered. "I've broken my engagement, Father."

"I'm not surprised," Murdock answered evenly. "Girls nowadays don't think anything of breaking their promises. Off with the old love, on with the new—that's their game. You'll be sorry for this, Anne. O'Hara's a good boy and deserves better treatment than what you gave him. He's a worker; he'll be a success. You'll travel a long road before you'll meet one like him again."

His wife spoke up, as usual, in her child's defense. "Anne did right," she declared. "I'd rather see her turn at the very altar and run away than talk herself into a marriage she'd regret."

"Of course you'd take up for the girl," her husband said resignedly.

Anne spoke miserably: "I'm sorry you're upset about it, Father. But I don't love him and I couldn't go through with it."

"I'm not upset," her father denied, "but it seems to me that you should have found out you didn't love him before you gave him your word."

Anne's shoulders moved in a gesture of hopelessness. She went into the house and up to her hot bedroom, leaving her parents on the porch.

Molly sat down by her husband. "Anne's unhappy," she said simply. "Don't make it any harder for her, Dad."

"I won't," he said. "Only in my day a word given was a word kept. I don't understand these young folk, Molly."

After a while he rose and went heavily into the house. Molly, lax in a creaking wicker chair, smiled as she heard him mount the stairs.

Murdock thrust his head in at Anne's door. He asked gruffly: "You all right?"

"Yes," Anne answered, and added, "Come in, won't you?"

She was lying on her bed, fully dressed. Murdock went in and sat down beside her and put his hand awkwardly on her hair. He was an undemonstrative man and Anne knew what embarrassment the gesture cost him.

"Sorry I rode you," he said. "Don't worry. Young bones heal quickly, Annie."

He hadn't called her "Annie" since she was a small child. Now it slipped out unawares, and she loved it.

She put her cheek against his shoulder. "It's all right, Dad," she said. "I made a bad mistake, that's all. And I hate to realize I haven't been on the square."

"You'll come out O.K.," he assured her.

When he left she undressed and went to bed. She wondered momentarily what had passed between Polly and Ted after her departure. She found herself envying the other girl's lack of emotional reticence. She had turned under Anne's eyes from an unintelligent, essentially soft and clinging, unimportant person into a virago, a shrew, a passionate woman battling desperately for—for whom? For a man who did not love her.

But he would come to love her, Anne thought, in a flash of prophecy. She never would give him dreams—and her own dreams would be centered not upon Ted, once she possessed him, but upon Ted's children. But after all, a man would forget he ever had wanted dreams.

"He will forget me," thought Anne, with gratitude and relief, and an illogical, feminine sting of wounded vanity.

Well, that was over. That way of escape was closed to her. Why, she wondered, had she ever sought it? She faced the answer that she had engaged herself to Teddy in pique—out of hurt pride.

She thought of Lawrence Eaton and she knew that she would not cease to love him until her young blood ran cool and her senses starved or were blunted. And she faced that, too, without regret. To have loved wonderfully was worth all heartache. And now that she had battled through conflicting emotion to a sense of surety, if not peace, she could adjust her life.

She would find work; she would make friends; she would be, if not happy, then not unhappy. Somewhere in the world he was alive; somewhere he visioned and achieved and had his being. With that she had to be, if not content, at least reconciled.

She fell asleep dreaming that she saw him again, that he held her in his arms, that there were no more barriers, that only love remained.

The days grew unbearably hot. Jim, who had settled his family in a Long Island cottage, announced that his mother and Anne must go to Sara's and get some sea air and sound sleep. Jim had been told of the broken engagement. He made no comment except, slangily, "Well, use your own judgment, kid," but his eyes, resting on Anne, were more satisfied, less anxious.

Anne and her mother went out to Sara's by car one Saturday afternoon, Jim and Murdock driving them and returning Sunday. The cottage was a small one on the ocean.

Anne ate and slept, grew tanned and rosy; the lines went from her face and the nervousness from her hands; it seemed to her that she was caught up in an interlude of peace set to the music of the sea. She would watch it for hours: the broken unity of the waves, the struggle each incoming breaker made to complete the full circle, and the final foaming frustration.

Life was like that, she thought: buoyant, rushing, striving, always beaten, always rising again, always repeating the endeavor, always falling short—but in beauty—of the full circle, the absolute perfection.

Betty Howard wrote her from New York.

"Ted tells us that your engagement is broken. I'm sorry, Anne; I thought you two youngsters would be happy. But you know best. You're wise to find out in time." She went on with news of herself and the boy, and concluded, "The office is rather at a standstill since the chief went away."

So he'd gone. It came to Anne as an absolute shock that she did not know Lawrence Eaton had left the city, perhaps the country—she who once had known all his plans.

He had not gone far. He was staying at his club. But he found that his work went badly, that nothing was right. So he did something he hadn't done in years: he took a vacation and went up to Westchester and played golf, and imagined that he was feeling better.

Sanders came up once to see him, and in the course of their business conversation told him idly: "The engagement between Anne Murdock and O'Hara is off. No reason given, of course. Just—off."

Trying to control his joy, Eaton asked casually: "Is she still with Barrows?"

"No. I heard she'd left some time ago."

Then, thought Eaton, if she'd given up the other job, now that Linda's divorce had gone through and the whole stupid affair with the press had blown over, perhaps she'd come back.

It seemed to him that he wanted her back in his office, working beside him on any terms, so long as he had her with him again.

Linda came back to town and wrote him. "Would you meet me somewhere, quite quietly?" she asked. "I want to talk to you, Larry."

So he met her for luncheon one day. They talked of Europe, of people. Then, over her iced tea, Linda stated:

"Dick and I are going to be married in the autumn. I'm sailing again; we'll marry in England and live there indefinitely. I wanted you to know."

He said, aching with poignant, inescapable regret: "Thank you, Linda. I want you to be happy."

"I shall be. And you?"

"Oh, I don't matter."

"Yes, you do." Abruptly she asked him, "Is Anne Murdock still with you?"

"No. She's engaged. That is, she *was* engaged," he answered carefully.

"Engaged?"

"To be married. But it's been broken."

"Anne?" Linda's brown eyes were wide. "Had she left the office?"

Eaton explained the situation to her: the newspaper gossip, Anne's resignation, his learning of her engagement, his more recent news.

Linda listened, exclaimed indignantly, and then said thoughtfully, "Poor child."

Eaton didn't answer. There was nothing to say.

Linda, leaning forward, her transparent hat tilted over her lovely, kind eyes, said: "Larry, I must talk to you—for the last time." A little silence fell, and then she went on: "It *is* Anne, isn't it?"

"Yes. But when I knew it was too late," he answered, low.

"You are very blind," she told him. "She's been in love with you all along. Can't you see it? This engagement—camouflage, an issue of unhappiness. Now it's dissolved. She was wise—and in time. Larry, I don't advise; I don't even comment. But don't make the gravest mistake of your life. Don't."

After a moment he promised, and his gray eyes were shining. "I won't."

Later, they shook hands and parted.

Eaton stayed in town. He went directly to Anne's flat and found it closed.

After a time he dug out an address book and found the street and number of Anne's home. He drove out there through the dusty town.

Evening had fallen when he arrived. Murdock was home, puttering around the yard in his shirt sleeves; and Kathleen was there, too, having arrived unannounced as the road show had closed in the Middle West.

Eaton went up on the porch, Murdock, a rake in his hand, following. He introduced himself and explained his errand.

"Anne's in the country," said her father, and asked bluntly, "What do you want of her?"

Kathleen, who had been presented in a rather informal fashion, listened, watching Eaton's face.

"I thought I might persuade her to return to us," Eaton answered. "I understand that she and Mr. O'Hara——"

"That's her business," Murdock said, with disarming rudeness.

Eaton looked at Murdock's hostile face,

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You can feel it shrinking the pores . . Cleansing deeply . . the very first time you use it!

Keep your skin lovely and smooth — the skin he loves to touch — by keeping the pores fine!

BIG PORES, coarse texture—they are almost never seen in a very young skin. Definitely, unmistakably, mercilessly, they say of a woman—"middle age!"

Keep the pores of your skin small and fine! Small, clean, active pores mean lovely skin texture—freedom from blackheads and blemishes.

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A skin specialist has created the soap that will help you to do this—Woodbury's Facial Soap, which was formulated after a lifetime of study of the skin and its needs. Woodbury's gives you lovely skin texture because it actually *shrinks the pores*. The first time you use Woodbury's you will feel its astringent action on your skin. You will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps—how much more deeply it cleanses.

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Get Woodbury's today and let it help you, too, to have "A Skin You Love to Touch"!

THERE ARE THREE PLACES where your face pores are apt to be most conspicuous—on the forehead, nose and chin. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap to keep the pores small, clean, and active—the only way to have lovely skin texture.

WOODBURY'S *is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*

Send for the large-size trial set

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For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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at Kathleen's lovely eyes and her lips curved to a smile. He urged:

"If I could have her address?"

"Of course you can!" Kathleen cried.

Murdock said doggedly: "If she wants to go back to work in the fall she can come to see you later."

Eaton thought, "What's the use of all this talk and animosity? I can't blame him. She's his child." He turned a direct gaze to Murdock.

"I'd better be frank," he said. "It concerns you as much as it does me. I love Anne, Mr. Murdock. I wish to find her in order to ask her to marry me."

Stilted the little speech sounded, but the sense was clear enough. Kathleen's breath escaped her in a gasp of happiness, but Murdock's face was clouded.

"She's not in your class," he said brusquely.

"Come," answered Eaton, "you don't think that. Not really. You believe, do you not, that she's good enough for any man, and too good for all of them?"

MURDOCK smiled reluctantly. "I do," he said, and after a moment held out his hand. "If she loves you," he told Eaton, "that's all that matters. I don't approve of mixing the classes, but it happens every day, and I guess it works out. Her mother may be difficult. You are a divorced man, Mr. Eaton, and Molly has her notions on the subject. The children—they have their own ways of looking at things. I wished them to."

Eaton took the other man's hand and held it in a firm clasp.

"I'll be good to her," he told Anne's father, in the simplest language of all, the language of the inarticulate heart.

He turned to Kathleen. Murdock, with a nod, went back to weeding his little yard. Kathleen said, still breathless:

"I'm so glad."

"Are you? And shall I be?" he asked.

"I hope so," Kathleen told him, but betrayed no confidence.

"Her engagement——" began Eaton.

"You didn't understand that?" Kathleen questioned. "But you will."

And that was all. He arranged to call for her the following morning and take her to Sara's with him. "My ambassador," he told her, smiling.

He went back to town, to his club. And left, after a practically sleepless night, early in the morning to pick up Kathleen and drive her down. He listened to her chatter, thinking that every mile brought him nearer, nearer . . .

They parked the car back of the cottage, and Kathleen said mysteriously:

"Wait here, and if I wave from the porch, go around to the beach. She spends her time there, she wrote me."

He waited by the car, lighting a cigaret and instantly throwing it away. Wind and water and the grass stirring—blue sky and a blue sea.

He heard the door bang, heard voices, saw Kathleen wave.

Eaton walked around the house, down the few rickety wooden steps to the sand. Anne was lying curled up in the sand by a small dune. No one else was in sight save, not very far off, two little boys who dug busily, building their castles.

"Anne!"

She looked up and somehow got to her feet. She wore a plain dark bathing suit, and her round arms and pretty legs were tanned, and the face she lifted was bronzed and rosy. The bright coolie coat she had slipped on over her suit was startlingly becoming.

"I've come for you," he told her, as still she did not, could not speak.

"For me?"

She was pale under the tan, now, and her eyes were blazing. He stretched out his arms in a gesture of longing.

"I can't get along without you. I love you," he told her. "You'll have to marry me, Anne."

But she did not quite believe it, even when the arms took her, held her in their embrace.

After a while he asked: "Why did you run away from me?"

"Because I loved you."

"Why did you engage yourself to O'Hara?"

"Because I loved you," she said again.

"Then how long have you cared?" he demanded, after the fashion of happy lovers.

"Almost always—ever since I first came into your office. But I didn't know it altogether. You see," explained Anne, "I had you all confused with the work. I loved that, too!"

"And when did you first separate me from your job?" he wanted to know, drawing her down to sit beside him at the sliding sand feet of the dune.

Anne was silent a moment. She knew when the first full realization of bitter love had come to her—that night at Hot Springs. But she wished to erase it from her memory. So she evaded, with gay tenderness:

"Oh, how can I tell? Suddenly I just knew, that's all."

"I, too," he said, and kissed her again.

After a minute he told her:

"That night at your flat—I must speak of it, darling—I came to ask you to wait until I was free. I was driven. I had sworn I would wait until Linda got her decree. I argued that it was best for us both. But when I heard about O'Hara, I had to—ask you if it was true, and if it was not true, to tell you that you were mine and I would never let you go."

Anne stared at him, her eyes dark.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

But she shook her head and smiled. Better not to tell him. Better that he never should know that his mistake, the word left unsaid, had caused them both so much misunderstanding and suffering. Better that he never should learn that she had not pledged herself to O'Hara before Eaton had come to her.

He was telling her how he had felt when he had learned of her broken engagement. He was telling her:

"You never loved him, Anne. Say you never loved him!"

"No," she answered, "I never loved him. Only you, Larry."

After a long interval she remembered to ask him:

"How did you find me? How did you come?"

He told her. "I brought Kathleen with me," he added. "And by the way, your father thinks that your mother may disapprove."

"Not when she realizes how happy I am," said Anne.

In a little while they must go into the house to be exclaimed over and questioned and made much of. But these few moments, the sweetest, the never-to-be-recaptured, were their own. And Eaton planned happily:

"We'll be married at once. And we'll go away for a while. Then I must get back to work. We'll find a place somewhere—a house. Wouldn't you like a little house all your own, Anne?"

"I'd adore it!"

"And a camping spot somewhere in the country—not a great barn for you to bury yourself in," he said jealously, "but a place we'll escape to—together."

"And I'll go on being your secretary," Anne announced.

"No." The arm about her tightened. "No; never again."

"Oh, Larry!" She still said his name breathlessly, it was so new a name to her lips. "Oh, Larry, why not?"

"Because I love you too much. Girl, I have to work and I can't have you near to distract me."

She nodded after a moment, but she was wounded with a sense of loss. No longer the Office Wife. Just—Wife. That was better, of course, more wonderful, complete, perfect. Yet . . .

He said, frowning: "And getting a new secretary is something I'll have to worry about when we come home again."

Anne asked instantly: "Who did your work after I left? Miss Danton? No, she won't do permanently. Let me see." She thought a moment and then said suddenly, "There's a girl—Mr. Power's secretary—a Miss Conner. I knew her slightly. She's had good training. I think she'd do splendidly, and I could break her in for you quickly. She's capable and quite attractive."

"As if the attractive part mattered!"

"Oh, but it does." Anne smiled at him wisely, and went on: "You could talk to her before—before we go away."

"I'll leave it to you," he said contentedly.

There was a silence, warm and sunny and golden. The ocean beat there, creaming on the wet broad sands, a stone's-throw away. A gull flew screaming over the broken blue of the water.

Happiness held them and desire and the radiant promise of fulfillment. The wind sang softly in the leaning grasses. There were voices from the house, and someone called. Soon they must go in.

"What fun we'll have!" he promised her softly. "What comrades we'll be!" His voice deepened. "What *lovers!*"

Her heart shook with an intolerable rapture and the color rose into her throat and face. She tightened her hand in his and looked at him sweetly, gravely.

"Of what are you thinking, little Anne?"

"Of you; always of you!"

But she was thinking, briefly, of the suddenly important Conner girl, the girl Anne would train to be the perfect office wife; and she was wondering if ever she would be jealous, if ever she would be afraid. She knew, you see, how much a man came to lean on the woman who shared his office hours. She knew. And she herself would be at home, waiting.

ANNE tilted her chin in challenge and defiance. No, she was not afraid. She knew that side of him, too. Nothing was sealed to her. No one could usurp her place.

She leaned forward and kissed him. "We must go in and tell them our plans." A caption danced before her mental vision, as on a silver screen: "Employer Marries Secretary."

Well, she knew how to keep her own.

He rose and lifted her to her sandaled feet. "Dearest!"

Very boyish he was, very young and gay-hearted in his unsearching happiness. Raising her lips to his, she felt how much older she was, how much wiser—with the wisdom of women. And not afraid. Never afraid any more.

"I love you," she told him, and there was promise and passion and the gravity of unending vigilance in her voice.

They walked slowly back to the house—the blue sky overhead, the blue ocean like a pulse-beat in their ears, the sunlight full on their faces, warming the dark, enchanted troubling of their flesh and blood like golden wine.

THE END

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Sometime a Bridegroom at That *(Continued from page 76)*

the great house had been empty and deserted, without warmth or light. Now at a word from its master it was warm and living, with everything in its place.

"There's not much money can't do," added Tommy.

That millions might actually serve to speed Judy toward prison he had yet to discover. Presently, ready for bed, he raised the curtains. The night was windless and the velvet of the sky was thickly powdered with silver dust.

"I suspect there will be at least nine holes of golf with the chief in the morning," Tommy decided. "And then home for Christmas."

To the little Massachusetts city in which he had been born. He was looking forward to that. Sears was liberal with those who worked for him. It had been Tommy's pleasure this year to plunge lavishly on presents for the governor, his mother and his younger sister Jane. Tommy suspected that their eyes would open a bit. And he was young and human enough to look forward to that moment.

NEVERTHELESS, his last waking thought was of Judy. Spoiled and selfish, mocking and—a bit maddening. But he analyzed that to his own satisfaction. "She ought to be spanked," was the way he settled it.

The day at least dawned bright with promise. Tommy was up early, for the chief was an early riser. After breakfast they had their conference.

They were still discussing details when a car whirred by outside. Judy's car, driven by Judy.

"She came down last night—rather a surprise," explained Sears.

And a pleasant surprise for the chief, Tommy realized.

The next moment they were back at business again, while Judy went on to the village. She had slept badly. Again she wished she was back in New York. But she was going to stick it out over Christmas. Her father had been so pleased to discover her there.

"And I suppose I owe him something," she admitted. "Although I'll probably yawn myself to death."

In this she was wrong. She was to have excitement enough. But intimation of that came to her father—and Tommy—before it did to her.

"See what you can do about that mud guard," she directed Joe, the local garage man, as she jammed on the brakes before his place of business.

Joe stared at the mud guard in the funniest way. She couldn't understand that. It was badly crumpled, but what of it?

"How did it happen?" asked Joe.

Judy told him. "I was driving through Baysport just after eleven last night when——"

Joe said hurriedly, "Excuse me a minute. I want to telephone."

In his office he hesitated. Then: "I guess I better tip off her old man first, anyhow," he decided.

And so a call went through to Judy's father. The latter was still with Tommy but they had finished with business.

"If you've got time for a few holes of golf——" he had just begun when the phone rang.

He turned to it. Tommy quickened as he saw the change in the chief's expression.

"You see," Joe was explaining, "there was an old woman killed in Baysport last night just after eleven. Well, the police have been notifying all the garages to report on cars with right mud guards that have had grief. They have a hunch that the car must have been marked. Well, your daughter just drove in with a bum guard and she says she was in Baysport last night at the time and got dented there. I don't know what to do about it."

"You'll have to report it, of course," Sears told him. "Please ask Judy to come to the phone."

While he waited for Judy the chief gave Tommy a disturbed account of what had happened. He broke off in the midst of this to speak to the mystified Judy. "Something has come up. I want to see you at once," he said.

Evidently there was to be no golf this morning, after all. Sears immediately put through a call to New York to his personal counsel. The latter promised to come to Southampton at once.

Then Judy arrived. After a moment of utter astonishment she gave her father the same explanation about the mud guard that she had given Tommy and was to give the police.

The officers arrived at ten-thirty. The sight of them shook Judy a bit, for all that she tried to remain nonchalant.

She did very well until she discovered that she was actually to be arrested. Then she became vocal.

It did no good. Tommy himself felt she would be cleared eventually. As he saw it at that stage, she would be put to some inconvenience and the chief's Christmas would be shadowed. He was mighty sorry about that. But one could expect Judy to mess things up.

It was not until the chief turned to him that Tommy became really concerned. "I wouldn't have had this happen for a million dollars," Sears said.

The chief was not the sort to make such a statement lightly. And he looked both harassed and uncertain.

They were alone at the moment. Judy had gone to her room to get ready to accompany the officers; the latter had courteously stepped outside.

"I can't understand it," the chief went on. "I've never known Judy to lie. Of course she drives recklessly and it was late at night. If she had had a drink or two—why——"

He did not finish the thought. But Tommy did. There was the possibility that Judy might have hit old Annie Melehanty and not have known it.

This, however, he immediately dismissed. It was hardly possible.

The chief had resumed. "Stanton seemed worried," he remarked grimly. He referred, Tommy knew, to his lawyer. "In fact, he wouldn't come down if he didn't think it extremely serious," Sears went on. "I suppose he's afraid the newspapers will make a case of it. And of course there is a lot of feeling against speeding cars these days."

Tommy remained silent, his own perturbation deepening. After all, Judy's admissions *were* damning.

The chief's eyes came back to him. "I hate to spoil your plans for Christmas, Tommy," he said abruptly, "but I wish you'd stand by. Stanton will look after the legal ends but there are others. I don't know what you can do but I don't know anybody I'd have more faith in."

Tommy was touched. "I'll do whatever I can," he promised, although he had not the slightest idea what he could do.

He was not unduly modest but he had never considered himself a second Sherlock Holmes. Or even a twenty-second one.

Nevertheless, he must make some move. "Suppose I go to Baysport and look over the ground there?" he suggested.

The chief approved as Judy reappeared. She had changed to a simple, almost severe blue ensemble, which none the less shrieked Paris in every line.

"I've heard this is the sort of costume to wear in court," she announced flippantly. "The rule is to sit with eyes modestly downcast and the skirt an inch above the knees, isn't it?"

Of course she *would* talk that way. But she was scared none the less. The way she produced an enameled toy and elaborately powdered her nose proved it. An oddly defiant gesture, that.

"Well, let's go!" she suggested when she had finished.

The chief went with her. Tommy started for Baysport, with just one thing to begin with—his hunch that Judy was telling the truth.

"Of course I probably can find a tree with the bark skinned off," he reflected as he drove. "The trouble is that I probably can find twenty trees so afflicted. It wouldn't prove anything—not with some young prosecuting attorney calling upon a jury to do its duty and warn flaming youth that the highways are not race tracks."

The quickest way to get into court these days was to own a car, he decided.

"A man—or at least a woman—can commit murder and stand a good chance of getting away with it," his thought ran on. "Gangsters shoot one another, and nothing seems to happen. But park your car on the wrong spot or step on the gas and you'll land in court sure as shooting. The police force of the nation have become traffic officers."

With one eye out for said traffic officers he arrived at the scene of the tragedy at noon. Morbid interest had attracted a crowd; among these moved a pair of newspaper photographers.

It struck him then that other cameramen were probably pursuing Judy and the chief at Southampton. That was to be expected. This was the sort of stuff that made headlines.

THERE was little to be photographed here. Just a stretch of road. The spectators seemed mostly natives of Baysport—nature's noblemen.

"I'm not saying anything about the dead," one of these announced to his companion, "but if old Annie hadn't been bumped off she'd have gone after whoever hit her with a shotgun. She wasn't exactly the kind of woman you'd feel like meeting in the dark—not if you'd crossed her earlier in the day."

Tommy deliberately eavesdropped. He had, up to then, envisaged Annie Melehanty as an aged woman whom the newspapers would portray as a helpless and innocent martyr to a recklessly driven car. This might help a bit.

But what he next heard gave him small reassurance.

"Well, there's no denying that," admitted the second of nature's noblemen. "But just the same something ought to be done about the way these rich people drive their cars. They don't think anybody has any rights at all." He removed his pipe and spat vindictively. "They say she was going sixty," he resumed. "I'd like to be on the jury that tries her. She couldn't pull any of those baby-eyed tricks on me. I'd give her the limit. Why, them rich flappers that live down below must have killed as many as

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What 3 noted doctors say

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(Right) Mr. C. B. Webber, *of Boston, writes:* "After an illness, I still didn't feel right. My doctor said I hadn't got all the poison out of my system, and ordered yeast. It did everything he said it would."

(Left) "How miserable I was!" *writes* Mrs. P. J. Riley *of Cleveland.* "I had indigestion and constipation and felt only half alive . . . After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my troubles cleared up completely."

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twenty of my hens tearing through here."

Tommy grimaced. "Stanton had better be sure there are no poultry owners on the jury," he assured himself.

He glanced at his watch. Twelve fifteen. There was apparently nothing more to be developed here. He decided to drive on into Baysport.

At this season the village would normally have been as somnolent as a lazy old dog basking in the mild December sun. But this morning there was drama in the air, intensified by the arrival of the first New York extras.

Tommy bought one, glanced at the headlines:

MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER
DEATH-CAR SUSPECT

It was then but twelve-thirty. And Judy had been arrested at ten-thirty.

"Quick work!" thought Tommy.

There were, however, minor discrepancies in the account he read. Its statement that Judy had been arrested previously for speeding he did not doubt; nor that she was one of the prettiest and most popular debs of the season. But he knew that she had not "collapsed when arrested." Nor was he ready to accept the implication that the car that had killed Annie Melehanty had been discovered unquestionably.

He was interested also to note that the deceased was referred to as "an aged and respected resident of Baysport, much beloved by her neighbors." Not that it made much difference. The law is a strange and curious thing. It may pursue a notorious criminal so long as he lives, striving to put him behind the bars or even put him legally to death. But let him die violently and the sanctity of human life enters in. The law that harried him stands ready to avenge him.

And whatever old Annie might have been she was violently dead.

The final paragraph in the account proved helpful, however. It read:

> The body was removed to the local undertaking establishment.

To the local undertaking establishment he drove. The proprietor greeted him with professional decorum. Tommy at once decided to trust to his discretion.

"Confidentially, I'm here as the representative of Samuel Sears," he said. "I'm looking the ground over; preparing a general report."

The effect of that golden name was not lost upon the undertaker.

"What can I do for you?" he asked helpfully. "Would you care to view the remains? Of course I have no authority, but as the representative of Mr. Sears I will stretch a point for you."

But Tommy had no desire to view the remains. "You might tell me all you know about the accident," he suggested.

The other was only too willing. He even described how he had been awakened at midnight and all his activities since. "A man of my calling must hold himself ready for any emergency. There is so much to do, especially in a police case. The garments—would you care to see the garments, by the way?"

Tommy assented.

The garments had been carefully laid out. A sou'wester, a slicker and rubber boots. A black skirt; a flannel blouse.

"Old Annie was a character," explained the undertaker. "This was her usual costume at this time of year. She—— Excuse me; the telephone."

He departed to answer it, leaving Tommy alone. And in spite of himself Tommy felt some awe.

The room faced north and the windows were so curtained as to maintain a decorous semi-murk. And even the

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Kills* 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds

nondescript articles of attire old Annie had worn were invested with a certain dignity. The panoply of death.

Tommy combated the prevailing gloom characteristically. He reached for a cigaret, flipped a match alight. Then checked himself. For two reasons.

One was a sense of disrespect to the dead. Even to old Annie dead.

The other was quite different.

From the rusty old skirt had come an answering glint of flame. He stared at it and then bent forward. A second later his fingers discovered a needlelike sliver of glass caught in the stuff.

At that something quickened in him. It was possible that old Annie might have had the sliver of glass in her skirt for days. At the same time another possibility suggested itself. He was considering this when the undertaker returned.

"Oh, my dear sir!" the latter protested. "I should have warned you not to touch anything."

"Sorry," apologized Tommy. "I was interested—and had no idea that I shouldn't." He added, "Have the police looked over these?"

"Of course. Early this morning."

"Did they find anything?"

"But what could they find, my dear sir?" protested the undertaker. "The case was not one of murder. The cause of death was obvious."

"Of course," acquiesced Tommy. "By the way, where did Mrs.—or was it Miss?—Melehanty live?"

"Funny, but although she had lived here for ten years I'm not sure whether it was Miss or Mrs. myself," answered the undertaker. "She was an odd one. Confidentially, I have reason to believe that she did some rum running."

"Rum running?" echoed Tommy.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—I was valedictorian of my class and the old Latin comes back, sir. Yet the fact remains that many things have happened since old—since the deceased came to Baysport that reflected no credit on the community. Trucks came and went in the middle of the night——"

"I think I'll go over and look at her house," interrupted Tommy.

"You can't miss it," the undertaker assured him and added directions.

"Thanks ever so much," acknowledged Tommy.

THE house lay beyond Baysport, set down in a bit of woodland that ran back to the shore. It was gaunt and in need of paint. A state trooper was on guard, stationed there to keep the morbid at bay.

"Newspaper man?" he asked, as Tommy approached him.

Tommy grinned. "No. I'm after fact, not fiction," he said, and added: "Sergeant's stripes would look well on that uniform of yours."

The trooper gave him a challenging glance. "Say, what are you driving at?"

"You answer a few questions for me—and I'll answer that."

The trooper considered. "What's the first question?" he asked.

"You've searched the place. What did you find?"

"Six revolvers, four blackjacks, thirty-five cases of hooch and two men, each sleeping a jag off. You'll find all that in the afternoon papers, anyway."

"And no reference, of course, to an earlier statement that the deceased was a respected and beloved resident of Baysport," commented Tommy. "What did you do with the men?"

"Jugged them."

"On what charge?" asked Tommy.

"Suspicious characters, of course."

"Then you don't connect them with old Annie's death?"

"Say, what are you driving at, anyway? They came to see old Annie but she wasn't here. They sat around drinking awhile and then turned in. They were still sleeping it off when we came."

"How did they get here?"

The trooper looked dashed. "Why, darned if I know," he admitted. "They were cockeyed and pretty vague." His eyes tried to read Tommy's. "Say, have you got a line on something?"

"There's always that chance. Can you take a little walk with me? It might prove worth while."

The trooper turned, called to somebody within the house. "Oh, Bill, keep an eye out front here for a few minutes, will you? I'm going off on a lead."

"Okay, Johnnie," retorted the invisible Bill.

The eye Bill was requested to keep out front for a few minutes presumably remained there for many more, however. It was then not quite one-thirty. It was almost three when Tommy and the trooper emerged from the local police station. In the meantime apparently they had got somewhere. For:

"It sure is white of you to say I can have all the credit," the trooper was saying feelingly. "If it hadn't been for your tip——"

"You can use the credit in your business and I don't need it in mine," Tommy reminded him. "Here's hoping you get your stripes."

"It will help, anyway," the trooper assured him. "And believe me, if there is ever anything I can do for you——"

"There may be at that before long," Tommy informed him. "I'm on my way to Southampton. If I drive the way you chaps think I should it will take me more than an hour to get there. But if I drive my own way——"

"Step on it, and if you get pinched I'll fix it," the trooper assured him.

They shook hands and Tommy started back. He had already talked with Southampton over long distance. But not with the chief.

"Mr. Sears is out but is expected back any moment," the butler assured him. "If there is any message——"

At that point there was an interruption. "Who is it?" came a breathless voice. Feminine—and Judy's.

"It's only me," replied Tommy. "Will you tell your father when he comes in that I've cleaned up the case."

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say."

"But——"

"I'm coming back at once and I'll report to your father when I get there," interrupted Tommy. "It's a long story."

And also one that he wanted to tell in his own way and to the chief in person.

The western sky was rose-flushed amber when he reached the house. Inside, Judy and a disappointment awaited him. The chief had not returned.

So Judy told him, adding pointedly, "You made remarkable time!"

But what else could she say? Her first emotion, a tremendous wave of relief—it had been a scary day for Judy—had been eclipsed gradually by a growing resentment. Why had she ever come in the first place? And why had the police picked on her? And why—oh, why must it be Tommy to whom she must be grateful?

"He'll make me feel like nothing if I try to thank him," she had prophesied. And so, in spite of everything, Judy was still low in her mind. She'd have to phrase polite acknowledgment, she supposed—and after that he could go to the devil!

And then—oh, darn him!—he had come in and something undisciplined had turned a complete somersault in her. He was so darned something or other—and so utterly invulnerable.

Logs again blazed in the open fireplace. She turned her eyes toward them.

"I can't imagine what is keeping Father," she murmured.

"Perhaps you have not seen the newspapers," suggested Tommy. "There was something in them about his younger daughter which may have upset him. It would me if I were in his place."

Judy flushed. He was going to be the same as always! But she roused herself. "Why should it, when he has such a bright young man to fix everything up?" she shot back.

Tommy merely grinned. He had draped himself against the mantel, cool, casual, maddening. He reached for a cigaret and she broke the silence.

"I know you are simply dying to tell me all about it. You might as well begin," she said satirically.

"Oh, I can contain myself until your father comes," he retorted. "You see, I am one of those sensitive souls who feel their audience. Lack of appreciation hampers me terribly."

AT THAT Judy's eyes looked up swiftly. "Why do you always have to be so perfectly horrid to me?" she demanded passionately. "I—I——" There her voice broke; she bit her treacherous lip. She felt that she must have betrayed herself. And if—if he laughed at her——

But Tommy was instantly contrite. "I don't mean to be," he apologized sincerely, and so nicely. Too darn nicely. If he spoke that way, in another second she would be weeping.

A car had stopped outside, its headlights visible through the window. From it emerged Judy's father and Stanton, the lawyer. Neither looked at peace.

The interruption saved Tommy from the craziest of impulses. And in another minute the chief and his lawyer were entering the library.

"The butler tells me that you phoned everything was all right," said Sears at once. "You don't mean that——"

"I mean it's all right," said Tommy.

"Let's be seated," Stanton suggested grimly. "I've done more running around today than I've done in twenty years." He glanced quizzically at Tommy and added: "Well, I haven't been particularly successful in hamstringing justice. What did you do?"

Tommy glanced at Sears. "I think perhaps I'd better begin at the start."

He did so but came swiftly to the moment when he had struck the match in the undertaking establishment, and his discovery.

There Stanton gave him a swift, keen glance. "But if it came from the headlight of a car, wouldn't there have been glass in the road as well?" he objected, anticipating Tommy's theory as to the presence of the sliver of glass in old Annie's skirt without accepting it.

"I thought of that," answered Tommy. "But there was also the chance that the headlight had only that one fragment smashed."

"H'mph—rather a slim clue to go on, it seems to me," remarked Stanton. "And I don't see that it gets us anywhere unless you got the car."

"I did," Tommy assured him. "And the driver too."

He was human enough to get a kick out of the way they all stared at him. Even Stanton's mouth opened incredulously. Then:

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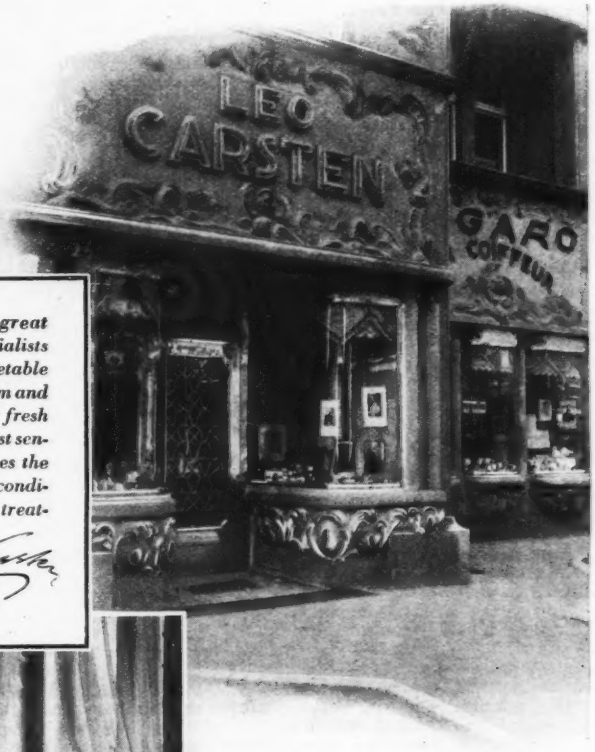
BERLIN



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"Good Lord!" he exploded. "Where—and how? At one o'clock you found a sliver of glass and now, at a little after four——"

"Something the undertaker said gave me a lead," explained Tommy. "He said it was suspected that old Annie was running rum; that trucks came and went in the middle of the night. That reminded me of something Judy had said."

A little tremor ran through Judy as her name came from his lips; another as his eyes met hers.

"What you said about the truck you had passed running without lights," he explained. "That sounded like a rum truck to me, perhaps one of old Annie's. And if she was waiting for it and stepped forward, and the driver was drunk and running without lights——"

They all scented the climax.

"You found the truck at old Annie's?" broke in Stanton.

"At old Annie's," admitted Tommy. "With not only a battered mud guard but a cracked headlight as well. The splinter of glass fitted perfectly."

"Well, will you tell me why the police paid no attention to that—and came 'way down here to arrest me?" interrupted Judy indignantly.

"Oh, the truck wasn't as obvious as that. We had to search it out," explained Tommy. "It was hidden in the woods behind old Annie's house. I had a hunch it might be. After we located it, it was all clear sailing. The state trooper who was on detail there went into high and did a sweet job."

"And expects all the credit, I suppose," contributed Stanton dryly.

"He rates it," Tommy assured him. "It was he who pushed the case through and made the arrest."

"You spoke about the driver," said Sears. "Where did you get him?"

"They had him already. He'd been arrested at old Annie's earlier in the day as a suspicious character."

"One minute. Did you get a confession out of him?" asked Stanton.

"He admitted feeling an impact while driving—and then declared it was old Annie's fault, anyway. She'd ordered him to drive without lights and he hadn't an idea she was to be there."

Stanton glanced at Sears. "It seems to be cleared up, at that," he grunted.

"Cleared up?" echoed Sears. "How about that bet we made this afternoon?"

"Oh, I'm no welsher," growled Stanton. "I'll pay. But I'll say one thing and that is——"

"Didn't you say it all this afternoon?" suggested Sears. "Something about its being a shame for you to bet on a sure thing and take money from the feeble-minded?"

Sears turned to Tommy.

"This hard-shelled old pessimist," he explained, with a nod toward one of the most distinguished of America's barristers, "was somewhat nettled this afternoon when after we had failed to get anywhere with anybody I suggested that you were still to be heard from. He told me that I was crazy to pin any hope on that, and when I protested that you always managed to come through somehow, he offered to bet ten to one that you wouldn't this time."

Sears glanced at Stanton, grinning broadly. Then:

"I took him on," he added. "And now if he'll step into my office and make out his check I'll indorse it over to you."

Tommy was taken by surprise. "Oh, that isn't necessary," he protested. "In the first place, I ran into a lot of luck."

"As usual!" commented Sears dryly. "The luckiest man I ever knew. Just the same——" He stopped, put a firm hand on Tommy's shoulders. "I know it isn't necessary—and I'm glad it isn't," he added. "But if you stop to think you may realize what a kick I'm getting out of turning that check over to you."

Tommy did. The chief would get a kick out of it. He was that sort.

And so Judy found herself left alone. She sat still, staring at the fire . . . He hadn't even given her a chance to thank him. He didn't care if she thanked him or not. Well, why *should* he care what she did or thought? He was clever. And she was a silly little fool. Always getting into trouble.

Her ears quickened. She heard her father's voice, then Tommy's. And after that she heard Tommy go upstairs. To pack, and go away.

None of the love stories she had ever read was anything like this. No matter what the girl did or said, the man she wanted always went mad about her at the end. But then, truth was ever stranger than fiction.

"He'll go away without even wishing *me* a Merry Christmas," her thought ran. "He's probably forgotten all about me."

But in that at least she was mistaken. Tommy was packing hurriedly. He was, as he should be, content with things in general. Yet there was a nagging consciousness of Judy in the background.

"Why do you always have to be so perfectly horrid to me?" she had demanded. That was in his mind. He couldn't forget it—or Judy. But he would have insisted that it was his conscience rather than his heart that was involved.

"I'll drop in on the way out and wish her a Merry Christmas," he decided, adding a bit grimly, "And if it ends up by sounding more like a Fourth of July celebration it won't be my fault."

But Judy was not in the library when he descended, bag in hand. The discovery left Tommy feeling curiously cheated. He lingered a moment or two, but time pressed. And so he continued out into the frosty night.

The car was where he had left it parked. And—there was Judy.

She glanced up at him. Subdued and shy, a shade defiant and yet oddly sweet. "I just wanted to thank you for—for everything," she murmured. "You didn't give me a chance to."

Tommy felt absurdly awkward. "Oh, that's all right. It was hardly your fault."

"But I do get into jams—always. I suppose it is my fault but I can't seem to help it. I just make people unhappy and——"

Tommy was now acutely uncomfortable. He might be resourceful in meeting some situations but here was one that he was handicapped in handling. "Often a best man—but never a bridegroom!" That was *his* program.

Love gummed everything up. And Tommy had his way to make. And the ancient formula—marry the boss' daughter—was one he never had cared for.

Yet out under the December stars strange things were happening. If he didn't break loose quickly——

"And now I'm detaining you when I know you are in a hurry," added Judy. She thrust a slim hand into his and added: "Good-by—good luck, a thousand thanks and—M-merry Christmas."

She started to withdraw her hand. But Tommy did not let it go. She glanced up at him and——

"Oh!" breathed Judy—and swiftly shut her eyes tight.

He was going to kiss her *this* time. She knew it. She had been kissed before, but not this way.

Tommy felt it was madness. She was just a kid—and the chief's daughter. What would the chief say? Even at this moment Tommy wondered about that, yet he couldn't help it. And so—he kissed her.

Judy, apparently, was dynamite in more ways than one.

But presently he found voice. "Oh, Judy," he began, and she thrilled to a passionate need in his voice, "what's happened?"

"Just what I wanted to happen," she informed him. At last she could speak the truth to him.

"But your father. What will he say?"

"Father?" she echoed, astonished. "Why, he'll be pleased as anything. He's crazy about you. And I should think he'd be glad to get me off his hands. I'm an awful nuisance, you know. He was afraid I'd land in jail this time. And he has you to thank that I won't."

"He's done more than thank me," Tommy reminded her. "He's already given me Stanton's check for a thousand."

"And isn't that nice?" commented Judy, with a flash of her old manner. "You can buy a ring with it. It's customary, you know, and——" She paused, caught her breath for an instant. Then: "Oh, you darned idiot!" she breathed. "Stop worrying about Father. Do you think anybody in the world can make me give you up—*now*? As for Father, we can settle that this minute."

"You mean that—I suppose you are right—I ought to go to him at once," agreed Tommy. "If you'll wait here——"

"I certainly will *not* wait here," Judy assured him. "I'm going right along too. You don't look—or sound—to me as if *you* would make a good job of it."

And that was true. For once in his life Tommy was without his usual cool assurance. He could hardly say so to Judy, but there was surely a point of honor involved. The chief had taken him into his household. There was no one whose good opinion he wanted or valued more. Supposing the chief——?

"Come!" commanded Judy.

"But I think I ought to go in alone," protested Tommy. "It's customary."

"Don't be mid-Vic!" counseled Judy. "You—why, *you* would start right off by giving Father an idea you were asking a great favor of him. That's silly. You're doing him a favor—and I'm going to be there to remind him of that, if necessary. Not that it will be."

Nor was it! The chief stood by a window, alone. He turned as they entered and looked from Tommy to Judy. Then:

"Good Lord!" he murmured. "You don't mean to say that——?"

"I thought you'd rather have *him* for Christmas instead of a necktie or a cigar lighter," explained Judy, misleadingly meek. "So I went out and got him all by myself and——"

She paused there. Her father, after a swift glance at Tommy, had stretched out his hand. He didn't say a word but the grip of his hand said everything.

When he did speak it was to ask quizzically, "And how long has *this* been going on under my nose?"

Tommy might have stuttered something but Judy gave him no chance.

"It all happened in a minute," she said. "And not under *your* nose—but under mine!" She turned to Tommy, lifted her flushed and lovely face. "Show him what I mean," she commanded.

And being no more than human, Tommy obeyed. Evidently he was to be sometime a bridegroom after all.

Your Teeth aren't Really Clean if You Only Polish the Surfaces

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

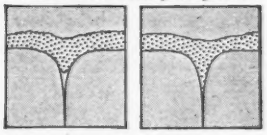

Diagram showing tiny space between two teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleansing them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.

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Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

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When the Wind Blows *by Katharine Newlin Burt* (Cont. from page 65)

as though he were being drawn by a cruel, still tide. He composed sentences concerning folly and madness.

But that night in his house on the high hill, lying abed, between sleeping and waking, he heard the traveling wind go past. It never paused, it never faltered, it did not look back, but half in a dream, he imagined that it went forward with wide green-gray eyes, tireless and patient, to the end of a dark sea.

When he had almost forgotten that experience, of which he was ashamed to speak to anyone, most of all to his wife, a letter came to him.

"I am not what you think I am," it said. "I am only a life that has freed itself a little from the chains and the fears. There is nothing sordid in my adventuring. I have been married and, through no courage of my own, I have been freed. I have all the money an adventurer needs.

"If I buy chosen pleasures with it, buy them carefully, selecting them from the world's big bazaar, am I so different from all the other buyers? Or am I blamable? Because my wares are odd and hard to find? Rich men buy their joys. Why not a rich woman?

"And if, from my car, one day I see a boy trudging along in the dust, going a treadmill way from toil to sleep, is it so wicked of me to offer him a holiday? If the boy has a viking's face? Has the hunger of adventure in his eyes? I never would try to waken that hunger in the face of any man, but if I find it—starveling——?

"I am a ship for a viking—that's all. It is my name and the reason for my living. That is what I offer you—a prow, and a salt-sea wind in your mouth. You have never yet seen or smelled or heard the sea. You don't know strange harbors—nor a strange woman."

That was all.

It was enough. It haunted him all the day and filled his nights with dreams and restlessness. He wondered if Damaris, smaller and paler than she used to be, noticed the change he could see in his own face, heard the change he could hear in his own voice: that sharply bitten look, that rasping tone.

And it was only in his home, in his house on the hill, that the strange woman seemed to have her power upon him. In the little village office, with the lazy street sounds in his ears and the typewriter keys beneath his finger tips, he felt safe and snug, ready to laugh at her romanticism, to sneer at her insolent wickedness.

An adventuress with paint on her face to step into an attorney's office and tempt a clerk to run away with her! The fool. The evil and abandoned fool! Trying to buy a man as though he were a doll!

So he could think down in the village during the still day, but at night, in his own home, when the wind cried, she became something else. She became all the world that he had never seen, would never see.

She became the long following foam of a ship's wake; she became the cry of venders in dancing little boats; she became the twanging of high crazy music in a bazaar. She became unknown and unimaginable embraces, beautiful and new. He cursed her then—and prayed to her as though she had been an idol for which he had forsaken God.

He planned to sell the house. Damaris hardly brightened when, the following spring, he told her that he had advertised it for rent or for sale. All winter she had been vague, unresponsive, and now she looked weary-eyed.

She trailed about all day long with an air of profound exhaustion as though she had not slept for nights. And as the summer passed, she grew white, big-eyed and thin. The look of a sun-painted dove had gone from her. Her hands were feverish.

John was anxious about her. She sees the change in me, he thought, and worries over it. She has too much to do. She is too often alone.

Down in the village she would see her friends. Nancy Tuckett would be good to her. She'd take her up. Soon the children must begin to go to school. After all, neighbors were pleasant.

Someone answered his advertisement for the house. It was a young man, strange to John, who came in person to the office.

"I want to buy your house," he said.

"Have you seen it?"

"I know it very well, Mr. Kane. I don't intend to live there myself. I want to make it into a home for ancient sailormen. They can look out across the country and they can hear the wind in the trees. It will remind them of their lost home—the sea. My name is Jesse Farr. It was my grandmother who left her home to you."

"Will you come up with me this afternoon, Mr. Farr, to go over the place and to meet my wife?"

The young man's blue eyes grew distant, frosty, grave. "I think not, thank you. I don't need to see the house. For the price you have fixed, you should be able to get yourself and your children a nice village home."

"It's what I aim to do," said John, "for the sake of my wife."

For an instant the young man's eyes met his. They looked startled.

"She doesn't like the wind up there," smiled John.

"Ah! Well, I'll be back. Will you have the papers ready?"

"Mr. Tuckett has them prepared."

"Right!" He smiled and swung out of the office. He had a sailor's walk.

John thought he would not tell Damaris yet. He would wait until the deal was closed and Jesse Farr's check in the bank. He was glad, for they were poor that fall. It had been a hard summer.

He walked along the roadway in the dust, going home with his head bent. He was tired. It was Saturday and he had his wage envelope inside his pocket and began now to count over the dull, inevitable ways in which it must be spent. The children had been sick. They were all well now but the doctor must be paid. There had been extra food bills, medicine.

What was he, John Kane, after all but just the means, the machinery for daily bread, a simulacrum of a man, Damaris' slave, the slave of her big bare house with its crying babies? She, too, was a drudging slave to small necessities. But then she was happy—so long as the children were well and he did not complain. She would be happier, though, in the town.

Thinking of the small neat village house, he felt choked, bitterly homeless and alone. Something would be lost. Something would be dead. There was really a little death in his heart.

A smooth sound had been growing, unheeded, back of him and now, loudly purring at his elbow, it stopped. He saw a long gray car, a figure beckoning. He came over, astonished, awkward with a sort of fear. The woman had moved towards him from her wheel. In the back seat, a foreign servant sat with luggage heaped about him.

"I saw you," she spoke happily. "I went into your office but you had just gone out. They told me what road you had taken. Dear viking, how dusty you are, how tired and how discouraged. It was a year ago—— Get in a moment, please. I'll drive you just a little way out into the world—and back. You aren't really afraid of me, are you? After all, I'm nothing terrible—just a woman and not a very large one. I couldn't hurt you, could I? Even if I wanted to."

He got in beside her and the air began to stream across his dazzled face.

"Did you tear up my letter and forget it?" she asked him. She was more beautiful: unpainted, pale, gray-eyed. "Didn't you understand it at all?"

"I didn't forget it," said John, his eyes on hers. "I don't suppose I understood it. But I couldn't forget it. You knew me too well. You're right, of course. I am a prisoner. I am hungry for freedom and adventure, day and night."

"Ah! With that confession you have taken the first step towards liberty."

"No. There is such a thing as duty, isn't there? I am not rich and not alone. There is a woman who trusts me and there are little children who depend upon me."

"I know. I know. One must always look out for them—see that they don't suffer. Not so difficult, when one comes with a long purse to the bazaar. Don't flush. I know. I know. But I've learned how to be tender and skillful with that wound called pride. You really could leave your pride safely in my hands. It is the commonest of all my cares.

"In fact, consideration for it is part of the price one must pay in the bazaar. I will guarantee to pay down my pride for yours. Ah, well!" She paused.

The car ran smoothly forward. Already he had left familiar fields. Speed was exciting, and very stirring were the long turning edges of the world.

"I would—bring—you—back," she said softly, not looking at him.

His heart began to flutter like a drunken fool's.

"You could send them a message—to explain. I am going to the sea tonight. I have a boat. Yes, I have; a real boat, all my own. I'll lend it to you—for adventure. I know, and the captain knows, an island not so far away where they speak a foreign tongue and serve iced wine.

"There, the sea is green and slides in; it curls down along the beaches. You can sleep all night in moon- and sand-silver with the sea's music at your feet.

"They—those people of yours up on the hill—they will forgive you when you come back to them. And never again all the rest of your long life will you be quite so hungry. You will at least know what satisfaction means."

Like a coursing hound the car ran. Like a mounting fever its cylinders throbbed in his veins.

"It's your only chance, my dear. Such offers don't come into every clerk's life. Your adventure will be over and you will be safe again. Duty doesn't change. It sits in its chair, like an old man asleep, until you come back. A few days—we will give them a good reason—a few days for—the wind's will," she

Will you pay half the usual price for *white, lovely* teeth?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

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And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is $3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

said gently, and he found his mouth upon her lips.

He knew that he would go. He would go, free as the wind, and, free as the wind, he would come back to the town house and the windless village street, spice-laden with a freight of memory.

She saw that he would go and she began to talk again. As the Snow Queen talked to little Kay, charming his heart, so did she talk to John, knowing just what to say to him, lifting, melting, easing away from his cramped young mind the fetters of his will. Blood came to his face and blue to his eyes, the straightness vanished from his mouth—he found himself laughing—and his hands felt strong.

As the sun set, they ran into the dimness of a leafy valley and followed along a hollow sandy lane. It was still now. The car slowed. In that leafy silence, suddenly, John heard a thrush. This was a nesting song, gentle, sweet, a little chord made out of feelings of drowsiness and safety. The air was still. It was a sheltered hidden lane.

Blind, white, the young clerk stood up and with a mad gesture flung himself from the car and bit the roadway dust.

He heard a cry, saw the foreign servant waving his arms as though in agony, saw the woman bending down from her wheel to look at him. Fear in her face changed to anger, and to mockery. As he staggered up, bleeding, dusty, defiant, she called out a word of contempt and urged the car forward with a swift pressure of her foot. It ran from him with the speed of demons, leaving about him a great choking cloud.

It was dawn when he struggled up the old hillside in the teeth of a dry autumnal storm and limped, white as the lanes, into his crying, trembling house.

A light was burning in the hall in front of the old portrait with its vacant hungry face, and beneath the light stood a sheet of note paper.

This was Damaris' message:

> He has been here often when you were away but I somehow did not want to tell you about him. He did not seem for a long time any more real than a wind. But the wind now is more real to me than you are or the children or the treadmill of our daily life.
>
> His name is Jesse Farr; he is the grandson of that old woman who left us this house, and he lived here when he was a boy and listened—until he ran away. He will take me, he says, to the ends of the sea.
>
> Don't try to forgive me, John. You can't. You will never begin to understand. You are too good, too sane, too faithful. You are a duty-lover, a home-maker, a husband and a father, through and through. A woman need only to look at you to know that.
>
> It is a wild evil in me that makes me go. Find for yourself a mate—one who will never lie awake at your side to listen to the wind at night.

In Mr. Tuckett's office John found that the papers for the sale of his house had been signed by the lawyer and that a check was left for him.

After a while he settled down in a neat village house and married Nancy Tuckett with her black eyes, her large sweet voice and her eager, quickly moving mouth. She is a most loving wife and a kind cheerful mother, so that, except when the wind blows, John is quite content.

Indian Summer of an Uncle *by P. G. Wodehouse* (*Cont. from page 39*)

better see my niece just yet. She's having a nap."

"Oh, in that case——"

"Seems a pity to wake her, doesn't it?"

"Oh, absolutely," I said, relieved.

"When you get the influenza, you don't sleep at night, and then if you doze off in the morning—well, it seems a pity to wake someone, doesn't it?"

"Miss Platt has influenza?"

"That's what we think it is. But of course you'll be able to say. But we needn't waste time. Since you're here, you can be taking a look at my knee."

"Your knee?"

I am all for knees at their proper time and, as you might say, in their proper place, but somehow this didn't seem the moment. However, she carried on according to plan.

"What do you think of that knee?" she asked, lifting the seven veils.

Well, of course, one has to be polite.

"Terrific!" I said.

"You wouldn't believe how it hurts me sometimes."

"Really?"

"A sort of shooting pain. It just comes and goes. And I'll tell you a funny thing."

"What's that?" I said, feeling I could do with a good laugh.

"Lately I've been having the same pain just here, at the end of the spine."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do. Like red-hot needles. I wish you'd have a look at it."

"At your spine?"

"Yes."

I shook my head. Nobody is fonder of a bit of fun than myself, and I am all for Bohemian camaraderie and making a party go, and all that. But there is a line, and we Woosters know when to draw it.

"It can't be done," I said austerely. "Not spines. Knees, yes. Spines, no."

She seemed surprised. "Well, you're a funny sort of doctor, I must say."

I'm pretty quick, as I said before, and I began to see that a misunderstanding must have arisen.

"Doctor? Did you think I was a doctor?"

"Aren't you a doctor?"

"No. Not a doctor."

We had got it straightened out. The scales had fallen from our eyes. We knew where we were.

I had suspected that she was a genial soul. She now indorsed this view. I don't think I have ever heard a woman laugh so heartily.

"Well, that's the best thing!" she said, borrowing my handkerchief to wipe her eyes. "Did you ever! But if you aren't the doctor, who are you?"

"Wooster's the name. I came to see Miss Platt."

"What about?"

This was the moment, of course, when I should have come out with the check and sprung the big effort. But somehow I couldn't make it. You know how it is. Offering people money to release your uncle is a scaly-enough job at best, and when the atmosphere's not right the shot simply isn't on the board.

"Oh, just came to see her, you know." I had a bright idea. "My uncle heard she was seedy, don't you know, and asked me to look in and make inquiries."

"Your uncle?"

"Lord Yaxley."

"Oh! So you're Lord Yaxley's nephew?"

"That's right. I suppose he's always popping in and out here, what?"

"No. I've never met him."

"You haven't?"

"No. Rhoda talks a lot about him, of course, but she's never so much as asked him to look in for a cup of tea."

I began to see that this Rhoda knew her business. If I'd been a girl with someone wanting to marry me and knew that there was an exhibit like this aunt hanging around the home, I, too, should have thought twice about inviting him to call until the ceremony was over and he had actually signed on the dotted line. I mean to say, a good soul—heart of gold beyond a doubt—but not the sort of thing you wanted to spring on Romeo before the time was ripe.

"I suppose you were all very surprised when you heard about it?" she said.

"Surprised is right."

"Of course, nothing is definitely settled yet."

"You don't mean that? I thought——"

"Oh, no. She's thinking it over. Of course, she feels it's a great compliment. But then sometimes she wonders if he isn't too old."

"My aunt Agatha has the same idea."

"Of course, a title *is* a title."

"Yes, there's that. What do you think about it yourself?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter what I think. There's no doing anything with girls these days, is there?"

"Not much."

"What I often say is, I wonder what girls are coming to. Still, there it is."

"Absolutely."

There didn't seem much reason why the conversation shouldn't go on forever. She had the air of a woman who has settled down for the day. But at this point the maid came in and said the doctor had arrived.

I got up. "I'll be tooling off, then."

"If you must."

"I think I'd better."

"Well, pip pip."

"Toodle-oo," I said, and out into the fresh air.

Knowing what was waiting for me at home, I should have preferred to go to the club and spend the rest of the day there. But the thing had to be faced.

"Well?" said Aunt Agatha, as I trickled into the sitting room.

"Well, yes and no," I replied.

"What do you mean? Did she refuse the money?"

"Not exactly.'"

"She accepted it?"

"Well, there, again, not precisely."

I explained what had happened. I wasn't expecting her to be any too frightfully pleased, and it's as well that I wasn't because she wasn't. In fact, as the story unfolded, her comments became fruitier and fruitier, and when I had finished she uttered an exclamation that sounded like "Gor!"—as if she had started to say "Gorblimey!" and had remembered her ancient lineage in time.

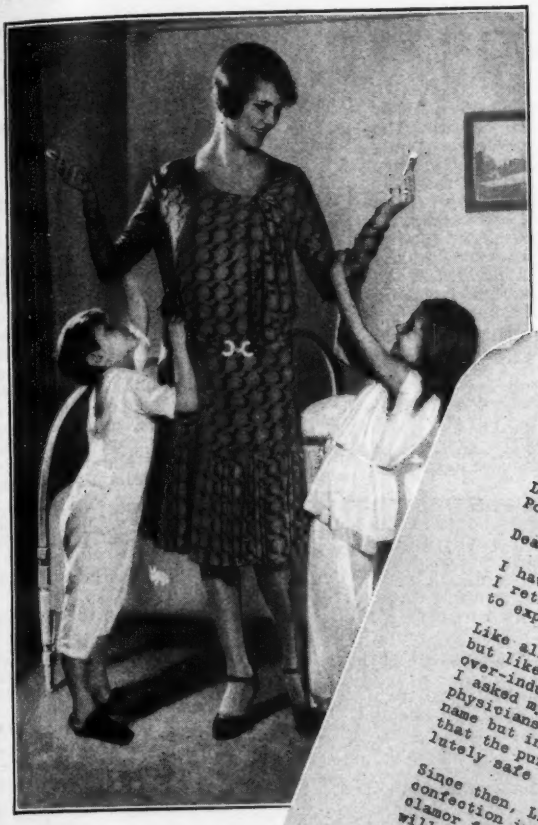
"I'm sorry," I said. "And can a man say more? I lost my nerve. The old morale suddenly turned blue on me. It's the sort of thing that might have happened to anyone."

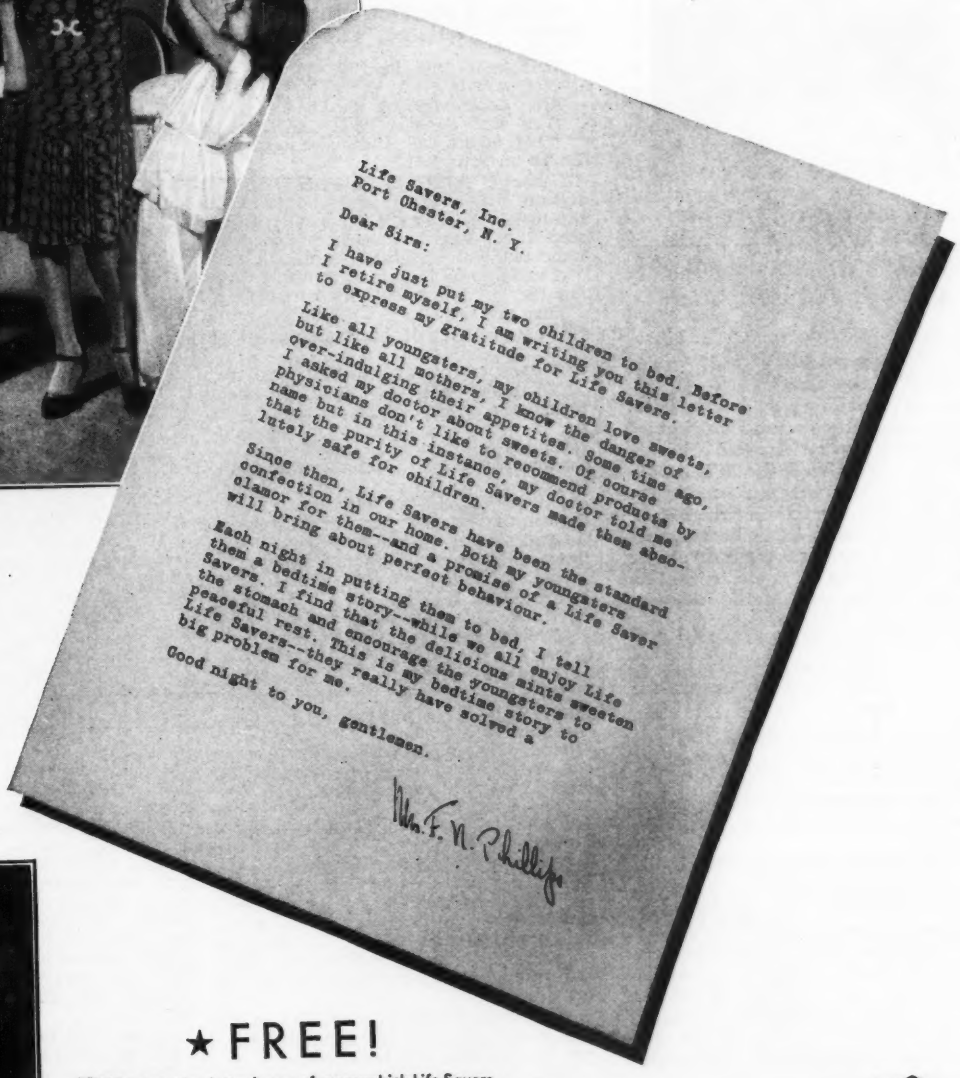
"I never heard of anything so spineless in my life."

I shivered, like a warrior whose old wound hurts him.

"I'd be most awfully obliged, Aunt Agatha," I said, "if you would not use that word 'spine.' It awakens memories."

A MOTHER DISCOVERS A NEW BEDTIME STORY★





Life Savers, Inc.
Port Chester, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have just put my two children to bed. Before I retire myself, I am writing you this letter to express my gratitude for Life Savers.

Like all youngsters, my children love sweets, but like all mothers, I know the danger of over-indulging their appetites. Some time ago, I asked my doctor about sweets. Of course physicians don't like to recommend products by name but in this instance, my doctor told me that the purity of Life Savers made them absolutely safe for children.

Since then, Life Savers have been the standard confection in our home. Both my youngsters clamor for them--and a promise of a Life Saver will bring about perfect behaviour.

Each night in putting them to bed, I tell them a bedtime story--while we all enjoy Life Savers. I find that the delicious mints sweeten the stomach and encourage the youngsters to peaceful rest. This is my bedtime story to Life Savers--they really have solved a big problem for me.

Good night to you, gentlemen.

Mrs. F. N. Phillips

MRS. F. N. PHILLIPS
LYNBROOK, L. I.

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So many people have had unique experiences with Life Savers that we are very interested to know about them. What have you discovered about Life Savers? When do you and your children enjoy them most? Don't you find that they help digestion, sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and are very delightful after smoking?

Why not write us your letter today? Address Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y.

◆ ◆ ◆

EACH dainty, delicious Life Saver is 100% pure candy — a marvel of quality, purity and taste-tingling flavor. Life Savers soothe the throat, sweeten the breath, aid digestion and actually stimulate the appetite in a natural, beneficial way.

Six delicious flavors—each pure, healthful and refreshing.

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

A tiny, wailing, suffering baby . . .
A mother in despair . . .
But Mrs. McDavid's letter tells the story best!

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Dear Sirs: I am sending you a picture of my 18 months old son, to show you what Eagle Brand Milk has done for him. He weighed 4 lbs. when he was born and when he left the hospital he weighed 3 lbs. Up until he was 6 weeks old he cried all the time. Then I put him on Eagle Brand.

He started gaining, has been gaining ever since and has never known another sick day! He walked at 9 months and is more active on his feet than any 18 months old child I have ever seen. He is truly an Eagle Brand Baby!

Respectfully,
MRS. RUTH MCDAVID,
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THIS is the experience so many mothers have had . . . When other foods fail, Eagle Brand succeeds . . . the baby thrives. 70 years of actual test have proved the wonderful digestibility of Eagle Brand . . . its perfect purity and safety.

If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors . . . orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today!

Every letter and picture published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful mother.

The Borden Company, Dept., K. 7, Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is _____ months old.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Print name and address plainly)

The door opened. Jeeves appeared.

"Yes, Jeeves?"

"I thought you called, sir."

"No, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

There are moments when, even under the eye of Aunt Agatha, I can take the firm line. And now, seeing Jeeves standing there with the light of intelligence simply fizzing in every feature, I suddenly felt how perfectly footling it was to give this preeminent source of balm and comfort the go-by simply because Aunt Agatha had prejudices against discussing family affairs with the staff. I decided to do as we ought to have done right from the start—put the case in his hands.

"Jeeves," I said, "this matter of Uncle George."

"Yes, sir."

"You know the circs."

"Yes, sir."

"You know what we want."

"Yes, sir."

"Then advise us. And make it snappy. Think on your feet."

I heard Aunt Agatha rumble like a volcano just before it starts to set about the neighbors, but I did not wilt. I had seen the sparkle in Jeeves' eye which indicated that an idea was on the way.

"I understand that you have been visiting the young person's home, sir?"

"Just got back."

"Then you no doubt encountered the young person's aunt?"

"I encountered nothing else but."

"Then the suggestion which I am about to make will, I feel sure, appeal to you, sir. I would recommend that you confront his lordship with this woman. It has always been her intention to continue residing with her niece after the latter's marriage. Should he meet her, this reflection might give his lordship pause. As you are aware, sir, she is a kind-hearted woman, but definitely of the people."

"Jeeves, you are right! Apart from anything else, that orange hair!"

"Exactly, sir."

"Not to mention the magenta dress."

"Precisely, sir."

"I'll ask her to lunch tomorrow, to meet him. You see," I said to Aunt Agatha, who was still fermenting in the background; "a ripe suggestion first crack out of the box. Did I or did I not tell you?"

"That will do, Jeeves," said Aunt Agatha.

"Very good, madam."

For some minutes after he had gone, Aunt Agatha strayed from the point a bit, confining her remarks to what she thought of a Wooster who could lower the prestige of the clan by allowing menials to get above themselves. Then she returned to what you might call the main issue.

"Bertie," she said, "you will go to see this girl again tomorrow, and this time you will do as I told you."

"But dash it! With this excellent alternative scheme, based firmly on the psychology of the individual——"

"That is enough, Bertie. You heard what I said. I am going. Good-by."

She buzzed off, little knowing of what stuff Bertram Wooster was made. The door had hardly closed before I was shouting for Jeeves.

"Jeeves," I said, "the recent aunt will have none of your excellent alternative scheme, but none the less I propose to go through with it unswervingly. I consider it a ball of fire. Can you get hold of this female and bring her here for lunch tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Meanwhile, I will be phoning Uncle George. We will do Aunt Agatha good despite herself. What is it the poet says, Jeeves?"

"The poet Burns, sir?"

"Not the poet Burns. Some other poet. About doing good by stealth."

"These little acts of unremembered kindness, sir?"

"That's it in a nutshell, Jeeves."

I suppose doing good by stealth ought to give one a glow, but I can't say I found myself exactly looking forward to the binge in prospect. Uncle George by himself is a moldy-enough luncheon companion, he being one of those birds who can never be brought to believe that the general public isn't agog to hear about the lining of his stomach. Add the aunt, and you have a little gathering which might well dismay the stoutest.

The moment I woke I felt conscious of some impending doom, and the cloud, if you know what I mean, grew darker all the morning. By the time Jeeves came in with the cocktails, I was feeling pretty low.

"For two pins, Jeeves," I said, "I would turn the whole thing up and leg it to the Drones'."

"I can readily imagine that this will prove something of an ordeal, sir."

"How did you get to know these people, Jeeves?"

"It was through a young fellow of my acquaintance, sir, Colonel Mainwaring-Smith's personal gentleman's gentleman. He and the young person had an understanding at the time, and he desired me to accompany him to Wistaria Lodge and meet her."

"They were engaged?"

"Not precisely engaged, sir. An understanding."

"What did they quarrel about?"

"They did not quarrel, sir. When his lordship began to pay his addresses, the young person, naturally flattered, began to waver between love and ambition. But even now she has not formally rescinded the understanding."

"Then, if your scheme works and Uncle George edges out, it will do your pal a bit of good?"

"Yes, sir. Smethurst—his name is Smethurst—would consider it a consummation devoutly to be wished."

An unseen hand without tootled on the bell, and I braced myself to play the host. The binge was on.

"Mrs. Wilberforce, sir," announced Jeeves.

"And how I'm to keep a straight face with you standing behind my chair and saying 'Madam, can I tempt you with a potato?' is more than I know," said the aunt, sailing in, looking larger and pinker and matier than ever. "I know him, you know," she said, jerking a thumb after Jeeves. "He's taken tea with us."

"So he told me."

She gave the room the once-over.

"You've got a nice place here," she said, "though I like more pink about. It's so cheerful. What's that you've got there? Cocktails?"

"Martini with a spot of absinthe," I said, beginning to pour.

She gave a girlish squeal. "Don't you try to make me drink that stuff! Do you know what would happen if I touched one of those things? I'd be racked with pain. What they do to the lining of your stomach!"

"Oh, I don't know."

"I do. If you had been a barmaid as long as I was, you'd know, too."

"Oh—er—were you a barmaid?"

"For years, when I was younger than I am. At the Criterion."

I dropped the shaker.

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EVERY can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated... just as "24-hour eggs" are dated... just as your bottle of fresh milk is dated.

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No stop-overs for re-handling or storage! No standing on your grocer's shelf! Every can showing an eighth-day date regularly collected and replaced with fresh!

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"Dated Coffee" means the same thing as "this morning's milk," "fresh bread." In adding this quality of *dependable freshness* to the rich depth of flavor of Chase & Sanborn's blend of superbly aromatic coffees, Chase & Sanborn have taken the last step to make your coffee perfect.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

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"There!" she said, pointing the moral. "That's through drinking that stuff. Makes your hand wobble. What I always used to say to the boys was, 'Port, if you like. Port's wholesome. I appreciate a drop of port myself. But these new-fangled messes from America, no.'"

I was eying her warily. Of course, there must have been thousands of barmaids at the Criterion in its time, but still it gave one a bit of a start. It was years ago that Uncle George's dash at a mésalliance had occurred—before he came into the title—but the Wooster clan still quivered at the name of the Criterion.

"Er—when you were at the Cri.," I said, "did you ever happen to run into a fellow of my name?"

"I've forgotten what it is. I'm always silly about names."

"Wooster."

"Wooster! When you were there yesterday I thought you said Foster. Wooster! Did I run into a fellow named Wooster? Well! Why, George Wooster and me—Piggy, I used to call him—were going off to the registrar's, only his family heard of it and interfered. They offered me a lot of money to give him up, and, like a silly girl, I let them persuade me. Is he a relation of yours?"

"Excuse me," I said. "I just want a word with Jeeves." I legged it for the pantry.

"Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Do you know what's happened?"

"No, sir."

"This female—she's Uncle George's barmaid!"

"Sir?"

"Oh, dash it, you must have heard of Uncle George's barmaid. You know all the family history. The barmaid he wanted to marry years ago."

"Ah, yes, sir."

"She's the only woman he ever loved. He's told me so a million times. Every time he gets to the second liqueur, he becomes maudlin about this female. What a dashed bit of bad luck! The first thing we know, the call of the past will be echoing in his heart. I can feel it, Jeeves. She's just his sort. The first thing she did when she came in was to start talking about the lining of her stomach. You see the hideous significance of that, Jeeves? The lining of his stomach is Uncle George's favorite topic of conversation. It means that he and she are kindred souls. This woman and he will be like——"

"Deep calling to deep, sir?"

"Exactly."

"Most disturbing, sir."

"What's to be done?"

"I could not say, sir."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do—phone him and say the lunch is off."

"Scarcely feasible, sir. I fancy that is his lordship at the door now."

And so it was. Jeeves let him in, and I followed him to the sitting room. There was a stunned silence as he went in, and then a couple of the startled yelps you hear when old buddies get together after long separation.

"Piggy!"

"Maudie!"

"Well, I never!"

"Well, I'm dashed!"

"Did you ever!"

"Well, bless my soul!"

"Fancy you being Lord Yaxley!"

"Came into the title soon after we parted."

"Just to think!"

"You could have knocked me down with a feather!"

I hung about in the offing, now on this leg, now on that. For all the notice they took of me, I might have been the late Bertram Wooster, disembodied.

"Maudie, you don't look a day older, dash it!"

"Nor do you, Piggy."

"How have you been all these years?"

"Pretty well. The lining of my stomach isn't all it should be."

"Good Gad! You don't say so? I have trouble with the lining of *my* stomach."

"It's a heavy feeling after meals."

"*I* get a heavy feeling after meals. What are you trying for it?"

"I've been taking Perkins' Digestine."

"My dear girl, no use! No use at all. Tried it myself for years, and got no relief. Now, if you really want something that is some good . . ."

I slid away. The last I saw of them, Uncle George was down beside her on the Chesterfield, buzzing hard.

"Jeeves," I said, tottering to the pantry.

"Sir?"

"There will be only two for lunch. Count me out. If they notice I'm not there, tell them I was called away by an urgent phone message. The situation has got beyond Bertram, Jeeves. You will find me at the Drones'."

"Very good, sir."

It was latish in the evening when one of the waiters came to me as I played a distrait game of snooker pool and informed me that Aunt Agatha was on the phone.

"Bertie!"

"Hullo?"

I was amazed to note that her voice was that of an aunt who feels that things are breaking right. It had the birdlike trill.

"Bertie, have you that check I gave you?"

"Yes."

"Then tear it up. It will not be needed."

"Eh?"

"I say it will not be needed. Your uncle is not going to marry that girl."

"Not?"

"No. Apparently he has been thinking it over and sees how unsuitable it would have been. But what is astonishing is that he *is* going to be married!"

"He is?"

"Yes, to an old friend of his, a Mrs. Wilberforce. A woman of a sensible age, he gave me to understand. I wonder which Wilberforces that would be. There are two main branches of the family—the Essex Wilberforces and the Cumberland Wilberforces. I believe there is also a cadet branch in Shropshire."

"And one in East Dulwich," I said.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing."

I hung up. Then back to the old flat, feeling a trifle sandbagged.

"Well, Jeeves," I said, and there was censure in the eyes. "So I gather everything is nicely settled?"

"Yes, sir. His lordship formally announced the engagement between the sweets and cheese courses, sir."

"He did, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

I eyed the man sternly.

"You do not appear to be aware of it, Jeeves," I said, in a cold, level voice, "but this binge has depreciated your stock very considerably. I have always been accustomed to look upon you as a counselor without equal. I have, so to speak, hung upon your lips. And now see what you have done. All this is the direct consequence of your scheme, based on the psychology of the individual. I should have thought, Jeeves, that, knowing the woman—meeting her socially, as you might say, over the afternoon cup of tea—you might have ascertained that she was Uncle George's barmaid."

"I did, sir."

"What!"

"I was aware of the fact, sir."

"Then you must have known what would happen if she met him."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm dashed!"

"If I might explain, sir. The young man Smethurst, who is greatly attached to the young person, is an intimate friend of mine. He applied to me some little while back in the hope that I might be able to do something to insure that the young person followed the dictates of her heart and refrained from permitting herself to be lured by gold and the glamour of his lordship's position. There will now be no obstacle to their union."

"I see. Little acts of unremembered kindness, what?"

"Precisely, sir."

"And how about Uncle George? You've landed him pretty nicely in the cart."

"No, sir, if I may take the liberty of opposing your view. I fancy that Mrs. Wilberforce should make an ideal mate for his lordship. If there was a defect in his lordship's mode of life, it was that he was unduly attached to the pleasures of the table."

"Ate like a pig, you mean?"

"I should not have ventured to put it in quite that way, sir, but the expression does meet the facts of the case. He was also inclined to drink rather more than his medical adviser would have approved of. Elderly bachelors who are wealthy and without occupation tend somewhat frequently to fall into this error, sir.

"The future Lady Yaxley will check this. Indeed, I overheard her ladyship saying as much as I brought in the fish. She was commenting on a certain puffiness of the face which had been absent in his lordship's appearance in the earlier days of their acquaintanceship, and she observed that his lordship needed looking after. I fancy, sir, that you will find the union will turn out an extremely satisfactory one."

It was—what's the word I want?—it was plausible, of course, but still I shook the onion.

"But Jeeves! She *is*, as you remarked not long ago, definitely of the people."

He looked at me in a reproachful way. "Sturdy lower-middle-class stock, sir. Besides, sir, remember what the poet Tennyson said. Kind hearts are more than coronets."

"And which of us is going to tell Aunt Agatha that?"

"If I might make the suggestion, sir, I would advise that we omit communicating with Mrs. Gregson. I have your suitcase practically packed. It would be a matter of but a few minutes to bring the car round from the garage——"

"And off over the horizon to where men are men?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Jeeves," I said, "I'm not sure that even now I can altogether see eye to eye with you regarding your recent activities. You think you have scattered light and sweetness on every side. I am not so sure. However, with this latest suggestion you have rung the bell. I find no flaw in it. It is the goods. I'll get the car at once."

"Very good, sir."

"Remember what the poet Shakespeare said, Jeeves?"

"What was that, sir?"

"'Exit hurriedly, pursued by a bear.' You'll find it in one of his plays. I remember drawing a picture of it on the side of the page, when I was at school."

Dangerous Game *by Aldous Huxley*

(*Continued from page 52*)

being of legendary wealth, eccentricity, independence. *"Inglese,"* he specified. *"Giovane,"* and *"bella, bellissima."*

Acquaintance had ripened quickly into friendship. This was the fourth or fifth time in a fortnight that he had come to the house.

"A few poor flowers," said the young man in a tone of soft apology; and he brought forward his left hand, which he had been hiding behind his back. "White roses for the white rose."

Moira laughed. The compliment was ridiculous, but it pleased her.

Paying compliments was not the only thing Tonino could do. He knew how to be useful. When, a few days later, Moira decided to have the dingy hall and dining room re-distempered, he was invaluable. It was he who haggled with the decorator, he who interpreted Moira's notions about colors to the workmen, he who superintended their activities.

It was such a comfort, she reflected, having a man about the place to help her. She wasn't used to it. John always had something more important to do.

Little by little Moira came to rely on him for everything. He made himself universally useful. The fuses blew out; it was Tonino who replaced them. The hornets nested in the drawing-room chimney; heroically, Tonino smoked them out with sulphur.

Next day the sky was no longer blue, but opaquely white. There was no sunshine, only a diffused glare.

The landscape lay utterly lifeless under the dead and fishy stare of heaven. It was very hot, there was no wind, the air was hardly breathable. Moira woke up with a headache and her nerves seemed to have an uneasy life of their own, apart from hers. Like caged birds they were, fluttering and starting and twittering at every alarm; and her aching, tired body was their aviary.

Quite against her own wish and intention she found herself in a temper with the maid and saying the unkindest things. She had to give her a pair of stockings to make up for it.

Even in the best of health, Moira had always been painfully conscious of the approach of thunder. Her jangled nerves were more than ordinarily sensitive. The tears and furies and despairs of this horrible day had a purely meteorological cause. But they were none the less violent and agonizing for that.

The hours passed dismally. Thickened by huge black clouds, the twilight came on in a sultry and expectant silence, and it was prematurely night. With a kind of sinking apprehension—for she was terrified of storms—Moira sat at her window, watching the black hills leap out against the silver and die again, leap out and die. The flashes brightened; and then all at once the storm burst.

At the savage violence of that icy downpour, Moira shrank back and shut the window. A streak of white fire zigzagged fearfully just behind the cypresses. The immediate thunder was like the splitting and fall of a solid vault. Moira rushed away from the window and threw herself on the bed. She covered her face with her hands.

And then suddenly a terrible thing happened: the light went out. Through her closed eyelids she saw no longer the red of translucent blood, but utter blackness. Uncovering her face, she opened her eyes and anxiously looked round—on blackness again. She fumbled for the switch by her bed, found and turned it; the darkness remained impenetrable.

"Assunta!" she called. Her voice was drowned in a crash that seemed to have exploded in the very roof. "Assunta, Assunta!" In a panic she stumbled across the grave-dark room to the door. The thunder exploded again. With a crash and a tinkle of broken glass, one of the windows in her room burst open. A blast of cold wind lifted her hair. A flight of papers rose from her writing table and whirled with crackling wings through the darkness.

One touched her cheek like a living thing and was gone. She screamed aloud. The door slammed behind her. She ran down the stairs in terror. In the hall she met Assunta and the cook coming towards her, lighting matches as they came.

"Assunta, the lights!"

Only the thunder answered. When the noise subsided Assunta explained that the fuses had all blown out and that there wasn't a candle in the house and only one more box of matches.

"But then we shall be left in the dark," said Moira hysterically.

Through the three blackly reflecting windows of the hall three separate pictures of the streaming garden revealed themselves and vanished. The old Venetian mirrors on the walls blinked into life, like dead eyes briefly opened.

"In the dark," she repeated with an almost mad insistence.

"Aie!" cried Assunta, and dropped the match that had begun to burn her fingers. The thunder fell on them out of a darkness made denser and more hopeless by the loss of light.

When the telephone bell rang, Tonino was sitting in the managerial room of his hotel, playing cards with the proprietor's two sons and another friend.

"Someone to speak to you, Signor Tonino," said the underporter, looking in. "A lady." He grinned significantly.

Tonino put on a dignified air and left the room. When he returned, he held his hat in one hand and was buttoning up his raincoat with the other.

"Sorry," he said. "I've got to go out."

"Go out?" exclaimed the others incredulously. Beyond the shuttered windows the storm roared. "But where?" they asked. "Why? Are you mad?"

Tonino shrugged his shoulders, as though it were nothing to go out into a tornado, as though he were used to it. The *signora forestiera,* he explained, hating them for their inquisitiveness; the Tarwin—she had asked him to go up to Bellosguardo at once. The fuses—not a candle in the house—utterly in the dark—very agitated—nerves . . .

"But on a night like this! But you're not the electrician." The two sons of the proprietor spoke in chorus. They felt, indignantly, that Tonino was letting himself be exploited.

But the third young man leaned back in his chair and laughed. *"Vai, caro, vai,"* he said and then, shaking his finger at Tonino, knowingly, *"Ma fatti pagare per il tuo lavoro,"* he added. "Get yourself paid for your trouble." Berto was notoriously the lady-killer, the tried specialist in amorous strategy, the acknowledged expert. "Take the opportunity."

The others joined in his rather unpleasant laughter. Tonino also grinned and nodded.

"Tonino!" She held out both her hands to him; she never had felt so glad to see anyone.

The sky went momentarily whitish-mauve behind him, as he stood there in the open doorway. The skirts of his raincoat fluttered in the wind; a wet gust blew past him. The sky went black again. He slammed the door behind him. They were in utter darkness.

"Tonino, it was too sweet of you to have come. Really too——"

The thunder that interrupted her was like the end of the world. Moira shuddered, and suddenly she was pressing her face against his waistcoat and crying, and Tonino was stroking her hair.

The next flash showed him the position of the sofa. In the ensuing darkness he carried her across the room, sat down and began to kiss her tear-wet face. She lay quite still in his arms, relaxed, like a frightened child that has at last found comfort. Tonino held her, kissing her softly, again and again.

"Ti amo," he whispered. And it was true. Holding her, touching her in the dark, he did love her. *"Ti amo."* How profoundly! *"Ti voglio un bene immenso,"* he went on, with a passion born suddenly of darkness and soft blind contact.

"Fatti pagare, fatti pagare." The memory of Berto's words transformed him suddenly from a lover into an amorous sportsman with a reputation to keep up and records to break. *"Fatti pagare."* He risked a more intimate caress. But Moira winced at the touch, and he desisted, ashamed of himself.

"Ebbene," asked Berto when, an hour later, he returned, "did you mend the fuses?"

"Yes, I mended the fuses."

"And did you get yourself paid?"

Tonino smiled an amorous sportsman's smile. "A little on account," he answered and at once disliked himself for having spoken the words. Why did he go out of his way to spoil something which had been so beautiful?

The sky was blue next morning, the sunlight glittered on the shiny leaves of the magnolia tree, the air was demurely windless. Moira looked out and wondered incredulously if such things as storms were possible. But the plants were broken and prostrate in their beds; the paths were strewn with scattered leaves and petals. In spite of the soft air and the sunlight, last night's horrors had been more than a bad dream.

Moira sighed and began to brush her hair. Set in its leather frame, John Tarwin's profile confronted her, brightly focused on imaginary tumors. Her eyes fixed on it, Moira went on mechanically brushing her hair. Then, suddenly, she got up, took the leather frame and, walking across the room, threw it up, out of sight, to the top of the high wardrobe.

There! She returned to her seat and, filled with a kind of frightened elation, went on with her interrupted brushing.

The days passed, hot and golden. Summer approached. The nightingales sang unseen in the cool of the evening.

"Usignuolo," Moira whispered softly to herself, as she listened to the singing. *"Usignuolo."* Even the nightingales were subtly better in Italian. The sun had set. They were sitting in the little summerhouse at the end of the garden, looking out over the darkening landscape. "I'm so happy," Moira said; Tonino took her hand. "Ridiculously happy."

"So am I," Tonino said. And he was not merely being polite. In his own way

he was genuinely happy with her. People envied him sitting in that magnificent yellow car at her side. She was so pretty and elegant, so foreign too; he was proud to be seen about with her. And then the cigaret case, the gold-mounted, agate-handled cane she had given him for his birthday . . . Besides, he was very fond of her; really, in an obscure way, in love with her.

The days passed and the weeks. Moira would have liked life to flow on like this forever, a gay bright stream with occasional reaches of calm sentimentality but never dangerously deep or turbulent, without fall or whirl or rapid. She wanted her existence to remain forever what it was at this moment—a kind of game with a pleasant and emotionally exciting companion, a playing at living and loving. If only this happy playtime could last forever!

It was John Tarwin who decreed that it should not.

ATTENDING CYTOLOGICAL CONGRESS ROME WILL STOP FEW DAYS ON WAY ARRIVING THURSDAY LOVE JOHN

That was the text of the telegram Moira found awaiting her on her return to the villa one evening. She read it and felt suddenly depressed and apprehensive. He would spoil everything.

"Why does he want to come?" Miserably and resentfully, she wondered. "And what's going to happen, what's going to happen?" She felt almost sick with the questioning apprehension.

John's face, when he saw her standing there at the station, lighted up instantaneously with all its hundred-candle-power tenderness and charm.

"My darling!" His voice was furry and tremulous. He leaned towards her; stiffening, Moira suffered herself to be kissed.

The prospect of a meal alone with John had appalled her; she had asked Tonino to dinner. Besides, she wanted John to meet him. To have kept Tonino's existence a secret from John would have been to admit that there was something wrong in her relations with him. And there wasn't. She wanted John to meet him naturally, as a matter of course. Whether he'd like Tonino when he'd met him was another question. Moira had her doubts.

They were justified by the event. John had begun by protesting, when he heard that she had invited a guest. Their first evening—how could she? She had to listen to outpourings of sentiment.

But finally, when dinner time arrived, he switched off the pathos and became once more the research student. Brightly inquiring, blankly intelligent, John cross-questioned his guest about all the important things that were happening in Italy. What was the real political situation? How did the new educational system work? What did people think of the reformed penal code?

On all these matters Tonino was, of course, far less well-informed than his interrogator. The Italy he knew was the Italy of his friends and his family, of shops and cafés and girls and the daily fight for money. All that historical, impersonal Italy of which John read in the high-class reviews was unknown to him. His answers to John's questions were childishly silly. Moira sat listening, dumb with misery.

"What *do* you find in that fellow?" her husband asked, when Tonino had taken his leave. "He struck me as particularly uninteresting."

Moira did not answer. There was a silence. John suddenly switched on his protectively, yearningly marital smile.

"Time to go to bed, my sweetheart," he said. Moira looked up at him and saw in his eyes that expression she knew so well and dreaded. "My sweetheart," he repeated. He put his arms round her and bent to kiss her face. Moira shuddered—but helplessly, not knowing how to escape. He led her away.

When John had left her, she lay awake far into the night, remembering his ardors and his sentimentalities with horror until sleep came at last to deliver her.

Being an archæologist, old Signor Bargioni was decidedly "interesting."

"But he bores me to death," said Moira when, next day, her husband suggested that they should go to see him. "That voice! And that beard! And his wife!"

So John had to pay his call without her. He spent a most improving hour, chatting about Romanesque architecture and the Lombard kings. But just before he left, the conversation took another turn; casually, as though by chance, Tonino's name was mentioned.

It was the Signora who had insisted that it should be mentioned. Ignorance, her husband protested, is bliss. But Signora Bargioni loved scandal and, being middle-aged, ugly, envious and malicious, was full of righteous indignation against the young wife and hypocritical sympathy for the possibly injured husband. Poor Tarwin, she insisted—he ought to be warned. And so, tactfully, the old man dropped his hints.

Walking back to Bellosguardo, John was uneasily pensive. It was not that he imagined that Moira had been, or was likely to prove, unfaithful. Such things really didn't happen to oneself. Moira obviously liked the uninteresting young man; but after all, and in spite of her childishness, Moira was a civilized human being. She had been too well brought up to do anything stupid.

Besides, he reflected, remembering the previous evening, remembering all the years of their marriage, she had no temperament; she was utterly without sensuality. Her native childishness would reinforce her principles. Infants may be relied on to be pure; but not (and this troubled John) worldly-wise.

Moira wouldn't allow herself to be made love to; but she might easily let herself be swindled. Old Bargioni had been discreet and noncommittal; but it was obvious that he regarded this fellow as an adventurer, out for what he could get. John frowned as he walked.

He came home to find Moira and Tonino superintending the fitting of the new cretonne covers for the drawing-room chairs.

"It's a pretty stuff, don't you think?" said Moira. He only grunted.

"Very modern, too," added Tonino. "The shops are very modern here."

"Indeed?" said John sarcastically.

Moira frowned. "You've no idea how helpful Tonino has been," she said.

Effusively Tonino began to deny that she had any obligation towards him. John Tarwin interrupted him.

"Oh, I've no doubt he was helpful," he said in the same sarcastic tone and with a little smile of contempt.

There was an uncomfortable silence. Then Tonino took his leave. The moment he was gone, Moira turned on her husband. Her face was pale, her lips trembled.

"How dare you speak to one of my friends like that?" she asked in a voice unsteady with anger.

John flared up. "Because I wanted to get rid of the fellow," he answered; and the mask was off, his face was nakedly furious. "It's disgusting to see a man like that hanging around the house. An adventurer. Exploiting your silliness. Sponging on you."

"Tonino doesn't sponge on me. And anyhow, what do you know about it?"

He shrugged. "One hears things."

"Oh, it's those old beasts, is it?" She hated the Bargionis, *hated* them. "Instead of being grateful to Tonino for helping me! Which is more than you've ever done, John. You, with your beastly tumors." The contempt in her voice was blasting. "Just leaving me to sink or swim. And when somebody is just humanly decent to me, you insult him. And you fly into a rage of jealousy because I'm normally grateful to him."

John had had time to readjust his mask. "I don't fly into any sort of rage," he said, bottling his anger and speaking slowly and coldly. "I just don't want you to be preyed upon by handsome, black-haired young gigolos from the slums of Naples."

"John!"

"Even if the preying *is* done platonically," he went on. "Which I'm sure it is. But I don't want to have even a platonic gigolo about." He spoke coldly. "How much has he got out of you so far?"

Moira did not answer, but turned and hurried from the room.

Tonino had just got to the bottom of the hill, when a loud insistent hooting made him turn round. A big yellow car was close at his heels.

"Moira!" he called, in astonishment. The car came to a halt beside him.

"Get in," she commanded almost fiercely. He did as he was told.

"But where did you think of going?" he asked.

"I don't know. Anywhere. Let's take the Bologna road into the mountains."

"But you've got no hat," he objected, "no coat."

She only laughed and, throwing the car into gear, drove off at full speed.

John spent his evening in solitude. He began by reproaching himself. "I oughtn't to have spoken so brutally," he thought, after Moira's precipitate departure. What tender, charming things he would say, when she came back, to make up for his hard words!

But as the hours passed, his heart grew harder. Midnight struck. His anger began to be tempered by a certain apprehension. Could anything have happened to her? He was anxious. But all the same he went to bed, on principle, firmly.

Twenty minutes later he heard Moira's step on the stairs and then the closing of her door. She was back; nothing had happened; perversely, he felt all the more exasperated with her for being safe. Would she come and say good night? He waited.

Absently, meanwhile, mechanically, Moira had undressed. She was thinking of all that had happened in the eternity since she had left the house. That marvelous sunset in the mountains! Every westward slope was rosily gilded. They had stood in silence, gazing.

"Kiss me, Tonino," she had suddenly whispered, and the touch of his lips had sent a kind of delicious apprehension fluttering under her skin. She pressed herself against him.

She could feel the throb of his heart against her cheek, like something separately alive. Beat, beat, beat—and the throbbing life was not the life of the

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Tonino she knew, the Tonino who laughed and paid compliments and brought flowers; it was the life of some mysterious and separate power.

She shuddered a little. Mysterious and terrifying. But the terror was somehow attractive, like a dark precipice that allures. "Kiss me, Tonino, kiss me." The light faded; the hills died away into featureless flat shapes against the sky. "I'm cold," she said at last, shivering. "Let's go."

They dined at a little inn, high up between the two passes. When they drove away, it was night. He put his arm around her and kissed her neck, at the nape.

"You'll make me drive into the ditch," she laughed. But there was no laughter for Tonino.

"Moira, Moira," he repeated; and there was something like agony in his voice. Finally, at his entreaty, she stopped the car. They got out. Under the chestnut trees, what utter darkness!

MOIRA slipped off her last garment and, naked before the mirror, looked at her image. It seemed the same as ever, her pale body; but in reality it was different, it was new, it had only just been born.

John still waited, but his wife did not come. "All right, then," he said to himself, with a spiteful little anger that disguised itself as a godlike and impersonal serenity of justice; "let her sulk if she wants to. She only punishes herself." He turned out the light and composed himself to sleep. Next morning he left for Rome and the Cytological Congress without saying good-by; that would teach her.

But "Thank goodness!" was Moira's first reflection when she heard that he had gone. And then, suddenly, she felt rather sorry for him. Poor John! Like a dead frog, galvanized; twitching, but never alive. He was pathetic, really.

She was so rich in happiness that she could afford to be sorry for him. And in a way she was even grateful to him. If he hadn't behaved so unforgivably, nothing would have happened between Tonino and herself. Poor John! But all the same he was hopeless.

Day followed bright serene day. But Moira's life no longer flowed like the clear and shallow stream it had been before John's coming. It was turbulent now; there were depths and darknesses. And love was no longer a game with a pleasant companion; it was violent, all-absorbing, even rather terrible. Tonino became for her a kind of obsession. She was haunted by him—by his face, by his hands and limbs and body. She wanted to be with him, to touch him.

Absent, he was still unescapably with her, like a guilty conscience. Her solitudes were endless meditations on the theme of him. Sometimes the longing for his tangible presence was too achingly painful to be borne. Disobeying all his injunctions, she would telephone for him to come to her, she would drive off in search of him.

Once, about midnight, Tonino was called down from his room at the hotel by a message that a lady wanted to speak to him. He found her sitting in the car.

"But I couldn't help it, I simply couldn't help it!" she cried to excuse herself and mollify his anger.

Tonino refused to be propitiated. Coming like this in the middle of the night! It was madness, it was scandalous! She sat there, listening, pale and with trembling lips and the tears in her eyes. He was silent at last.

"But if you knew, Tonino," she whispered, "if you only knew . . ." She took his hand and kissed it, humbly.

Berto, when he heard the good news (for Tonino proudly told him at once), was curious to know whether the *signora forestiera* was as cold as northern ladies were proverbially supposed to be.

"*Ma che!*" Tonino protested vigorously. On the contrary. For a long time the two young sportsmen discussed the question of amorous temperatures, discussed it technically, professionally.

Tonino's raptures were not so extravagant as Moira's. So far as he was concerned, this sort of thing had happened before. She was no longer the desired and unobtainable, but the possessed, the known. By her surrender she had lowered herself to the level of all the other women he had ever made love to; she was just another item in the sportsman's grand total.

His attitude towards her underwent a change. Familiarity began to blunt his courtesy; his manner became offhandedly marital. He permitted her to run her own errands and even his.

Moira was happy to be his servant. Her love for him was, in one at least of its aspects, almost abject. She was doglike in her devotion. Tonino found her adoration agreeable so long as it expressed itself in fetching and carrying, in falling in with his suggestions and in making him presents.

"But you mustn't, my darling, you shouldn't!" he protested each time she gave him something. Nevertheless, he accepted a pearl tie pin, a pair of diamond and enamel links, a half-hunter on a gold and platinum chain.

But Moira's devotion expressed itself also in other ways. Love demands as much as it gives. She wanted so much—his heart, his physical presence, his caresses, his confidences, his time, his fidelity. She was tyrannous in her adoring abjection.

Tonino was bored and irritated by her excessive love. The omniscient Berto, to whom he carried his troubles, advised him to take a strong line. Women, he pronounced, must be kept in their places firmly. They love one all the better if they are a little maltreated.

Tonino followed his advice and, pretexting work and social engagements, reduced the number of his visits. What a relief to be free of her importunity! Disquieted, Moira presented him with an amber cigar holder. He protested, accepted it, but gave her no more of his company in return. A set of diamond studs produced no better effect. He talked vaguely and magniloquently about his career and the necessity for unremitting labor; that was his excuse for not coming oftener to see her.

It was on the tip of her tongue, one afternoon, to say that *she* would be his career, would give him anything he wanted, if only . . . But the memory of John's hateful words made her check herself. She was terrified lest he make no difficulties about accepting her offer.

"Stay with me this evening," she begged, throwing her arms round his neck. He suffered himself to be kissed.

"I wish I could stay," he said hypocritically. "But I have some important business this evening." The important business was playing billiards with Berto.

Moira looked at him for a moment in silence; then turned away. She had seen in his eyes a weariness that was almost a horror.

Summer drew on; but in Moira's soul there was no inward brightness to match the sunshine. For no sufficient cause and against her will, she would find herself uncontrollably in a fury, or crying, or laughing. When Tonino came to see her, she was almost always, in spite of all her resolutions, bitterly angry or hysterically tearful.

"But why do I behave like this?" she would ask herself despairingly. "Why do I say such things? I'm making him hate me." But the next time he came, she would act in the same way. It was as though she were possessed by a devil.

And it was not her mind only that was sick. When she ran too quickly upstairs, her heart seemed to stop beating for a moment and there was a whirling darkness before her eyes. Looking into the glass, she found herself hideous, old, repulsive.

"No wonder he hates me," she thought, and she would brood, brood for hours over the idea that she had become physically disgusting to him. The idea became an obsession, indescribably painful and humiliating.

One evening Tonino's old friend Carlo Menardi introduced him to his sister. After that he bore his martyrdom with even less patience than before. Luisa Menardi was only seventeen, fresh, healthy, provocatively pretty, with rolling black eyes that said all sorts of things and an impertinent tongue. Tonino's business appointments became more numerous than ever. Moira was left to brood in solitude on the dreadful theme of her own repulsiveness.

Then, quite suddenly, Tonino's manner towards her underwent another change. He became once more assiduously tender, thoughtful, affectionate. He was patient with her, was lovingly and cheerfully gentle.

Gradually, by a kind of spiritual infection, she too became loving and gentle. Almost reluctantly—for the devil in her was the enemy of life and happiness—she came up again into the light.

"My dear son," Vasari Senior had written in an eloquent and disquieting letter, "I am not one to complain feebly of Destiny; my whole life has been one long act of Faith and unshatterable Will. But there are blows under which even the strongest man must stagger—blows which . . ." The letter rambled on for pages in the same style.

The hard unpleasant fact that emerged from under the eloquence was that Tonino's father had been speculating on the Naples stock exchange, speculating unsuccessfully. On the first of the next month he would be required to pay out some fifty thousand francs more than he could lay his hands on. The Grand Hotel Ritz-Carlton was doomed; he might even have to sell the restaurant. Was there anything Tonino could do?

"IS IT possible?" said Moira, with a sigh of happiness. "It seems too good to be true." She leaned against him; Tonino kissed her eyes and spoke caressing words. There was no moon; the dark blue sky was thickly constellated; and, like another starry universe gone deliriously mad, the fireflies darted, alternately eclipsed and shining, among the olive trees.

"Darling," he said aloud, and wondered if this would be a propitious moment to speak. "*Piccina mia.*" In the end he decided to postpone matters. In another day or two, he calculated, she wouldn't be able to refuse him anything.

Tonino's calculations were correct. She let him have the money, not only without hesitation, but eagerly, joyfully. The reluctance was all on his side, in the receiving. He was almost in tears as he took the check, and the tears were tears of genuine emotion.

On DEVIL'S ISLAND where Vultures wait

Condemned! Life, liberty—everything staked on escape . . . just as the success of a great movie was staked on the dependability of a camera, made by the makers of

FILMO

Condemned to worse than death on Devil's Island . . . innocent . . . a desperate break for freedom and love, with one chance in thousands for escape . . . while vultures circled closer, awaiting failure . . .

But the producers brooked no failure in taking this intense Samuel Goldwyn picture, "*Condemned*". Bell & Howell Cameras were depended upon.

For your personal movies, you need choose no less a camera than did the producers of this tale of the French prison isle. For *Filmo* is made by Bell & Howell who manufacture professional cameras for most of the major film producers of the world. *Filmo* is built with the same precision, the same dependability as these studio cameras.

(*Above*) Filmo 57 *Projector in operation. Accurate, silent movement. Powerful direct illumination. Fully automatic. $190 and up with carrying case.*

Filmo 70-D. *Master of all personal movie cameras. Seven speeds, three-lens turret, variable viewfinder. Compact and finely built. $245 and up with Sesame locked Mayfair carrying case.*

Priceless are the movies you take of your children, your family, your sports and your travels. Choose *Filmo* then, and be certain that the movies you take and show are theater-clear. Be sure that in days to come they bring back old times, old places, or the children as they truly were.

Easier than taking snap shots is the trouble-proof operation of *Filmo*, whose smooth, accurate action requires only a peek through the viewfinder and a press of the button; then, "What you see, you get".

Ask your camera dealer for a demonstration or write today for literature.

All Filmos Take 50 or 100-foot Films

For black and white pictures, Filmo Cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers' handling cameras and supplies. *Filmo* Cameras and *Filmo* Projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing, and return postpaid, within the country where processed.

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BLACK
Cough Drops

A cough drop with an agreeable flavor

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Makers of
BEECH-NUT
LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

"You're an angel," he said, and his voice trembled. "You've saved us all."

Moira cried outright as she kissed him. How could John have said those things? She cried and was happy. A pair of silver-backed hairbrushes accompanied the check—just to show that the money had made no difference to their relationship.

Tonino recognized the delicacy of her intention and was touched. "You're too good to me," he insisted—"too good." He felt rather ashamed.

"Let's go for a long drive tomorrow," she suggested.

Tonino had arranged to go with Luisa and her brother to Prato. But so strong was his emotion that he was on the point of accepting Moira's invitation and sacrificing Luisa.

"All right," he began, and then suddenly thought better of it. After all, he could go out with Moira any day. It was seldom that he had a chance of jaunting with Luisa. He struck his forehead; he made a despairing face. "But what am I thinking of!" he cried. "Tomorrow we're expecting the manager of the hotel company from Milan."

"But must you be there to see him?"

"Alas."

It was too sad. Just how sad Moira only fully realized the next day. She had never felt so lonely, never longed so ardently for his presence and affection. Unsatisfied, her longings were an unbearable restlessness.

Hoping to escape from her loneliness, she took out the car and drove away at random, not knowing whither. An hour later she found herself at Pistoja, and Pistoja was as hateful as every other place; she headed the car homewards.

At Prato there was a fair. The road was crowded; the air was rich with a haze of dust and the noise of brazen music. In a field near the entrance to the town, the merry-go-round revolved with a glitter in the sunlight. A plunging horse held up the traffic.

Moira stopped the car and looked about her at the crowd, at the swings, at the whirling roundabouts, looked with a cold hostility and distaste. Hateful! And suddenly there was Tonino sitting on a swan in the nearest merry-go-round, with a girl in pink muslin sitting in front of him between the white wings and the arching neck. Rising and falling as it went, the swan turned away out of sight. The music played on. "But poor poppa, poor poppa, he's got nothin' at all." The swan reappeared. The girl in pink was young and pretty.

Tonino's lips moved; behind the wall of noise what was he saying? All that Moira knew was that the girl laughed. Tonino took hold of her bare brown arm. Like an undulating planet, the swan once more wheeled out of sight.

Meanwhile, the traffic had begun to move forward. Behind her a horn hooted insistently. But Moira did not stir. Hoot, hoot, hoot! She paid no attention. Rising and falling, the swan emerged once more from eclipse. This time Tonino saw her. Their eyes met; the laughter suddenly went out of his face.

"Porcamadonna!" shouted the infuriated motorist behind her. "Can't you move on?" Moira threw the car into gear and shot forward.

The check was in the post; there was still time, Tonino reflected, to stop the payment of it.

"You're very silent," said Luisa teasingly, as they drove back towards Florence. Her brother was sitting in front; he had no eyes at the back of his head. But Tonino sat beside her like a dummy. "Why are you so silent?"

He looked at her, and his face was grave and stonily unresponsive to her bright and dimpling provocations. He sighed; then, making an effort, he smiled, rather wanly. Her hand was lying on her knee, palm upward, with a pathetic look of being unemployed. Dutifully doing what was expected of him, Tonino reached out and took it.

At half past six he was leaning his borrowed motorcycle against the wall of Moira's villa. Feeling like a man who is about to undergo a dangerous operation, he rang the bell.

Moira was lying on her bed, had lain there ever since she came in; she was still wearing her dust coat, she had not even taken off her shoes. Affecting an easy cheerfulness, Tonino entered.

"Lying down?" he said in a tone of surprised solicitude. "You haven't got a headache, have you?" His words fell, trivial and ridiculous, into abysses of significant silence.

With a sinking of the heart, he sat down on the edge of the bed, he laid a hand on her knee. Moira did not stir, but lay with averted face, unmoving.

"What is it, my darling?" He patted her soothingly. "You're not upset because I went to Prato, are you?" he went on. Still she said nothing. This silence was almost worse than the outcry he had anticipated.

Desperately, knowing it was no good, he went on to talk about his old friend, Carlo Menardi, who had come round in his car to call for him; and as the director of the hotel company had left immediately after luncheon—most unexpectedly—and as he'd thought Moira was certain to be out, he had finally yielded and gone along with Carlo and his party. Of course, if he'd realized that Moira hadn't gone out, he'd have asked her to join them.

His voice was sweet, ingratiating, apologetic. "A black-haired gigolo from the slums of Naples." John's words reverberated in her memory. And so Tonino had never cared for her at all, only for her money. That other woman . . . She saw again that pink dress, lighter in tone than the sleek, sunburnt skin; Tonino's hand on the bare brown arm. And meanwhile he was talking on and on, ingratiatingly; his very voice was a lie.

"Go away," she said at last.

"But my darling——" Bending over her, he tried to kiss her averted cheek. She turned and struck him in the face.

"You little devil!" he cried, made furious by the pain of the blow. He pulled out his handkerchief and held it to his bleeding lip. "Very well, then." His voice trembled with anger. "If you want me to go, I'll go. With pleasure." He walked heavily away. The door slammed behind him.

But perhaps, thought Moira, as she listened to the sound of his footsteps receding on the stairs, perhaps it hadn't really been as bad as it looked; perhaps she had misjudged him. She sat up; on the yellow counterpane was a little circular red stain—a drop of his blood. And it was she who had struck him.

"Tonino!" she called; but the house was silent. "Tonino!" Still calling, she hurried downstairs, out on the porch. She was just in time to see him riding off through the gate on his motorcycle.

"Tonino, Tonino!" But either he didn't, or else he wouldn't, hear her. The motorcycle disappeared from view. And because he had gone, because he was angry, because of his bleeding lip, Moira was suddenly convinced that she had been accusing him falsely, that the wrong was all on her side.

In a state of painful, uncontrollable agitation she ran to the garage. It was

essential that she should catch him, beg his pardon, implore him to come back. She started the car and drove out.

"One of these days," John had warned her, "you'll go over the bank if you're not careful. It's a horrible turning."

Coming out of the garage door, she pulled the wheel hard over as usual. But too impatient to be with Tonino, she pressed the accelerator at the same time. John's prophecy was fulfilled. The car came too close to the edge of the bank; the dry earth crumbled and slid under its outer wheels. It tilted horribly, tottered, and went over.

But for the ilex tree, it would have gone crashing down the slope. As it was, the machine fell only a foot or so and came to rest, with its flank against the bole of the tree. Shaken, but quite unhurt, Moira climbed over the edge of the car and dropped to the ground.

"Assunta! Giovanni!" The maids, the gardener came running. There was a small babel of exclamations.

"But can't you get it onto the drive again?" Moira insisted to the gardener; because it was absolutely necessary that she should see Tonino at once.

Giovanni shook his head. It would take at least four men with levers and a pair of horses.

"Telephone for a taxi, then," she ordered Assunta, and hurried into the house. If she remained any longer with those chattering people, she'd scream.

Going up to her room, she sat down before the mirror and began, methodically and with deliberation—it was her will imposing itself on her nerves—to make up her face. She rubbed a little red on her pale cheeks, painted her lips, dabbed on the powder.

"I must look presentable," she thought, and put on her smartest hat. "My purse," she said to herself. "I shall need some money for the cab." She was pleased with herself for being so coolly practical. "Yes, of course; my purse."

But where was the purse? She remembered so clearly having thrown it on the bed when she came in from her drive. It was not there. She looked under the pillow, lifted the counterpane. Or perhaps it had fallen on the floor. She looked under the bed; the purse wasn't there.

Was it possible that she hadn't put it on the bed at all? But it wasn't on her dressing table, or on the mantelpiece, or on any of the shelves, or in any of the drawers. Where, where, where? And suddenly a terrible thought occurred to her. Tonino . . . Was it possible?

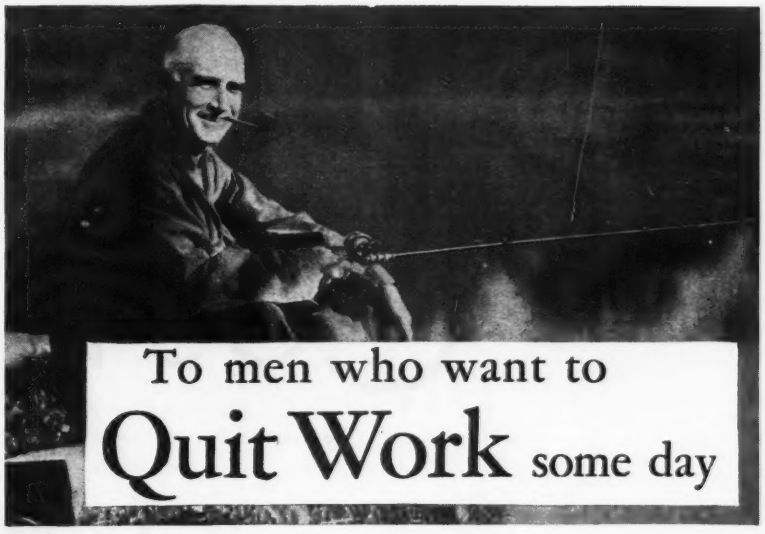
The seconds passed. The possibility became a dreadful certainty. A thief as well as—— John's words echoed in her head: "Black-haired gigolo from the slums of Naples, black-haired gigolo from the slums . . ." And a thief as well. The bag was made of gold chainwork; there was more than four thousand lire in it. A thief, a thief.

She stood quite still, strained, rigid, her eyes staring. Then something seemed to collapse within her. She cried aloud as though under intolerable pain.

The sound of the shot brought them running upstairs. They found her lying face downward across the bed, still breathing. But she was dead before the doctor could come up from the town.

On a bed standing, as hers stood, in an alcove, it was difficult to lay out the body. When they moved it out of its recess, there was the sound of a hard, rather metallic fall. Assunta bent down to see what had dropped.

"It's her purse," she said. "It must have got stuck between the bed and the wall."



To men who want to

Quit Work some day

THIS PAGE is addressed to those thousands of earnest, hard-working men who want to take things easier some day.

It tells how these men, by following a simple, definite plan, can provide for themselves in later years *a guaranteed income they cannot outlive.*

How the Plan Works

It doesn't matter whether your present income is large or merely average. It doesn't matter whether you are making fifty dollars a week or five hundred. If you follow this plan you will some day have an income upon which to retire.

The plan calls for the deposit of only a few dollars each month—the exact amount depending on your age. The minute you make your first deposit, your biggest money worries begin to disappear. Even if you should become totally and permanently disabled, you would not need to worry. Your payments would be made by us out of a special fund provided for that purpose.

And not only that. We would mail you a check every month during the entire time of your disability, even if that disability should continue for many, many years—the remainder of your natural life.

NEW RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

Here is what a dividend-paying $10,000 policy will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 65
A Monthly Income for life of $100 which assures a return of at least $10,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live.
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A Cash Settlement of $12,000.

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A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $10,000. Or $50 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months.
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A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or $100 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months.
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COSTUME!

Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

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... in a cigarette it's TASTE!

A cigarette cannot honestly masquerade as anything else. It is, or ought to be, *a good smoke* — always!

Chesterfield's better taste is the result of sticking to that one job —making a good smoke. Day after day, Chesterfield will give you added enjoyment—sparkling flavor, refreshing mildness, fragrant "character", unfailing good taste — simply because the thing you want in a cigarette is exactly what we work for:

TASTE *above everything*

MILD, yes . . . and yet **THEY SATISFY**

field

MUST BE DESERVED

"I prefer new wonderful Mello-glo Face Powder because it stays on longer and prevents large pores", says Dorothy Flood, beautiful Ziegfeld star, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"No more shiny nose with new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder", says the lovely actress, Lola de Lille, 333 E. 43rd St., N. Y. City. "It keeps ugly shine away".

©1929, M-G Co

New Wonderful Face Powder Captivates Beautiful Women

MELLO-GLO stays on longer — Will not enlarge the pores — No pasty or flaky look — Does not irritate the skin — Made by a new French process — Famous for its purity.

Beautiful women everywhere proclaim the marvelous difference in MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Its colors pass the United States Government's rigid test. It is sifted and sifted through a fine silk mesh—mixed and remixed to give perfect uniformity. The special shade blends with your complexion and reproduces the tint of youth.

Less powdering—a smoother finish—and a natural looking complexion—with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Do not let your pores grow large or your skin rough and aged. Use MELLO-GLO and look younger!

No face powder was ever made like it—only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula and this new process. There are no substitutes. Get MELLO-GLO and keep your complexion young. MELLO-GLO is a square gold box of loveliness for one dollar, at any toilet goods counter.

Fourth Offense *(Continued from page 49)*

her and she twittered like a bird. Like a bird, too, she had flown from one thing to another.

She had changed into pêche velvet pajamas; she had bounced into and out of every chair in the place; she had turned on the radio and the phonograph and had danced to both; she had thumped the piano and sung snatches from a dozen songs. She was flushed, vibrant, happy and hungry.

While Lucille, a handy woman indeed, prepared their first meal her mistress chattered.

"I think I'll hire a Chinese cook——"

"Indeed you won't," Lucille told her. "I know what you like, and you can't keep your strength on chop suey. Chinamen eat mice."

"Not mice, rice! Mother never let me have any friends but I'll have oodles of them now. Nice people who don't know anything about the theater. Nobody has ever heard my voice; they think I'm deaf and dumb, but wait! I'm going to sing and talk and laugh. I'm going to parties and meet ladies and gentlemen and have them here. That's why I got this place and made Clifton's fix it up . . .

"Smart people, who don't have to work in their evening clothes. They'll say pretty things and make love to me and use long cigaret holders. I'll throw dinner parties and use that crystal set and we'll have cocktails and wine and high balls. You must find me a bootlegger and learn to mix drinks."

"Who could do that better than a bartender's widow?" Mrs. McCabe inquired.

"I'll have to pretend to drink—touch my lips to the glass. You know. Maybe I'll learn to really drink. But—I guess not. Gee! It's good to be free and rich enough to buy everything you want. Why shouldn't I enjoy my money? I've danced for every penny of it. I'll invite artists and dramatists and big writers to dinner. I—I'll have a salon."

"If it's a saloon we're going to run, darlin', we'll need a nice bar fixture and some cuspidors." Lucille laughed heartily at her own joke.

The reviewers always wrote about Odette Newman's smile, the tender, joyous, wistful smile that curled her lips when she was dancing. They praised the dancing itself, of course, and her beauty, ever fresh and haunting, but that smile had made a million friends, a thousand lovers.

Packed houses watched her nightly and she took bow after bow. Women exclaimed, "Isn't she adorable?" "You want to hug her." Men pounded their palms to pulp and murmured, "What joy and grace and winsomeness!" "She's a peach!" "I'd like to meet that kid."

Beauty, glamour, innocence, the breath of spring—in their minds she stood for all of these, and while her disconsolate admirers went to bed sighing, she ate her bread and milk and cried herself to sleep. The loneliest creature in New York.

Mr. Ollie Drake was one of those thousand lovers. Three times this week he had paid his six-sixty to see the show and nineteen dollars and eighty cents ran into a lot of money with Mr. Drake at the moment. So keen was the thrill she awoke in him that he loitered in the lobby after the performance to gaze at her pictures.

As usual, he was tempted to join the crowd at the stage entrance and get a look at her in the everyday flesh but he resisted it. Mr. Drake was something of an idealist and he clung to the few illusions he had left.

He knew a good deal about Miss Newman, for he read the newspapers. He knew, for instance, that she was single, had wavy brown hair, loved animals, wore Feinberg's short-vamp shoes and had lost her mother and her tonsils. But he had no desire to part the veil that shrouded her private life.

That life, he assumed, was similar to the life led by other famous stage beauties, and he knew it would give him no lasting pleasure to see her claimed by some top-hatted gallant and borne away to a fashionable night club or some similar rendezvous. She probably wore an eight-thousand-dollar ermine wrap and an armful of orchids. Some banker's son with pleats in his pants would help her into his limousine—— The big sap! And she'd gaze up at him with that famous look of eager, wistful insecurity in her dark eyes.

Gee! It was a crime the way these sex-appealers put the bee on young millionaires. And how those collar ads fell for that stuff . . . A fine racket, leading nice girls astray! What those Junior he-Leaguers needed was a good belt on the button . . . All the breaks. Just because they had money.

With a scowl on his face Mr. Drake strolled down the street.

As he stood on the corner waiting for the light to change a girl passed him. She was walking swiftly, and profiting by a momentary break in the line of vehicles, she sped out into the street.

What happened thereafter came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that memory of the precise sequence of events remained blurred. There was a shout, a blare of horns and a car swerved crazily, tossing the girl aside with a glancing blow from a polished fender. A phalanx of Juggernauts with glaring, lidless eyes bore down upon her; brakes squealed; there was a crash as taxis collided.

Drake leaped forward; he snatched the girl to her feet and held her in the crook of his arm. He flung out his free hand and stiff-armed himself from contact with a skidding limousine, then he arched his back inward to avoid a blow from a fender behind him.

The cataract of vehicles slowed. There were shouts, oaths, queries. Through the confusion he won his way back. An excited chauffeur whose cab stood with its front wheels on the sidewalk was gesticulating and bawling curses at him.

"Back in your crate!" Ollie barked at him. "Whadda you mean, running people down? I think I'll just take a sock at you, for luck."

"Please! It was my fault!" the girl exclaimed faintly. "D-don't fight."

"Are you hurt?"

"No. I'm all right. Don't call the police. I didn't look."

"Lucky for you," Drake told the chauffeur. "Shove off now before I wrap you around a fire plug. And I hope you run off a bridge." To the girl he said with equal heat, "What a swell chance *you've* got to grow up. Can't you tell red from green?"

"It was so sudden. I thought I——" Her voice caught; she turned away, then stumbled and uttered a faint cry.

"Hey! I thought you said you weren't hurt. Wait a minute, driver. I'll take your number."

"Let him go. It serves me right. Anyhow, it's nothing much."

Drake stooped and felt the girl's ankle. His head was still whirling; he was

having lovely hands at all times on less than 5 minutes a day

by Doris Lee Ashley **Beauty Editor** *of Pictorial Review*

4 Advantages *busy women have discovered in the new* Liquid Polish

TODAY there is no alibi left for ill-kept hands, for we are constantly getting new and better manicure preparations and they do their job so quickly and efficiently that any woman very satisfactorily can be her own manicurist.

The new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women. It takes only a few moments to apply. Its delightful lustre keeps the finger tips gleaming for days and days.

It does not peel or discolor, but serves as a splendid protection for the nails, keeping them smooth and gleaming under all conditions. And there is no fear of its making the nails brittle.

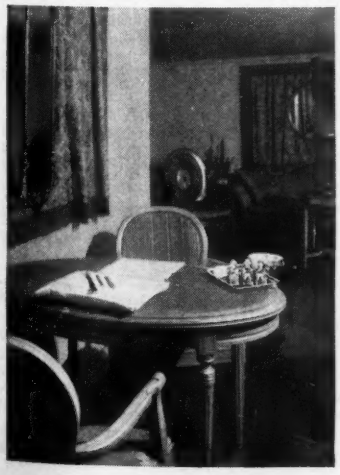
Now, with an application of this new liquid polish at the weekly manicure, the nails are exquisitely groomed throughout the entire week—with only a few minutes' care each day, just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip.

It is fun to keep doing things in this interesting world we live in—but unless you are wise your hands will suffer. Are you ashamed of yours?

■

Below—At the BEAUTY SALON in the ST. REGIS HOTEL, New York, they say:

"Our clientele like the lustre Cutex Liquid Polish gives their nails and the fact that their hands keep the well-groomed look for days! And Cutex Cuticle Remover keeps their cuticle so trim."



ETHEL BARRYMORE, the best-loved actress on the American stage, says: "To get the full effect of personality, everything must flatter us to our very finger tips.

"The hands particularly must be sparkling. I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle. I take along a Cutex Manicure Set on all my tours to keep my shining nails ready for their cue!"

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. ***Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser —to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.***

Scrub the nails with warm soapy water. Apply Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle and bring out the pale half-moons. Pass orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. ***The new Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and flatters the nails.***

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip. As a finishing touch, a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover 35¢. Polish and Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN
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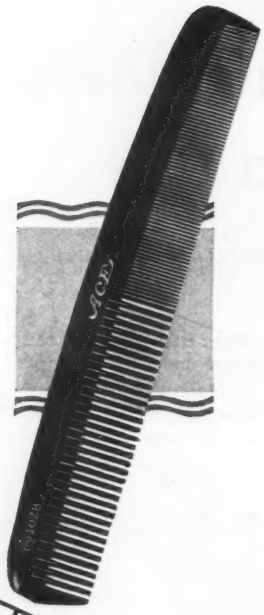

Take a good look at your COMB!

EXAMINE it critically—closely. Which of the two illustrations below does it look more like?

An inferior comb will usually show rough edges along the teeth and sharp v-shaped spaces between, because it has been merely *stamped* out of flat sheet material.

ACE Combs are *moulded* from perfectly vulcanized hard rubber and given the exceptionally high polish that effectually removes all rough edges. Therefore, they glide easily and smoothly through the hair, arranging it just exactly as you want it, with no danger of cutting, breaking, or pulling it out.

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angry, but something about the appearance of that leg or the foot in its high-heeled, short-vamp shoe caused him to raise his eyes. For the first time he got a good look at the owner's face. He rose, his dizziness increased.

"If you'll call a taxi and help me into it——?" the girl was saying.

"Of course. But don't you think I'd better get a doctor, Miss Newman?"

"It does hurt. I think there's a doctor in my apartment building. I'm sure nothing is broken." She moved her ankle, then gingerly put some weight upon her foot, holding Drake's arm meanwhile. A taxi drew in to the curb and he helped her into it. Then he introduced himself.

"My name is Oliver Drake. I was in the eighth row tonight. Won't you let me see you safely home?"

"Why, if you don't mind." A moment later she said, "Thanks ever so much for saving me. I thought I was a goner. Isn't it a dancer's luck to sprain an ankle?"

"It's the best luck *I* ever had," the man said awkwardly. She looked at him, to find that he had a pleasant, friendly face. "I've seen your show ten times, Miss Newman. I—didn't recognize you at first."

"That's because of the wig."

"I must be dumb not to know *you*—anywhere." Evidently this was intended as a compliment. Odette smiled. He was a nice, comfortable young man and there was no affectation about him.

She managed to enter the apartment building, leaning upon him, but when the elevator stopped at her floor and she undertook to step out, her lids fluttered; she bit her lip.

"Pardon me," he said and, stooping, he gathered her into his arms. He wondered if he could be dreaming, and if she could feel the violent pounding of his heart. Odette Newman, the darling of Broadway, in his arms, her cheek brushing his! What sort of delirium could this be?

Odette managed to unlock her door while he still held her. He carried her inside, then stood staring about him.

"Well!" The girl was smiling. "This is the end of the line."

"Oh!" He came to himself abruptly. "Where shall I put you?"

"On that sofa. Thanks!" She lifted her eyes to his; each held the other's gaze. He was the first to speak.

"Where is your maid?"

"I just remember that I let her go. She's my dresser and——"

"What's the name of your doctor?"

Odette shrugged. "I only know one and he takes out tonsils."

"Didn't you say there was one in the building?"

"Yes. The phone is in my bedroom. If you don't mind——"

Drake disappeared. Odette heard him call the office and make the situation known. When he returned she had her shoe and stocking off and was frowning at a swollen ankle.

"I'm pretty handy at first aid," he announced in a matter-of-fact tone. "I know just what that doctor will do when he gets here, so why wait for him? Let's put that foot into some hot water. Have you got a foot tub?"

"They're not in the period." Odette waved a gesture at her Italian setting.

"Dish pan?"

"I think so. In the kitchen."

"Fine." He passed through the dining room, pausing to run his eye over its furnishings. Real silver! Just so much ready money, he told himself.

When he returned with the dish pan and asked for a can of bicarbonate of soda Odette directed him to her bathroom. While he waited for the water to run hot he noticed on the washstand three diamond rings in platinum settings and these he examined with the appraising eye of an expert. He tucked them into his vest pocket.

"This will burn at first," he announced as he set the steaming pan on the floor. He wet his hands and rubbed the injured foot, then gradually immersed it. Next he arranged some cushions at Odette's back.

"I don't know what to say," she began. "I can't let you wait on me."

"Why not?"

"You're a total stranger. Those people in the office can get somebody."

"The doctor will be here soon." Drake knelt, wrung out a towel and wrapped it around Odette's leg.

"Isn't this—*funny?*" she inquired.

"Peculiar, but scarcely humorous."

"I mean about you—us. Fifteen minutes ago I'd never seen you . . . We might have been killed in that traffic."

"Yeah? Well, what ailed you to take a chance like that?" he demanded.

"Oh, I didn't much care."

"Hot enough?"

"It's scalding. My foot is done."

For a while they talked, then he added more hot water to the pan. When perhaps fifteen minutes had passed he again called the office and Odette smiled at the way he laid out the clerk.

"That pill roller is out on a call but I've got 'em on the hop for another." Again Drake massaged the ankle. "So you didn't care whether you were run over or not."

Odette nodded.

"That's funny."

"Peculiar or—humorous?"

"I just don't understand it . . . I'm afraid you're going to be laid up for a while. Have you got an understudy?"

"Of course. Why have you seen our show ten times, Mr. Drake?"

"Oh, nothing to do! Business is slack."

"What business are you in?"

"Steel." After a moment he said, "You'd better let me phone one of your friends and get her to spend the night with you."

"I wish there was somebody I could call on."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that I don't know a soul. I was born in New York and I've lived here most of my life but I'm not acquainted with anybody outside of the theater. Honest. Nobody comes to see me. This is the longest I was ever alone with a man. It's quite an adventure."

"Well, I'll be——" Mr. Drake stared queerly at her. "Now tell me the one about the great big bear and the middle-sized bear and the little bitty bear."

"It's true! There are lots of girls in the profession like me. Mother put me in training when I was a child. Dancers must work, you know." When her listener gazed about him, frankly bewildered, Odette answered his unvoiced question. "Oh, I know this looks like Du Barry's flat and you think all actresses are raging vamps but—listen. Mother was a slave, first to the stage, and then to her school; she never gave a thought to anything else and all her interests lay in the theater.

"She made me follow in her tracks. She saved every dollar I earned and put it away for me. Not a nickel for herself; all for me. Why, we lived like two vaudevillians. Cheap rooms; poor food; scarcely a decent thing to wear. I never went out—there wasn't time—and naturally I never met anybody.

"When I lost her I burst into bloom. I rented this place and hired people to

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fix it up so I could really live and make friends. But I couldn't get started. I—I didn't know how or where to begin. I've been here three months and you're the first—no, the second—man to see the inside of the place, and I had to cripple myself to get this far.

"The other fellow did the decorating; he comes back to look at it. He thinks I keep the place full of guests and hold high jinks every night, and I pretend I do. Lonesome! Oh, golly!" Odette's voice trailed off into a fluttering sigh. "I guess I'm about the lonesomest girl in the world. That's why I didn't look where I went. I was hurrying to a midnight picture and my eyes were all blurry. Anything rather than come back here."

"Gee, kid—I mean, Miss Newman—that's tough!"

"I don't know what made me tell you this unless it's because you're so—comfortable. Maybe I'm just desperate."

The doorbell rang and Drake admitted the doctor. Briefly he explained the nature of the accident and the doctor examined Odette's foot.

"It's merely a sprain," he told her. "I can bandage it or put it in a cast but I assume you want to get back to work as soon as possible. That means heroic treatment. Keep up the hot fomentations every hour. I'll be back in the morning."

"Can you send me a nurse?"

"Nonsense! Anybody can bathe your foot." He addressed himself to Drake. "You did well to start promptly. If she'll keep it up tonight she'll gain a week's time. See that she's put to bed at once. These capsules will insure her a night's rest. She can take one now." He scribbled some directions upon a pill box.

"Okay!" Mr. Drake nodded.

"What a comfort *he* was," Odette complained after the medical man had gone. "How am I going to get anybody at this hour?"

"Maybe the clerk can dig up a chambermaid. The first thing is to get you into bed. Think you can make it if I carry you to your room?"

"Certainly. But——"

"I'll keep the hot towels coming until help arrives." For a second time Drake gathered the girl into his arms.

He deposited her upon her bed, then telephoned the office once more. As he turned to leave the room he fished the three rings from his pocket and dropped them upon a table, saying casually:

"Here's some stuff I found on your washstand. Watch out you don't lose it."

MRS. MCCABE let herself into the kitchen and started breakfast as quietly as possible, but before she had gone far with it she paused, bread knife in hand, and cocked her head attentively. Then she tiptoed into the dining room and listened again. Her eyes widened; incredulity, dismay smote her. From the living room came the unmistakable sound of a man's snore. The good woman stiffened; she strode through the door.

A young man in shirt sleeves was sprawled in an easy chair. Lucille prodded him with the blunted point of the bread knife and spoke harshly:

"Hey!"

He opened his eyes, yawned and said: "I must have dropped off. You're Lucille."

"I am. And who are you?"

"Sh-h!"

"Don't shush me, you—you—devil!" Mrs. McCabe's strident voice broke. She gripped the bread knife tighter, preparatory to plunging it into the villain's body, but it was one of those limber-bladed, crinkly-edged knives more suitable for sawing off a human head.

He was addressing her but she made nothing of his words, for her world had crashed. Odette! The pride of her heart! That's what came of leaving her alone. Sophie Newman's ghost would haunt her forever. And the composure, the insolence of this dastardly despoiler.

"Say!" The perfidious viper was smiling at her with abominable self-possession. "You stay out longer than the laundry, don't you? How about a copy of some ham and eggs?"

A moment later Lucille stalked into Odette's bedroom and demanded loudly: "What's going on here? Wake up! I'm talking to you, young lady!"

There was a stir among the pillows; a pair of black pansy eyes fluttered open; a sleepy voice answered languidly:

"Oh, hello, dear! . . . Where's Ollie?"

"That limb of Satan? . . . The nerve of you, lying there as bold as brass! Am I dreaming?"

"Lucille! Look! *Look!*" From under the covers came a foot, a leg bare to the knee. The ankle was swollen and discolored but Odette eyed it fondly. There was a note of pride, of triumph in her voice as she explained: "The most wonderful thing happened. I sprained it, see? I almost got killed but Mr.—but Ollie saved me. He brought me home and got a doctor and—and everything. He tried to get a nurse or a maid but it was too late, so he stayed and bathed it in hot water every hour, waiting for you."

"He *what?* All night! Alone with a stranger!"

"Oh, he isn't like—like that! He's the nicest person, and he has a sister who sprains her ankles and he thinks it's awful that I'm lonesome and he doesn't like girls who run around and act wild. He's a perfect gentleman, really. Lucille! I've got a boy friend. I'm so *glad!*"

In the days that followed Mr. Drake proved himself to be a comfortable person indeed to have around, and the scandalized Lucille finally admitted as much. They became fast friends and took turns waiting upon the invalid.

Odette was spoiled; she had never learned to amuse herself so she monopolized Ollie and made him entertain her. Thanks largely to him, she genuinely enjoyed this, her first vacation. During the fortnight following her accident, she saw him daily.

Lucille liked him because he was rough, direct, and because there was no foolishness about him. He was as hard as granite and he nursed a perpetual grouch. He was an amusing skeptic, a genial sorehead. Before long he had constituted himself a brother, a watchdog, a balance wheel which kept the erratic household running smoothly.

Drake did not fancy Mr. Warburton, that being the real name of the magnificent gentleman from Clifton's. The latter had formed the habit of dropping in unexpectedly with news of exciting opportunities in antiques. He came at all hours and he made himself as much at home in her bedroom as elsewhere.

Drake felt compelled to tell her darkly, "Lay off Bertie the Beautiful Cloak Model. I don't like male heroines."

"He's an artist in his line, really, and they have such lovely things at Clifton's. I can't resist them."

"He's got this place looking like an auction room already."

Lucille nodded her agreement. "That's what I say. And the prices he gets for those dust-catchers!"

"He's slipping you all the worm-eaten plunder he can't peddle on Park Avenue, just because you don't know better. And another thing I don't like: he's a boudoir salesman. He can't talk business outside of a bedroom. If I catch him in there again I'll lay a knuckle on him."

Odette dimpled. "*You're* a fine one to talk; a man who sits up all night rubbing a girl's bare leg! And the very first night you meet her."

Drake frowned. "That's not smart and it isn't funny. I hate to hear a nice kid like you make wise-cracks."

"Thank heaven it was you did it and not him!" Mrs. McCabe exclaimed.

When Odette went back to work she naturally saw considerably less of Drake, but usually he took her home after the performance and they had supper together either in the apartment or at some quiet place. It was an odd friendship. He never became sentimental; he never talked about himself; nor did he beau her around. He was a diffident person and as impassive as a frog.

THERE were times when Odette surprised a look in his eyes or heard a note in his voice that bespoke more than a brotherly interest but she ignored it, for she was well content with him as he was and with their relations as they stood. Drake was harsh but gentle; he was gusty and forceful, nevertheless he was as considerate as a girl where she was concerned. She felt safe with him.

One afternoon Warburton called while Lucille was doing her marketing. To avoid meeting him, Drake stepped out on the roof. He could overhear a word or two and his face fell into unpleasant lines. If Odette didn't give this fellow the gate he'd have to speak to her.

He heard a movement, a sound that suddenly galvanized him.

"Let go of me! Don't—do that!" It was Odette's voice. Above her choking protest came Warburton's hoarsened bass. He held the writhing girl in his arms and was kissing her, a sacrilege which roused murder in Ollie's breast.

He entered the living room silently but purposefully. There was a feline swiftness to his movements. Before Warburton sensed the presence of a third person he felt himself wrenched backwards and turned to meet a slashing blow. It was not the blow of a fist but the crashing impact of a hand weighted with metal.

A heavy automatic crashed upon his skull and he fell, lay motionless; blood flowed from him.

Odette screamed. It was a moment before Ollie could quiet her. Then he dragged the limber Warburton off her expensive rug.

"You've killed him!" she cried in horror.

"I'm afraid not." Drake was as neat as a cat, so he went to the bathroom and got a towel for the decorator's head. Thus engaged, he heard Odette frantically phoning the office.

He was still trying to assure her that no serious damage had been done and that the romantic Mr. Warburton would undoubtedly live to pursue other and more profitable adventures in love when the bell buzzed violently. He went to the door and admitted the day clerk and the head bellman; casually explained the accident that had befallen the representative of the Clifton Shops.

A moment or two later the starter puffed into the room with a policeman and again Drake spoke his piece.

"We got to talking politics and I bumped him harder than I meant to." He shot a warning glance at Odette.

"Is he dead?" she asked the limb of the law.

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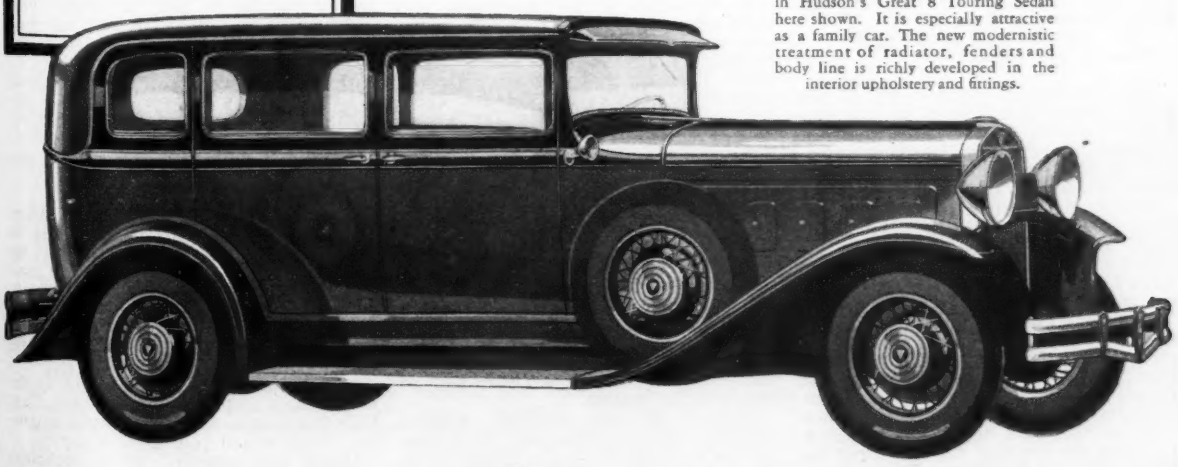

Beauty and spaciousness are combined in Hudson's Great 8 Touring Sedan here shown. It is especially attractive as a family car. The new modernistic treatment of radiator, fenders and body line is richly developed in the interior upholstery and fittings.

"No; but he needs help. I'll phone for an ambulance." When the officer returned to the room he said to Drake, "Now then, who is this fella?"

"Name's Warburton. He's a salesman for Clifton's. My name's Drake; I'm in the steel business."

"And so you socked him with a crowbar . . . Drake! Haven't we met before?"

"Not that I remember."

"Let's have the rod you bent on him." Drake handed the policeman his revolver. "Got a permit?" the latter inquired.

"A—permit?"

"Oh! You're from Montana, where they don't need permits. Just so! After we hear Mr. Warburton's story you and I will step over to the station house."

"You—you can't arrest *him!*" Odette protested. "He's a friend of mine. That man grabbed me and tried——"

"*Odette!*"

"He tried to kiss me. Ollie did just what you'd do, officer."

"Ollie Drake!" The patrolman looked incredulous. "A friend of yours? Well, well! Have you ever missed anything, Miss Newman?"

"Listen, you——" Drake exploded.

"He's in the steel business, all right. He steals plenty."

"So you say."

"So the book says."

"Ollie!" Odette turned a tragic, startled face upon him. "What is this?"

"Just a bad break," he told her evenly. "Seven thousand cops in this town and in creaks a harness bull who knows me!"

There came a movement from the prostrate Warburton; sounds issued from him, but they were unintelligible. When he was finally removed and the policeman beckoned to Drake, Odette roused herself from her daze.

"Ollie!" she wailed. "I don't care. I love——"

"Shut up!" he snapped at her. "Close your mouth, stupid!" There was such venom in his tone, his face was so forbidding, that she shrank as if he had slapped her; tears filmed her eyes.

"I d-don't care who you are or what you've done. Take me with you."

"Great!" Mr. Drake wet his lips and grinned mirthlessly at the attentive witnesses of the scene. His face was bloodless as he went on: "Who says this kid can't act? They think she's just a dancing doll but she's got the best of 'em licked. All she needs is an audience. See you later, Miss Newman."

At the door, in answer to her strangled cry, he muttered to the policeman, "Just a minute, fella." He turned his back to his captor, crushed Odette's hand in his. Under his breath he said:

"Gee, kid, I'm wild about you!"

Then he was gone.

The newspapers made a lot of the Drake arrest; it was grist for the tabloids. Famous Dancer and Romantic Gunman. Gorilla Wins Heart of Broadway Beauty. Headline writers rang a dozen changes on that idea.

Mr. Warburton told his story to the press and put himself in a creditable light. He had been the victim of an unprovoked attack. Miss Newman had lured him to her apartment. It was the old badger game: blackmail.

There is no pleasanter task than tearing down a reputation. It was discovered that Drake had practically lived in Miss Newman's apartment, and that of course could have but one significance. Reporters questioned her and read their own meaning into her refusal to speak, and into the fact that she had hired the most expensive legal talent for her lover.

As for that young man, he violated every precept of the underworld by telling his story in advance of his hearing, regardless of the possible prejudice to his case.

He vehemently denied Mr. Warburton's statements and branded them as contemptible lies. Assault with a deadly weapon? Sure. He had put the slug on Warburton because that was his job. He was hired as Miss Newman's bouncer, as a bodyguard to protect her from just such annoying johns as this one and it took a gun to do it. She was the most sought-after girl on the stage and her life was one battle to avoid the attentions of her numerous admirers.

Love? Odette Newman in love with him? That won first prize in the Laugh-of-the-Month Club. The truth was that a hundred rats like Warburton—bankers, brokers, society men—were wild over her and it took a muscle man to handle them.

Miss Newman herself was a lovely, brilliant, ambitious girl, and not only the greatest dancer in the world but a talented artist in other lines, as New York would discover. Her voice, for instance, was like Tetrazzini's. She had hired him just because he was hard-boiled and so that she could get her sleep. That was the truth and you couldn't arrest a guy for earning an honest living, even if he had a record.

This notoriety bore immediate fruit. Business at the theater jumped; it became necessary to detail a special officer to handle the crowds at the stage door. Letters poured in upon Odette; she received mash notes, invitations, offers of marriage.

Society matrons, eager to make her acquaintance, wrote her and called her up, as did Junior League girls, impulsive debs and gushing sub-debs. To her bewilderment and her dismay, she found that one touch of scandal had made her human. Her telephone rang with annoying frequency; feature writers begged for interviews; booking agents importuned her. She had offers for vaudeville, and a prominent producer urged her to star in the singing rôle of his new operetta.

Odette cried a great deal; she grew thin and haggard, but she continued to dance divinely, for she was too good a trouper to let her work suffer from a mere heartbreak. Grease paint hides pallor, and the bigger a girl's eyes become, the lovelier she is.

The case of The People *vs.* Drake turned out to be a great disappointment to the curiosity seekers who thronged to the Criminal Courts Building on the day of the trial. Many of them could not gain admission to the courtroom and those who were fortunate enough to obtain seats were denied the salacious enjoyment of any amatory details whatever. They did not even hear Drake's expensive counsel essay a defense. There was no oratory, no plea for mercy. Everything seemed cut and dried.

According to the police record Drake had been twice convicted as a felon, and in addition thereto he had not long since been found guilty of carrying a gun. This second breach of the Sullivan Law, for which he was now called to answer, changed what had been a misdemeanor into a felony and in consequence he came to the bar as a fourth offender. With some reluctance, the Court sentenced him to life imprisonment under the Baumes Law, explaining that the sentence was mandatory and that the Court had no choice in the matter.

Drake took his medicine without flinching. Miss Newman sat like a rock. To the audience it was a disappointing anticlimax to a promising entertainment.

One day several weeks after Odette's triumphant opening in the principal rôle of that new operetta she sat with a letter in her hand. It was neatly written but since its receipt it had become spotted: the lines were blurred: the ink had run. For the fiftieth time she read:

Dear little fellow:

I hate to say no to you but it wouldn't do for you to come to see me—a fellow can't stand everything. After all, the first hundred years is the hardest.

Honest, kid, you don't know what a break you got when they put me away. It's better for both of us for me to be where I am than where I'd like to be. Why, I aimed to rob you that night you hurt your foot—remember those rings? And I had your silver all melted up. I even lied about that sister of mine. I never had any sister.

I've been catching up on some thinking about heaven and hell, and such things, since I've been up here. People don't have to die to go to heaven: I had mine before I died and it was cheap at any price.

Do you know something? That was the first time I was ever tempted and didn't fall. When you said, "Ollie, I love you," I understood what the preachers talk about. Gee! Nobody can take that away from me. I can do solitary for the whole stretch and still be on velvet.

Don't worry about me. I'm doing great. You're all that matters. Work hard, run straight and don't weaken. The *right* guy will come along some day, and when he does you tell him about me and ask if he minds you writing me, say once a month.

Nothing gushy, understand, just a hello from one pal to another. I won't care if it's only a word. It will keep me going, and I'll give you all the news from here. A fellow likes to feel that he hasn't really croaked. Get me?

Up on your toes, little fellow, and smile. Remember, we're a couple of game guys.

As ever,

Ollie

Mrs. McCabe entered the room, and seeing the letter in Odette's hand, she spoke sharply:

"There you go again. Don't you know better than to get your eyes all swelled up, with a newspaperman and a photographer coming in half an hour? You can't afford to cry. Here, give me that letter." She snatched the sheet from Odette's fingers and tore it up.

"I suppose you're right," the girl agreed listlessly. "Isn't it queer that I can afford jewels and orchids and everything—except tears? And they're all I want. I can't even afford to keep Ollie's letters."

"They do you no good, darling."

"Lucille! Did you ever stop to think that the loveliest pearl in the world is born from an injury? From a hurt to an oyster? It's true. And the finest perfumes are made out of ambergris, which comes from an ulcer in a whale's stomach. Yes, and silk is spun by worms and orchids are parasites that bloom only in dark swamps."

"Now what has a red nose got to do with oysters and whales' stomachs? Get busy this minute and put on some make-up. What would your mother say?"

Odette rose wearily. "She'd probably tell me that the show must go on."

O'Bannion Rules the Roost *by Peter B. Kyne* (*Continued from page 85*)

Pacific Coast Marine Engineers' Association he kept a large sea bag packed with his seagoing clothes, in case he had to put to sea within half an hour.

For two months Malachi O'Bannion assaulted the seats of the mighty; then one day a man entered the lounging room at the Marine Engineers' Association and called out to the secretary:

"I'm Captain Nordberg, master of the Oceanic packet Maori Chief. My chief engineer's just been hit by a taxicab and none of his assistants has a chief's ticket. The owners have ordered me to find a good man. I'm sailing in half an hour."

"Here!" howled Malachi O'Bannion. "I'm yer huckleberry, sor!"

"What's your name, chief?"

"Michael Daly," Mr. O'Bannion lied. "I've been a chief ingineer since Washin'-ton crossed the Delaware. I was fifteen year in the Maverick, two year a loot'nint commandher in the navy an' wan year wit' the Transpacific Line."

"WILL your former employer recommend you, Mr. Daly?"

"We'll grab a taxicab an' run up to his office an' ye can ax him yerself, sor. If he recomminds me, do I get the job?"

"You shall—provided you can go to sea in half an hour."

"I'll trim five minutes off'n that, captain, so I will. Wan momint till I tellyfome the office av Kendrick an' Son an' see is the young man in."

He popped into a booth and called up Johnny Kendrick. "Malachi O'Bannion speakin', Johneen," he almost purred, "but for the purpose av landin' a job I've changed me name to Michael Daly. I have Daly's ticket. He died a week ago an' I shtole his ticket to bolsther up me idintity. I'm comin' up wit' Captain Nordberg av the Maori Chief for a recommindation. Do ye land me this job, Johnny dear?"

"Come up and we'll put it over, Malachi."

It took Johnny Kendrick just one minute to land that job for Mr. O'Bannion. "The finest, most honest, loyal, capable and dependable chief engineer in the world, captain," he stated.

From Kendrick's office Malachi telephoned a farewell to his wife and half an hour later put to sea. There wasn't a soul aboard the Maori Chief that knew him, so Mr. O'Bannion hung up the ticket of Michael Daly, deceased, resolved to sign that name to the pay roll and thus hide his identity from the wretches in the office who would remember he was blacklisted.

Also, albeit he had never seen a marine engineer who wore a beard and mustache, nevertheless Mr. O'Bannion considered it the part of wisdom to attempt the experiment.

Even Johnny Kendrick would not have recognized Malachi behind the black Niagara Falls mustache and trim Vandyke beard he sported upon his return to San Francisco from Sydney, Australia. He was fearful that his voice—his inimitable brogue—would betray him to the port engineer when that individual came down to look the ship over, so he merely answered "Yes" or "No" to the port engineer's few questions, in a high, hissing voice not unreminiscent of a gander's.

Inasmuch as he had not been hired by the port engineer, it was now in the latter's mind to look the new chief over carefully before permitting him to go out on the next voyage.

"I've heard of you, Daly," he said to Mr. O'Bannion, "but I can't remember meeting you before. Seems to me somebody told me you'd died about three months ago."

"I was awful sick," Mr. O'Bannion keened. "The wife was sure she'd be collictin' me insurance, but I fooled her."

"Well, you seem to be getting away with the job in good shape, Daly. I've never seen a neater engine room and the skipper says you attend strictly to business and make your subordinates attend to theirs. The old chief will be laid up a year from that taxicab accident, so you can stay on until he gets back."

"T'ank ye kindly, sor," piped Mr. O'Bannion—and ached to hit the port engineer over the head with a spanner. Naturally brave and aboveboard, he loathed subterfuge.

So he went out again in the Maori Chief and they laid over one day in Honolulu. And there Fate ordained that Mr. O'Bannion should go ashore.

The Maori Chief was to sail at six o'clock that night and accordingly Mr. O'Bannion came strolling down to the dock about five-thirty. He was almost embarrassed to encounter the chief engineer and the first and second assistants of his ancient love, the S. S. Maverick, strolling up the dock, but fortunately his whiskers hid his identity from them.

"They knocked off at five o'clock an' are on their way uptown for a bit av a shindig," O'Bannion reflected.

He passed on down the dock and paused to gaze up at the towering bulk of the Maverick. The stevedores were loading her with sacks of raw sugar and the mate was out on the dock driving them with his bitter tongue.

Mr. O'Bannion sighed. The Maverick—his old lost love!

He edged over to the mate. "Who's the thirrd assistint in the Maverick now, sor?" he queried civilly.

"Ole Swenson," the mate replied.

Mr. O'Bannion nodded and started for the Maverick's gangplank. He did not know any marine engineer by the name of Ole Swenson; hence he jumped to the conclusion that Ole Swenson did not know him, and decided he might risk a visit to the Maverick's engine room and satisfy himself as to the extent to which it had gone to the devil since last he had hung up his ticket there.

He had slid down the first ladder to the fiddley when a roaring, crashing, rending sound came up to him, followed by cries and a puff of black smoke.

"The dirrty, incompetint divils!" Mr. O'Bannion decided. "They've let the tops av the ile tanks get foul wit' the slop av bilge wather an' run-over ile whin the tanks was filled—an' now some gossoon will wondher what's happened. A handful av ile-soaked waste or an ily wipin' rag has got down underneath an' flamed into spontanyus combustion—begorry, we've had a bit av an explosion."

He slid down into the engine room and found it murky with the smoke of burning fuel oil. "What's happened here?" he demanded.

Out of the murk the voice of a man—Ole Swenson, Mr. O'Bannion decided—answered: "Explosion in the bilge just under the boiler room."

"Ye've got a fire ragin' in her bilge, thin, me laddybuck. D'ye t'ink the fuel tank's ruptured? If 'tis—begob, I know 'tis ruptured! The fire's runnin' aft undher the floor av yer ingine room, man. Begorry, 'tis hot undher foot already—here, here, what in the divil are ye doin', ye vagabones?" This latter to the engine-room crew, who were swarming up the ladder.

But the crew—they were all Filipinos—paid no attention to him, so Mr. O'Bannion turned to the third assistant. "I knew it!" he howled. "Divil a bit av discipline have ye in this ingine room. Now, thin, ye'll have to act fast, Swenson. How long since ye claned the fuel tanks an' pumped out the bilges?"

"Maybe a year," Swenson replied.

"May hivin forgive yer chief ingineer! We're in for it now. Do ye not know that there's two foot av slush in her bilges for the length av the ship—ile leakage from the overflow when fuelin' her, plus a bit av salt wather? Wit' the roll av the ship that slop goes over the tops av the tanks in the bilge, providin' fuel for a fire when some jackass dhrops a greasy rag where he shouldn't. The fire'll run from wan ind av her bilge to the other. There's gas in the bilge—from the fuel-ile slop—an' ye'll have another explosion if I know annythin' about it."

They had it! Mr. O'Bannion rocked on his feet and Swenson fled up to the deck, shrieking, "Fire! Fire!"

"Bad luck to that squarehead!" Mr. O'Bannion cried furiously. He looked at the oil-burners under the furnaces, cast a critical eye on the steam gauge and nodded his entire satisfaction.

Then he prowled around until he found a valve and turned it, nor did it occur to him now that what he was about to do was, decidedly, none of his confounded business. All he knew was that it was necessary that someone should do a certain thing, and since there was nobody in the Maverick's engine room save himself, naturally he had to do it.

He knew that a maze of steam pipe with open valves led throughout the bilges of the ship and on each side of the fuel tanks. The system had been built in for the express purpose of flooding the bilges with live steam in the event of an emergency such as at present existed, live steam being the sole practical thing to use in order to quench an oil fire raging in a confined space.

However, Mr. O'Bannion was not turning the steam into the bilges as yet, for the engine room was fast getting so hot that in a minute or two longer it would be untenable. Consequently, he was first shooting the steam up forward into the donkey boiler on the main deck; from the donkey boiler he planned to flood the forward two-thirds of the ship's bilges, hoping that if the fire had not as yet crept forward the steam would hold it where it was. He knew the steam would seep aft, choking the demon in the vitals of the Maverick.

HE TURNED water into four of the boilers which were partially shut down, and turned up the oil-burners under the furnaces. Suddenly from out of an open fire box a flareback licked out and burned to a crisp his eyelashes and eyebrows, his magnificent mustache and Vandyke beard and most of his foretop.

In pain and horror he danced and cursed; then the soles of his feet began to burn, so he fled up the ladder, closed the ventilators and the doors leading into the engine room and raced along the deck up to the donkey boiler.

The gauge was rising rapidly in it as he arrived. He brushed the ashes from his singed eyelids and peered at it. When the boiler threatened to burst he let the steam into the bilges and, half fainting, collapsed beside the donkey.

A terrific hullabaloo presently aroused him and he sat up and sent his watery

glance down on the dock whence came all the racket. He discovered that the Honolulu fire department had arrived, and at that he laughed, bitterly and scornfully, got to his scorched feet and rolled down the deck to the gangway, just as the battalion chief of the fire department—a Hawaiian—came up.

"Where's the fire?" he yelled.

"Get out av here!" O'Bannion yelled back. "Have ye no sinse at all, at all? The idjea av thinkin' ye can put out an ile fire in the bilges wit' wather! G'lang out o' this!"

"Who are you to give orders here?" the Hawaiian demanded truculently.

"Have ye got the chimical wagon wit' ye, ye gossoon?" Mr. O'Bannion roared. "If ye have, more power to ye. I'll show ye where to put the nozzle down. Chimicals'll do the thrick."

"The chemical wagons are at another fire. Out of my way!" And the battalion chief motioned to his crew, who came running up the gangplank dragging a hose. Some wisps of black smoke were coming out of the chinks in the closed door that led down to the engine room, and toward this door the battalion chief directed his men.

"Don't open that door or the vintilathors," Mr. O'Bannion commanded. "Ye'll only let a draft av oxygen down to feed the fire."

"I'm going to flood the engine room and bilges—you. Get out of my way and don't interfere or I'll have you arrested."

The big Hawaiian—or half-Hawaiian, as he really was—grabbed Mr. O'Bannion by the shoulders and shook him.

"Don't you know that at a fire the fire chief is in supreme command? You can't give me orders."

"Begorra, thin, ye ought to take a coorse in fire-fightin' firrst, ye jackass!" Mr. O'Bannion howled. "Take yer hands off'n me an' get off'n this ship wit' yer hose or I'll make a mummy out av ye. Sure, if I wanted to fight that fire wit' wather, haven't I got all the hose an' wather in the wide worrld to do it wit'?" And he pointed to the ship's fire hose.

The fire chief threw Mr. O'Bannion at least six feet from him. He was a powerful man. "You'll make no mummy of me," he announced.

Although the man was a native, O'Bannion's respect for him mounted.

"That's wan man I'll not pick a fight wit'," he decided. "Howiver, I'll thry the effect av sane argymint."

To the chief he yelled: "Man, dear, have ye iver fought a fuel-ile fire befoore?"

"I have—twice. Don't talk to me!"

"Have ye iver fought wan in a ship?"

"No."

"Thin get out av here, ye big brown ba-boon. Ye're not needed. I have the situation well in hand an' need no hilp from the fire departmint."

HE MIGHT as well have talked to the wind. The fireman was excited. In the absence of his superior, he was in supreme command; even the owner of a burning property could not tell him how or when to do his job.

He was far from having any coherent plan for fighting the fire in the Maverick, but he had a feeling that if he and his men could but get down into her, victory would quickly crown their efforts. So he tossed Mr. O'Bannion aside again, opened the door leading into the engine room and slid down the ladder, followed by two of his gallant fellows dragging the hose after them.

Recovering from the shock of being catapulted twenty feet along the deck, Mr. O'Bannion seized the hose and stopped its downward progress.

But only momentarily. A fireman came up behind him and dragged him away from the hose, so Mr. O'Bannion ran forward, found a nice red ax in an emergency case, broke the glass and, brandishing his ax, descended again upon the fire department.

There was water in that hose by the time he got back. "Out o' me way or I'll slay ye!" he howled, and charged the fire department, which fled from the menace of his ax. And then the sharp blade came down on the distended hose where it rested on the ship's rail.

Instantly a geyser of water deluged Mr. O'Bannion; he found it pleasantly cooling to his scorched person. Then the battalion chief and his two men swarmed up out of the engine room, having found it untenable, and from the rear they closed in on Malachi. They took his ax away from him; then they swatted him with their fists.

There were four of them—just the odds the tribe of O'Bannion had always craved. Mr. O'Bannion fought with boot and fist as he had never fought before. He put his mark on all four, but in the end he went down, and the next thing he knew two Honolulu policemen were carrying him down to the dock and the firemen were unreeling another hose.

By the time they had it up on deck with the nozzle drooping over the engine room, Mr. O'Bannion had recovered. Suddenly he swung a right to the jaw of Number One policeman; whirling furiously he sunk a left and a right on the jaw of Number Two policeman. Both collapsed and O'Bannion dashed to the nearest fire truck, grabbed an ax from it, fled down the dock to the hydrant to which the hose had been fastened and cut the hose.

Then the police closed in on him, massaged him with very hard billies, threw him into the wagon, which had just arrived with a detail of police to keep the dock clear, and carried him off to the hospital. And when they had patched him up at the hospital they removed him, none too gently, to the city jail and tucked him away in solitary.

He was charged with malicious mischief; with destroying city property; with interfering with firemen in the discharge of their duty; with assault with a deadly weapon; with assault with intent to do great bodily harm; with battery and with resisting arrest.

Meanwhile, the Maori Chief's skipper, never doubting that his chief engineer was aboard, cast off his line and steamed south.

The following morning, through eyes each of which sported a "mouse," Mr. O'Bannion read in the press a lurid account of a maniac, identity unknown, who had run amuck at a fire aboard the S. S. Maverick the previous evening. Whereat Mr. O'Bannion chuckled.

"They'll niver know who I am an' I'll not till thim," he decided. "I can't afford to. I'm a jackass. What business was it av mine if the Maverick burrned? Ochone, if I could only bring meself to mind me own business!

"I'll plead guilty an' t'row meself on the merrcy av the coort. I'll get six mont's if I get a day—an' divil a worrd must I say in me own behalf. 'Twould niver do to have the worrld know that Malachi O'Bannion, alias Michael Daly, not only sailed undher a dead man's ticket, but rooned a promisin' career be indin' up in jail. Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

From the depths of his despair he was aroused by someone's entering his cell. Then a friendly voice said: "My good fellow, may I ask who you are?"

"Ye may not!" howled Mr. O'Bannion.

"Now don't say that,'" the other pleaded. "I'm here to help you. I'm Mr. Pierce, the president of the Transpacific Line, and the Transpacific Line owns the Maverick, which you saved from destruction yesterday evening. It's fortunate I happened to be in Honolulu; I have some influence; the Transpacific Line will pay for the two hoses you ruined and get you off with a nominal fine. The company will pay that, too."

"T'ank ye, sor. She's a fine ship. I was passin' down the dock, sor, whin the explosion occurred. I knew her chief, wit' the firrst an' second assistints, had gone uptown, lavin' the engine room in charrge av the thirrd assistint—an' I'll trust no thirrd assistint in an emergincy. So I wint aboord to inveshtigate—an' thin the whole thing happened.

"I did for yer ship, sor, what I'd like somewan to do for a ship av mine. I'd the shteam goin' into her bilges nicely, whin that jackass av a fire chief attimpted to put wather into thim. There was no argyin' wit' him."

"Yes, yes, my friend, I understand. The fire department lacks experience with marine fires. What position do you occupy aboard the Maverick?"

"I'M NOT on the crew list, sor. If I till ye who I am will ye kape it a secret, sor? . . . T'ank ye, sor. Well, thin, I'm Michael Daly, chief ingineer av the Maori Chief that was lyin' acrost the dock from the Maverick."

"And for volunteering to save the Maverick you're out of a job, burned, bruised and beaten. The Maori Chief sailed on schedule last evening. But don't worry. The Transpacific Line will take care of you, Mr. Daly. From the moment you cut that first fire hose you were on our pay roll."

"T'ank ye, sor. But I didn't damage the fire hose much. I cut twinty feet off the firrst hose, but they can key the nozzle to it ag'in; an' I only cut a foot off the second hose, so they can key the couplin' to that ag'in, an' bad cess to thim for a grrand lot av deranged apes."

"I should like to shake your hand, Mr. Daly, and I wish I could tell you how much I appreciate your heroic action."

So Mr. O'Bannion removed his hands from his dreadful features. He had forgotten that his hirsute camouflage had been burned away. He extended a dirty, badly cut and swollen paw.

"Good Lord!" the president of the Transpacific Line almost yelled. "You're that villain O'Bannion, who used to be chief of the Maverick and whom I fired out of the Makaweli."

Mr. O'Bannion stood up. "If ye mintion that name ag'in I'll choke ye to death," he growled.

"I'll not," Pierce hastened to assure him. "So you're still incapable of minding your own business, eh?"

"Hivin forgive me, I am," Mr. O'Bannion replied sadly. "But in this case I had extinuatin' cirrcumstances. I was chief av the ould Maverick fifteen year, so for why should I shtand by an' see me ould home burrned an' rooned?"

"I believe," said Pierce, "that I begin to understand your singularly complex nature. When you were angry with me you refused to tell me the Maverick had a crack in her tail-shaft coupling, and that cost us thirty thousand in salvage alone. But you can't cherish a grudge, it seems, so last night you saved us a hundred thousand. Mr. O'Bannion, you're forgiven—on one condition. You've got to forgive me!"

O'Bannion was embarrassed. "Arrah, don't be puttin' dogs in winders," he

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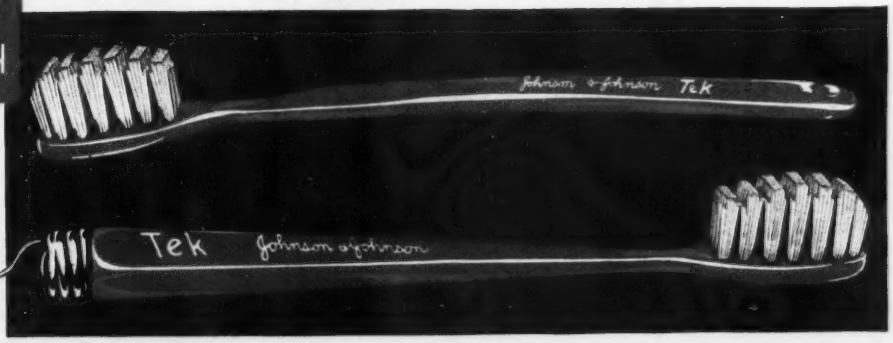

WIN $1000.00 WITH YOUR PEN

Enter this $2850.00 prize letter-writing contest . . . 355 awards; cash prizes range from $1000.00 to $10.00

When a friend removes to a nearby city . . . or starts on a trip around the world . . . or leaves for her vacation, your hearty wishes for new happiness go with her. Write her a letter about it. The Eaton, Crane & Pike Company will award $700 in prizes for the eighteen best farewell letters submitted in their big letter-writing contest, and 100 *additional prizes* of Eaton stationery. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

Types of letters: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

Closing date: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

Identification: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

Winners: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

Final judges: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

* * *

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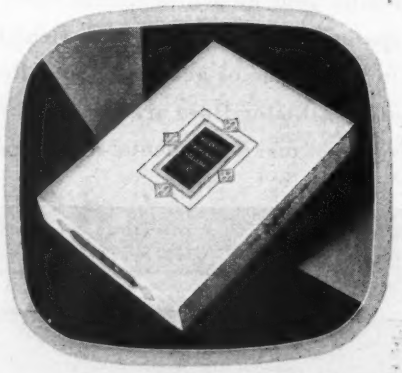

EATON'S

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pleaded. "I'll forgive ye—on wan condition. Ye must get me out av this jail."

"I'll bail you out, of course. And just to make it a day worth remembering, you're the port engineer of the Transpacific Line."

"Did the shteam shtrangle the fire on the Maverick, sor?"

"Of course it did. Took four hours to do it, but the damage was slight."

"Thin," murmured Mr. O'Bannion, "that's all the reward I'll ask. T'ank ye kindly for the job. I'll take it, but I warrn ye I'll not be wit' ye long. Whin Johnny Kendrick gets back into the shteamship business ag'in I'll be off, like Paddy Ford's goat."

"O'Bannion, you're a fool!"

"Ye're another," Mr. O'Bannion declared belligerently—and by his silence the president of the Transpacific Line apparently admitted it!

It Pays to Advertise

(*Continued from page 71*)

would not be noticed. What Mother would think if she did find out, Jinny refused to consider in the present emergency.

When Jinny appeared for breakfast the second morning, attired in street clothes, Mrs. Carton regarded her with a delighted but carefully concealed suspicion. "Will you stay downtown for luncheon?" she asked.

"Why, no." Jinny buttered her muffin with deep interest. "I don't think so."

On entering the post office a quarter of an hour later, Jinny had a dazed impression that the government must have put on a bargain sale of stamps. It was swarming with people, standing in small expectant crowds. What was it all about?

She started for the left-hand tier of boxes. Every eye focused on her instantly. For the first time she noticed that most of the people were congregated in that general vicinity. Help us to get right and stay right! *They were all waiting to see who came to get the mail out of her box.*

She had a sudden dismayed impulse to turn and run. No. That would never do. It would brand her unquestionably. She had to do something quickly. A scant half-dozen steps of respectability remained for her.

Inspiration! She moved quietly on to Box 137 in the next row, peered into it, then walked to the stamp window.

An audible sigh of disappointment went up from the crowd and again the babble of voices broke out.

"I want two cents' worth of ten-cent stamps—er—I mean ten cents' worth of two-cent stamps," she stammered.

"That crowd's got you rattled too," remarked the woman at the stamp window. "Well, they've got me pretty nearly nutty. Some of 'em waiting here as early as five-thirty, they say."

"What is it all about?" inquired Jinny.

"Oh, some fool woman put an ad in the paper to catch a man. I never saw anything like it!" was the disgusted reply. "Well, she'll catch a-plenty when she does come in, for the young fellow with the scratch pad, sitting on the floor under her box, is a reporter from the Post, and the photographer from the Herald is waiting outside."

Jinny made the open air, weak-kneed and dizzy. She went into a drug store and called her mother.

"I've changed my mind about luncheon," she explained hurriedly. "I am going to stay downtown."

Mrs. Carton hung up the receiver with

a smile. Ducks will be ducks, if they are exposed to water long enough.

Two hours later Jinny returned to the post office. The mob had thinned some but there were still many familiar faces. The young man with the scratch pad was leaning against the wall by the box. She stepped to the money-order window and bought a money order for a magazine subscription. She could see that the box was stuffed with letters.

After luncheon she bought some post cards and again turned her steps toward the post office. Surely it would be empty now. Still the crowd lingered on. The man with the scratch pad was munching a sandwich.

She didn't dare make a third trip. It would begin to look suspicious. She passed by on the opposite side of the street. The persistent young man was taking the air on the stone steps.

It was maddening to pass by knowing the box was full of answers. It would be so exciting to read them over, to sort out the impossibles from the possibles. She would get a good laugh out of the impossibles—and what a thrill out of considering the possibles!

Dinner. A long dragging evening. At ten o'clock Jinny announced carelessly, "Mother, I'm not a bit sleepy. I am going to call Madge and see if she'll go to a picture show with me."

A whir. The snarl of shifting gears and the little blue roadster was off down the street. At the first drug store Jinny called and canceled her date with Madge.

"Mother thinks it's too late," she explained, knowing that Madge would forget the whole business by morning.

Jinny was sorely tempted to return to the post office at once, but the education of the morning had been thorough. She couldn't very well hedge with stamps and money orders at ten o'clock at night. She had to play safe this time.

She would go to the show first. It would be over about midnight. Then she would drive slowly down the county road to Ysleta and back. At one o'clock she would try again, on the theory that there is a limit to the waiting endurance of even hard-headed reporters.

The streets were deserted as the blue car pulled up to the curb before the post office, three hours later. Jinny closed the door softly. She walked to the corner and reconnoitered. Not a soul in sight. She ran lightly up the steps to the door. The big rotunda was empty under the shadowy night lights.

She tiptoed to the box, shoved in the key and began to pull out the letters. What a bunch! Wait: here was an official notice at the bottom: "Please call at box window for the rest of mail."

Not she! Crumpling the notice in her hand she walked over to the nearest wastebasket under the long table before the money-order window. She stopped, rooted in horrified fascination.

There, seated on the floor under the table, with his arms locked about his knees, his eyes twinkling at her in amusement, was the annoying stranger of the dance! She didn't drop the letters. She simply couldn't hold onto them with those paralyzed fingers. They scattered about her in shameless abandon.

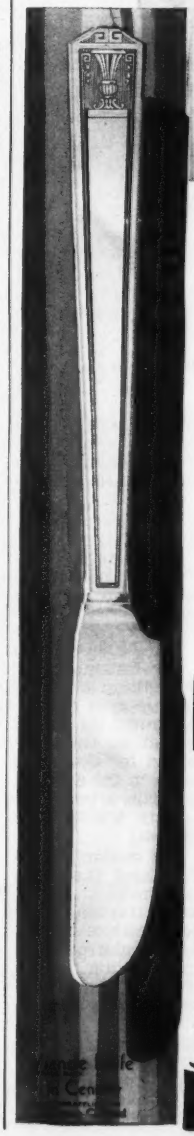
"Well! Well!" he observed sociably, as he crawled from under the table. "If it isn't my little friend, the iceman's daughter. Cold, cruel world! But then, I just had a hunch it would be you."

"And of course, it's you!" Jinny's voice had a vicious edge.

"Of course," he agreed serenely. "I'm so glad you feel that way about it too. Now I'll gather up these prospects of

Much is required

Oh Lady of Today . . . you'll appreciate the new Viande Knife. Truly recherche, the long handle and short blade make cutting graceful. Viande Knives are $15.00 the half dozen, tea spoons are $7.50 a dozen.



a sparkling wit to match a sparkling table . . . a gracious manner . . . sophisticated just a little! Oh yes, much is required of your modern hostess. And her task is that much easier when she knows that the accoutrements of her lovely home perfectly reflect her taste, her chic. ¶ If she is fortunate enough to possess Holmes & Edwards Inlaid Silverware she knows instinctively that she is correctly equipped. Write for our Table Guide, giving helpful entertainment suggestions. The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., International Silver Company, Successor, Bridgeport, Conn.

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Holmes & Edwards Inlaid

What would happen if the West Pointer's riding breeches were not reinforced by extra cloth where leg rubs flank of horse . . . at the wear points? In silverware there are as distinct wear points. That's why Holmes & Edwards have inlaid pieces of solid silver . . . sterling . . . at the wear points of the most used pieces. For instance, at the spoon's two wear points (back of bowl and handle) pieces of solid silver have been imperceptibly inlaid before plating, protecting the spoon for all time. Truly Holmes & Edwards Inlaid is something more than plate, yet costs you no more.

Solid Silver Inlaid at the Wear Points

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yours and we'll drop them in the waste-basket. They don't count, for I'm applying for the job also. I always apply in person and I've brought along my credentials. I've got a book here in my pocket. You said he must like books. Wait a minute."

He rummaged a second, then extended a small black volume toward her. Infuriated, Jinny stared at it. It was a pocket edition of Webster's Dictionary.

"It's a fine book," he declared enthusiastically, "but it changes its subjects a little often."

He scooped up the letters from the floor and calmly threw them away before Jinny could find her voice.

"I don't know who you are or what you are," she said icily, "but if you think I am going to be annoyed by you, you're mistaken. I'll call the police."

"Call the police!" He gazed at her in shocked surprise. "For what? You have advertised for a man to fill a position. I'm applying for the job. They couldn't find anything unlawful in that. Don't do it, little snowball. Policemen have such a rude sense of humor."

JINNY'S face paled. "You are certainly too much of a gentleman to do a thing like that," she protested.

"You are certainly too much of a lady to make it necessary," he suggested.

For the first time Jinny noted that behind the surface merriment of the blue eyes there was a purposeful air, a queer mixture, half tender, half daring, but wholly determined. "Well, why not?" she thought recklessly. She didn't like him, of course. She really hated him, with his self-assurance and easy poise. But after all, weren't self-assurance and easy poise the things she was after?

"Now I suggest," he continued blandly, "that we get into your car and hunt some place less public for the rest of this argument. At any moment one of your applicants may return and complicate the situation. What do you say?"

Jinny nodded. He took her arm and they walked briskly out to the car. As she crawled in her feet struck something beside the brakes. Something large, hairy. It was alive. Startled, she leaped back as a one-eyed bulldog bobbed up and regarded her with a look of villainous friendliness.

"Oh, that's Spunk," her companion explained cheerfully. "Your ad said the man must like dogs! I told you I brought along my credentials. He's a nice boy, and I thought just the ideal pet for us. Almost anybody likes a handsome dog but it takes a real dog lover to care for him, don't you think?"

Jinny climbed back into the seat. She was shaking. She couldn't tell for the life of her whether it was with murderous anger or with hysterical mirth. It wasn't true, she assured herself. It just couldn't be happening.

The man seated himself. Spunk squeezed himself on the seat between them with outrageous confidence as the car turned the corner. Jinny glared at them both belligerently and just missed a lamp-post by an eyelash.

"Don't do that again, Jeems," he reproved gently. "Our destination is the nearest all-night restaurant, not the headlines of tomorrow morning's papers."

Jinny gritted her small teeth with rage as she righted the car. Oh, she was having a perfectly wonderful time.

"It is too late for you to have coffee," he observed, studying the menu. "Of course, you won't sleep for thinking about me anyway, but we won't start sowing your wild oats until tomorrow night. Two bowls of rice and cream," he told the wooden-faced waiter, "and a chicken sandwich.

"The chicken sandwich is for Spunk," he explained to Jinny. "He doesn't like the bread but he has to eat it to get the chicken, so it is fine training for his character. Life is full of little things like that. Now I suppose introductions are in order. Under what name did you rent the post-office box?"

"Olga Chandler," admitted Jinny.

"Olga Chandler!" he repeated admiringly. "Why, with a name like that you already have a past, so why worry about the future? Now, Olga Chandler alias what?"

"Jinny Carton," confessed Jinny.

"Jinny Carton. Jinny," he murmured slowly. Then, pulling up the edge of the table cover, he bent over. "Did you hear that, Spunk? Jinny! Now, that's more like it.

"I'm applying for this job," he began, briskly addressing himself to Jinny again, "under the nom de plume of Pancho Villa Coolidge. I think that matches your Olga Chandler nicely. I'd use my right name, John Smith, but the Smiths are proud people. You've heard of them, I'm sure. Just call me Pancho and I'll call you Jinny. Now, you have advertised for a man——"

Jinny's cheeks burned. Why didn't she get up and leave the impertinent creature? The impertinent creature went on calmly, as he fished out of his vest pocket the clipped advertisement.

"——between the ages of thirty and forty. I'm just thirty-two. If that seems young, remember I'll improve it every year. I have already demonstrated my fondness for books and dogs. As to liking the 'occasional society of a small brown-eyed woman'—I'm ready to show my weakness in that direction at any time. In other words I am an enterprising, hard-working young man with a wife and six children to support. Do I get this job?"

Jinny sighed with relief. Now was the time to end the ridiculous farce. A "No" hovered on her lips; hovered and died unspoken.

For the first time she looked full into the blue eyes, ardent and compelling. Something like heady wine mounted in a blurring, tingling recklessness as she answered, "Yes."

At two A.M. Jinny the impeccable, Jinny the neighborhood pattern of propriety, unlocked her front door. Her mother was placidly nodding in the old leather rocker. If she felt any surprise at her daughter's eccentricities it wasn't visible to the naked eye. You would have thought it was Jinny's custom to arrive just ahead of the milkman, accompanied by a pocket edition of Webster's Dictionary and a one-eyed dog.

Mrs. Carton yawned, hunted up an old sweater, which she spread on the floor at the foot of Jinny's bed for Spunk to sleep on. If it had not been for Spunk's occasional sniff-snuffing trips around the room in the night, Jinny would have known it was all a dream.

Pancho was right. She couldn't sleep for thinking about him and the more she thought the angrier she got. Allowing herself to be bullied in this ridiculous fashion! Promising to meet him tomorrow night, no, *tonight*—tomorrow was already here. She'd punish him. She'd call him and cancel that dinner engagement, with no ardent blue eyes to upset her equilibrium.

She sat up in bed suddenly. How could she call him? She didn't know where he was. She didn't even know his name, for of course it wasn't either Pancho or John Smith. Well, so much the better. She just wouldn't show up at the appointed time and place.

At six o'clock that afternoon she slipped through the kitchen on her way to the garage. Her mother was explaining the intricacies of a new salad to Juaquina.

Jinny tried to cover up with a bread-and-butter manner the fact that she was unmistakably wearing her cake-and-ice-cream clothes. She sidled out the door with a careless, "Just going out for dinner, Mother, but I won't be late."

Half an hour later she was gazing into a pair of disturbing blue eyes across a table in the Central Café at Juarez. Yes, Juarez! Even Madge had not made a practice of going to Juarez.

"A sweet Martini for the lady, a dry Martini for me, two portions of——" Jinny heard his order to the waiter.

She looked about her in blissful sin. Soft lights, intimately gay parties scattered about, waiters hurrying by with trays of sophisticated little glasses and the orchestra playing "Cielito Lindo" in time to the lilting beat of her heart. What was it all about—this new, giddy, something-about-to-happen sensation?

When he glided out on the dance floor with his arms about her, she knew! Knew with a quick, suffocating sweetness. For a second the gates of vision swung open, then slammed shut with a clang. Could he care for her? Could any man consider seriously a girl he had met in such an unconventional way?

There was just one thing left to hang her pride upon. He must never know. She laughed and sparkled. She answered the running fire of his nonsense with a wit she didn't know she had. She flirted and did her gallant best to hide the shy little Jinny who didn't have sense enough to stay at home.

Three nights of gay parties and Jinny reached the point of abandon where she didn't care how much it was going to hurt afterwards, so long as she could make it continue in the present. Sparkling hours. His leaning over the table and calling her ridiculous names that somehow carried a faint caress. Anything to cling to the heaven-hell sense of joy so near.

She kept trying to tell herself it was just an interlude, but persistent little mushrooms of hope were springing up. He must care a trifle or why should he continue? Indeed, there were moments—those poignant silences that made her look up to find his gaze bent upon her in quizzical tenderness—when she could have shut her eyes in sudden blissful consciousness of how much he cared.

THE fourth night was gayest of all. Desperately gay. A sort of eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-you-know hilarity. They were just seating themselves after a dance when Page Bassett and Clytie charged down upon them.

"Hello there, mouse," kidded Page. "How did you ever annex the lion who has stuck so stubbornly to his lair ever since he hit El Paso?"

"Oh, Mr. King!" bubbled Clytie. "What are you doing? Getting some local color and material for your next book?"

Barry King, the writer! That explained it all. That made clear his interest in her escapade. Jinny hoped that her face looked perfectly normal, for in that second of revelation she had simply ceased to be. This creature, laughing lightly, pretending that she had known all along, was not Jinny.

Oh, the hideousness of it! Studying

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They may offend others as much as these offend you

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These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other persons as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

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her, she supposed, just as you would dissect a frog to see what made his wheels go around. And when it was over he would put her through her paces for the public to snort over, at so much per volume. And she loved him. No, *had loved him*. She hated him now.

Page and Clytie moved on.

"Mr. King"—Jinny's voice clipped the words crisply—"it's time for us to stop this little game. I think all the cards are on the table now. It's rather silly to go on. I should like to leave."

He looked up swiftly, stung by the edge in her tone. Her lips were still smiling but her eyes were bitter, remote. Poise and sophistication, did you say? Jinny had gone far in four days.

"Why, Jinny!" He gazed at her blankly. "Just what do you mean?"

"What do you suppose?" she laughed easily. "I just wanted to attach a writer's scalp to my belt. I found out who you were after the dance the other night, so I chose a rather unusual means of attracting your attention. 'Suit your bait to the fish' is my motto."

Silence . . . Then: "As you wish, Miss Carton. Excuse me a moment."

He edged his way through the tables to the side entrance of the bar. Jinny stared after him with unseeing eyes. Well, she'd given him something to think about. He might be clever but that last lie divided the honors between them.

He was back at the table again with her cloak on his arm.

In a few minutes the little car swung the corner at Commercial Street headed for the International Bridge. It would be over in a little while, Jinny told herself patiently; she could stand it just a little while longer. But again she reckoned without her man.

When the bridge was two blocks behind them he yanked the emergency brake and the car stopped with a jerk.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Jinny.

"Drive," he answered shortly. "Move over on this side."

"I won't," announced Jinny.

"You *will*, if I have to pick you up and set you there!"

Stupefied, Jinny obeyed.

The car sped past the five-mile bridge before Jinny found her voice.

"Where are we going?" she whispered.

No answer, while she studied the set profile above the wheel. At last he swung off the roadside under a sheltering clump of trees and addressed her.

"Miss Carton"—his voice was deadly level—"I answered your advertisement and took this position with the understanding that I was to do certain things which I haven't done. I believe your ad mentioned 'smoke, drink and pet.' Now, I am a man of my word and I expect to fill my end of this agreement."

He produced cigarets, handed her one, took one himself and struck a match.

"We'll smoke first, if you will kindly put that cigaret in your mouth."

So that was it. A last clever stroke to humiliate her. Dumb with fury, she put the cigaret to her lips.

There was a savage gust or two on his part, a burning puff punctuated by a cough for her; then he took the two cigarets and threw them away.

"Now we will drink," he stated coldly, as he felt in his pocket and brought out a small flask. "Personally, I don't care a great deal about this part, but business is business. Far be it from me to deprive you of any kick in this game. Ladies first, I believe, is correct form on this single-cylinder drinking."

He extended the flask toward Jinny. She stared at it in fascination. The old Jinny was crying, "Throw it out the window!" The new Jinny was shrieking, "Drink it and show him you don't care!"

Quickly, that he might not see how her hands were shaking, she snatched it and put it to her lips. One, two, three scalding swallows. How nice it was—as long as her flesh was tortured by that ache in her throat she couldn't think about the ache in her heart.

She handed it back to him. He held it to his mouth for a gurgling instant, then tossed it out after the cigarets.

"Now, Miss Carton," his voice continued calmly, "petting is the last act in this little farce. We always save the best for the last. It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from the pleasure of kissing you right at the start, but I have been sustained by the thought of the peculiar thrill I will derive from kissing you at the finish. There is just one thing more I have to say to you—heaven knows why!" he ejaculated bitterly.

"You have told me what your motives were in playing this game. I haven't mentioned mine. When I first saw you I thought you were too good to be true. It was just like finding an old-fashioned flower in a hothouse full of orchids. I answered that ad on a crazy hope. It sounded like you. If it were you I made up my mind that no one else should spoil the little flower by rough handling. I wanted it for myself—just as it was. You have my permission to laugh."

There was a pause. Jinny was frozen in an inexorable sense of destiny. How could she meet those lips mutely? It seemed an eternity before his voice continued steadily:

"We'll get back to the business in hand now, Miss Carton. We will pet."

He gathered her up in a swift, savage embrace, but there is a limit to human endurance. Jinny had passed hers some time back. She thrust aside his arms in an automatic effort to leave the car. She bruised her fingers on the clasp of the door—then dropped her head on the window beside her and sobbed.

There was a blinding flash of illumination when he heard those pathetic breath-catching sobs. Women with poise and sophistication to bait their traps for masculine pelts don't cry like babies when they are cornered at their own game. They laugh it off.

Glory be! *She was real!* Somewhere his blundering had thrown her on the defensive. He put his arms about her, gently this time, but she jerked her head up with hunted defiance.

"Don't touch me!" she whispered sharply. "I think you have punished me enough. If you want any more satisfaction I'll give it to you now. I didn't know who you were until half an hour ago and——" She gulped.

"And," he continued for her, his voice husky with remorseful understanding, "you thought I had been doing it all just to make a sort of Exhibit A out of you. God love your little heart! I ought to be taken out and shot. Jinny, I didn't mean a word of all this—*no! I did mean all this*—I didn't mean a word of all that. Oh, you know what I mean! Will you forgive me?"

A delicious five-minute parley of the tender, well-what-made-you-say-that and dear-why-did-you-do-this variety, when he suddenly snorted with glee.

"Jinny!" He slipped his arm about her shoulders. "There is a small piece of business still hanging fire here. In fifteen seconds I am going to kiss you—peaceably if I can and forcibly if I must. I advise you not to struggle, for I am going to do it anyway—and you're going to like it."

And Jinny did!

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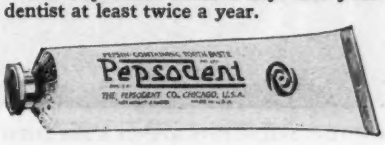

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The Blank Shot

(*Continued from page 31*)

stage in which Peter Blood could see no alternative to that of parting from these men whom a common misfortune had endeared to him. It was in this pass that Fate intervened in the shape of Captain Easterling.

One morning three days after his interview with Mr. Blood at the governor's house, the captain came alongside the Cinco Llagas in the cockboat from his sloop. As he heaved his massive bulk into the waist of the ship, his small narrow eyes were everywhere at once.

The Cinco Llagas was not only well-found, but irreproachably kept. Her decks were scoured; her cordage was stowed, and everything was in place. The muskets in the rack about the mainmast and the brass-work on the scuttle butts shone like gold in the bright sunshine. Not such lubberly fellows, after all, these escaped convict rebels who composed Mr. Blood's crew.

And there was Mr. Blood himself in black and silver, looking like a grandee of Spain, doffing a black hat with a sweep of claret ostrich plume about it, and bowing until the wings of his periwig met across his face like the pendulous ears of a spaniel. With him stood Nathaniel Hagthorpe, a pleasant gentleman of Mr. Blood's own age, whose steady eye and clear-cut face announced the man of breeding; Jeremy Pitt, the flaxen-haired young Somerset shipmaster; the short sturdy Nicholas Dyke, who had been a petty officer and had served under King James when he was Duke of York. There was nothing of the ragamuffin about these men, as Easterling had so readily imagined.

Having presented them, Mr. Blood invited the captain of the Bonaventure to the cabin in the stern, which for spaciousness and richness of furniture surpassed any cabin Captain Easterling had ever entered.

A negro servant in a white jacket—a lad hired in Tortuga—brought, besides the usual rum and sugar and fresh limes, a bottle of golden canary which had been in the ship's original equipment and which Mr. Blood recommended to his unbidden guest.

Remembering Monsieur d'Ogeron's warning that Captain Easterling was dangerous, Mr. Blood deemed it wise to use him with all civility.

They occupied the elegantly cushioned seats about the table of black oak, and Captain Easterling praised the canary. Thereafter he came to business by asking if Mr. Blood had not perhaps changed his mind about selling the ship.

"In that case," he added, with a glance at Blood's companions, "considering among how many the purchase money will be divided, ye will find me generous."

If by this he had hoped to make an impression upon those three, their stolid countenances disappointed him.

Mr. Blood shook his head. "It's wasting your time ye are, captain. Whatever else we decide, we keep the Cinco Llagas."

"Whatever ye decide?" The black brows went up on that shallow brow. "Ye're none so decided then as ye was about this voyage to Europe? Why, then, I'll come at once to the business I'ld propose if ye wouldn't sell. It is that with this ship ye join the Bonaventure in a venture—a bonaventure." And he laughed noisily at his own jest.

"Ye honor us. But we haven't a mind to piracy."

Easterling gave no sign of offense.

He waved a ham of a hand as if to dismiss the notion. "It ain't piracy I'm proposing."

"What then?"

"I can trust you?" Easterling asked, and his eyes included the four of them.

"Ye're not obliged to. And it's odds ye'll waste your time in any case."

It was not encouraging. Nevertheless Easterling proceeded. It might be known to them that he had sailed with Morgan. He had been with Morgan in the march across the Isthmus of Panama.

Now it was well known that when the spoil came to be divided after the sack of that Spanish city, it was found to be far below the expectations of the buccaneers. There were murmurs that Morgan had not dealt fairly with his men; that he had abstracted before division a portion of the treasure taken.

Those murmurs, Easterling could tell them, were well founded. There were pearls and jewels from San Felipe of fabulous value, which Morgan had secretly appropriated for himself. But as the rumors reached his ears, he became afraid of a search that would convict him. And so, midway on the journey across the isthmus, he one night buried the treasure he had filched.

"Only one man knew this," said Captain Easterling to his attentive listeners. "The man who helped him in a labor he couldn't ha' done alone. I am that man."

The business he proposed was that the fugitives on the Cinco Llagas should join him in an expedition to Darien to recover the treasure, sharing equally in it with his own men and on the scale usual among the Brethren of the Coast.

"If I put the value of what Morgan buried at five hundred thousand pieces of eight, I am being modest."

It was a sum to set his audience staring. Even Blood stared, but not quite with the expression of the others.

"Sure now, it's very odd," said he.

"What is odd, Mr. Blood?"

Mr. Blood's answer took the form of another question. "How many do ye number aboard the Bonaventure?"

"Some two hundred men."

"And the twenty men who are with me make such a difference that ye deem it worth while to bring us this proposal!"

Easterling laughed outright, a deep guttural laugh. "I see that ye don't understand at all." His voice bore a familiar echo of Mr. Blood's Irish intonation. "It's not the men I lack so much as a stout ship in which to guard the treasure when we have it. In a bottom such as this we'ld be as snug as in a fort, and I'ld defy any Spanish galleon to molest me."

"Faith, now I understand," said Hagthorpe, and Pitt and Dyke nodded with him. But the blue eye of Peter Blood continued to stare at the pirate.

"As Hagthorpe says, it's understandable. But a tenth of the prize which, by heads, is all that would come to the Cinco Llagas is far from adequate in the circumstances."

"What share would ye propose?"

"That's to be considered. But it would be not less than one-fifth."

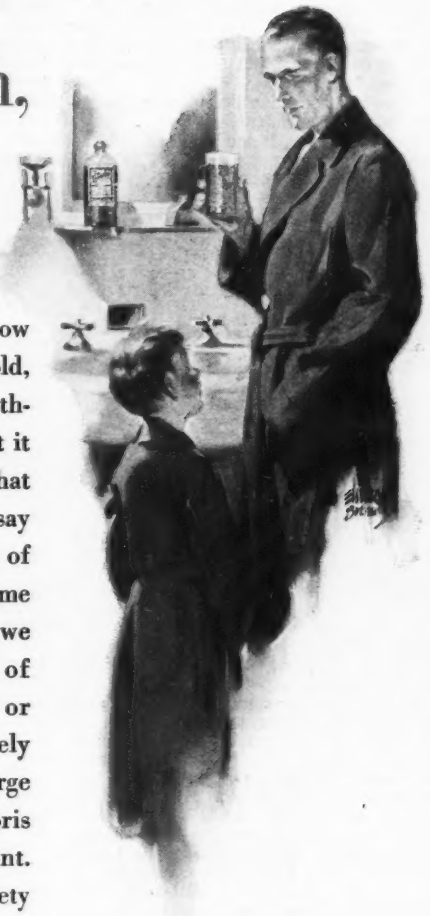
The buccaneer's face remained impassive. He bowed his gaudily swathed head. "Bring these friends of yours to dine tomorrow aboard the Bonaventure, and we'll draw up the articles."

For a moment Blood seemed to hesitate. Then he accepted the invitation.

But when the buccaneer had departed, he checked the satisfaction of his three followers.

"I was warned that Captain Easterling is a dangerous man. That's to flatter him. For to be dangerous a man must

What is a Mouthwash, anyway?



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be clever, and Captain Easterling is not clever."

"What maggot's burrowing under your periwig, Peter?" wondered Hagthorpe.

"I'm thinking of the reason he gave for desiring our association. It was the best he could do when bluntly asked the question."

"It could not have been more reasonable," said Hagthorpe.

"Reasonable!" Blood laughed. "Specious, if ye will. Specious until ye come to examine it. Faith now, it glitters, to be sure. But it isn't gold. A ship as strong as a fort in which to stow a half-million pieces of eight, and this fortress ship in our hands! A trusting fellow, this Easterling, for a scoundrel."

They thought it out, and their eyes grew round.

Pitt, however, was not yet persuaded. "In his need he'll trust our honor."

Blood looked at him with scorn. "I never knew a man with eyes like Easterling's to trust to anything but possession. If he means to stow that treasure aboard this ship, and I could well believe that part of it, it is because he means to be in possession of this ship by the time he does so. Honor! Bah! Could such a man believe that honor would prevent us from giving him the slip one night, once we had the treasure aboard, or even from bringing our weight of metal to bear upon his sloop and sinking her? It's fatuous ye are, Jeremy, with your talk of honor."

Still the thing was not quite clear to Hagthorpe. "What, then, is his reason for inviting us to join him?"

"The reason that he gave. He wants our ship, be it for the conveyance of his treasure, if it exists, be it for other reasons. Didn't he first seek to buy the Cinco Llagas? Oh, he wants her, but he wants not us; nor would he keep us long, be sure of that."

And yet, perhaps because the prospect of a share in Morgan's treasure was a glittering one, they were reluctant to abandon it. Hagthorpe, Pitt and Dyke opined that Blood was leaping to conclusions from a prejudice sown in him by Monsieur d'Ogeron, who may have had reasons of his own to serve. Let them at least dine with Easterling and hear what articles he proposed.

"Can ye be sure that we shall not be poisoned?" wondered Blood.

But this was pushing prejudice too far. They mocked him freely. How could they be poisoned by meat and drink that Easterling must share with them? And what end would thus be served? How would that give Easterling possession of the Cinco Llagas?

"By swarming aboard her with a couple of score of his ruffians and taking the men here unawares at a time when there would be none to lead them."

"What?" cried Hagthorpe. "Here in Tortuga? In this haven of the buccaneers? Come, Peter! I must suppose there is some honor among thieves."

"Ye may suppose it. I prefer to suppose otherwise. I hope no man will call me timid; and yet I'ld as soon be called that as rash."

The weight of opinion, however, was against him. Every man of the crew of the Cinco Llagas was as eager for the enterprise when it came to be disclosed as were the three leaders.

And so, despite himself, at eight bells on the morrow, Captain Blood went over with Hagthorpe, Pitt and Dyke, to dine aboard the Bonaventure.

Easterling welcomed them boisterously, supported by his entire crew of ruffians. Some eight score of them swarmed in the waist, on the forecastle and even on the poop, and all were armed. It was not necessary that Mr. Blood should point out to his companions how odd it was that all these fellows should have been summoned for the occasion from the taverns ashore. Their presence and the leering mockery of their villainous countenances made Blood's three followers ask themselves at last if Blood had not been justified in his misgivings, and made them suspect with him that they had walked into a trap.

It was too late to retreat. By the break of the poop, at the entrance of the gangway leading to the cabin, stood Captain Easterling.

Blood paused there a moment to look up into the pellucid sky above the rigging about which the gulls were circling. He glanced round and up at the gray fort perched on its rocky eminence, all bathed in ardent sunshine. He looked toward the mole, and across the sparkling waters toward the Cinco Llagas, where she rode in majesty and strength.

To his uneasy companions, it seemed as if he was wondering from what quarter help might come if it were needed. Then, responding to Easterling's inviting gesture, he passed into the gloom of the gangway, followed by the others.

Like the rest of the ship, which at the first glance had appeared disheveled and unclean, the cabin was in no way comparable with that of the stately Cinco Llagas. It was so low that there was barely headroom for tall men like Blood and Hagthorpe. It was ill furnished, containing little more than the cushioned lockers set about a deal table that was stained and hacked. Also, the atmosphere of the place was heavy with a blend of vile smells.

The dinner proved to be much as the surroundings promised. In forcing himself to eat, the fastidious stomach of Mr. Blood was almost turned.

The company provided by Easterling matched the rest. A half-dozen of his fellows served him as a guard of honor. They had been elected, he announced, by the men, so that they might agree the articles on behalf of all.

To these had been added a young Frenchman named Joinville, who was secretary to Monsieur d'Ogeron and stood there to represent the governor and to lend, as it were, a legal sanction to what was to be done. If the presence of this rather vacuous, pale-eyed gentleman served to reassure Mr. Blood a little, it served to intrigue him more.

They crowded the narrow confines of the cabin, and Easterling's fellows were so placed along the two sides of the table that no two of the men from the Cinco Llagas sat together, and so that Blood and the captain of the Bonaventure faced each other across the board.

Business was left until dinner was over and the negro who waited on them had withdrawn. Until then the men of the Bonaventure kept things gay with heavily salted talk.

At last, the table cleared of all save bottles, and pens and ink being furnished, together with a sheet of paper each to Easterling and Blood, the captain of the Bonaventure opened the matter of the terms, and Peter Blood heard himself for the first time addressed as captain. Easterling shortly informed him that the one-fifth share he had demanded was accounted excessive by the men of the Bonaventure.

Momentarily Captain Blood's hopes rose. "Do ye mean that they'll not consent to them, captain?"

"What else should I mean?"

"In that case, captain, it only remains for us to take our leave, in your debt for this entertainment and the richer for the improvement in our acquaintance."

The elaborate courtesy of those grossly inaccurate terms did not seem to touch the ponderous Easterling. His close-set eyes stared blankly from his red face. He mopped his brow before replying.

"Ye'll take your leave?" There was a sneering undertone to his guttural voice. "I'll trouble you in turn to be plain with me. I like plain men, and plain words. D'ye mean that ye'll quit the business?" Two or three of his followers made a challenging echo to his question.

Captain Blood—to give him now the title Easterling had bestowed upon him—had the air of being intimidated. He hesitated, looking as if for guidance to his companions, who returned him only uneasy glances.

"If," he said at length, "ye find our terms unreasonable, I must assume ye'll not be wishing to go further, and it only remains for us to withdraw."

He spoke with a diffidence which amazed his own followers, who had never known him other than bold in the face of any odds. It provoked a sneer from Easterling, who found no more than he expected from a medicus turned adventurer by circumstances.

"Faith, doctor," said he, "ye had best return to cupping and bleeding, and leave ships to men who can handle them."

There was a lightning flash from those blue eyes, as vivid as it was transient. The swarthy countenance never lost its air of diffidence. Meanwhile Easterling had swung to the governor's representative, who sat on his right.

"What d'ye think of that, Mossoo Joinville?"

The fair, flabby young Frenchman smiled amiably upon Blood. "Would it not be wise and proper, sir, to hear what terms Captain Easterling now proposes?"

"I'll hear them. But——"

"Leave the *buts* till afterwards, doctor," Easterling cut in. "The terms we'll grant are the terms I told you. Your men share equally with mine."

"But that means no more than a tenth for the Cinco Llagas." And Blood, too, now appealed to Monsieur Joinville. "Do ye, sir, account that fair? I have explained to Captain Easterling that what we lack in men we more than make up in weight of metal, and our guns are handled by a gunner such as I dare swear has no compeer in the Caribbean. A remarkable gunner is Ned Ogle. The very devil of a gunner, as ye'ld believe if ye'd seen him pick those Spanish boats off the water in Bridgetown harbor."

Easterling interrupted him. "What's a gunner more or less?"

"Oh, an ordinary gunner, maybe. But this is no ordinary gunner. Gunners like Ogle are like poets; they are born, so they are. He'll put you a shot between wind and water, will Ogle, as neatly as ye can pick your teeth."

Easterling banged the table. "What's all this to the point?"

"It may be something. And meanwhile it shows you the valuable ally ye're acquiring." And he was off again on the subject of his gunner. "He was trained in the King's navy, was Ned Ogle, and a bad day for the King's navy it was when Ogle took to politics and followed the Protestant champion to Sedgemoor."

"Leave that," growled one of the officers of the Bonaventure, a ruffian who answered to the name of Chard. "Leave it, I say, or we'll waste the day in talk."

Easterling confirmed this with a coarse oath. Captain Blood observed that they did not mean to spare offensiveness, and

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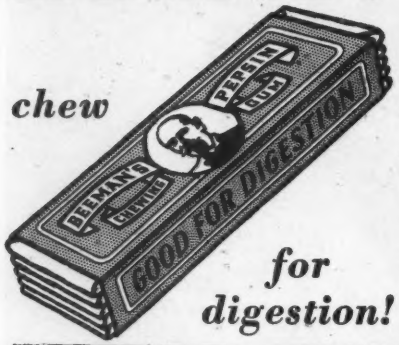

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his speculations on their aims starting from that took a fresh turn.

Joinville intervened. "Could you not compromise with Captain Blood? After all, there is some reason on his side. He might put a hundred men aboard his ship, and in that case he would naturally take a heavier share."

"In that case he might be worth it," was the truculent answer.

"I am worth it as it is," Blood insisted.

"Ah, bah!" he was answered, with a flick of finger and thumb under his nose.

He began to suspect that Easterling sought to entice him into an act of rashness, in reply to which he and his followers would probably be butchered where they sat, and Monsieur Joinville would afterwards be constrained to bear witness to the governor that the provocation had proceeded from the guests. He perceived at last the probable reason for the Frenchman's presence.

But at the moment Joinville was remonstrating. "Come, come, Captain Easterling! Thus you will never reach agreement. Captain Blood's ship is of advantage to you, and we have to pay for what is advantageous. Could you not offer him an eighth or even a seventh share?"

Easterling became almost suave. "What would Captain Blood say to that?"

Captain Blood shrugged. "I say what ye know I must say: that I can say nothing until I have taken the wishes of my followers. We'll resume the discussion when I have done so—another day."

"Oh, s'death!" roared Easterling. "Do ye play with us? Haven't ye brought your officers with you, and ain't they empowered to speak for your men same as mine? Whatever we settles here, my men abides by. That's the custom of the Brethren of the Coast. And I expect the same from you. And I've the right to expect it, as ye can tell him, Mossoo Joinville."

The Frenchman nodded gloomily, and Easterling roared on:

"We are not children, by heaven! And we're not here to play, but to agree terms. And, by heaven, we'll agree them before ye leave."

"Or not, as the case may be," said Blood quietly. It was to be remarked that he had lost his diffidence now.

"Or not? What the devil do ye mean with your 'or not'?" Easterling came to his feet.

"I mean or not, quite simply." Blood accounted that the time had come to compel the buccaneers to show their hand. "If we fail to agree terms, why, that's the end of the matter."

"Oho! The end of the matter, eh? Stab me, but it may prove the beginning of it."

Blood smiled up into his face, and cool as ice he commented: "That's what I was supposing. But the beginning of what, if ye please, Captain Easterling?"

"Indeed, indeed, captain!" cried Joinville. "What can you mean?"

"Mean?" Captain Easterling glared at the Frenchman. "Mean?" he repeated. "Look ye, Mossoo, this fellow here, this Blood, this doctor, this escaped convict, made believe that he would enter into articles with us so as to get from me the secret of Morgan's treasure. Now that he's got it, he makes difficulties about the articles. He no longer wants to join us. He proposes to withdraw. It'll be plain to you why he proposes to withdraw, Mossoo Joinville; just as it'll be plain to you why I can't permit it."

"Why, here's paltry invention!" sneered Blood. "What do I know of his secret beyond his tale of a treasure buried somewhere?"

"Not somewhere. Ye know where. For I've been fool enough to tell you."

Blood actually laughed, and by his laughter scared his companions, to whom their danger was now clear enough.

"Somewhere on the Isthmus of Darien. There's precision, on my soul! With that information, I can go straight to the spot and set my hand on it. As for the rest, Monsieur Joinville, I invite you to observe it's not myself is making difficulties about the articles. On the one-fifth share which I asked from the outset, I was prepared to join Captain Easterling. But now that I'm confirmed in all that I suspected of him, and more, why, I wouldn't join him for a half share in this treasure, supposing it to exist at all, which I do not."

That brought every man of the Bonaventure to his feet as if it had been a signal, and they were clamorous too, until Easterling waved them into silence. Upon that silence cut the tenor voice of Monsieur Joinville.

"You are a rash man, Captain Blood."

"Maybe, maybe," says Blood, light and airily. "Time will show. The last word's not yet been said."

"Then here's to say it," quoth Easterling, quietly sinister on a sudden. "I was about to warn you that ye'll not be allowed to leave this ship with the information ye possess until the articles is signed. But since ye so clearly show your intentions, why, things have gone beyond warnings."

Captain Blood looked up at the sinister bulk of the captain of the Bonaventure and with mingled amazement and dismay the three men from the Cinco Llagas observed that he was smiling. At first so unusually diffident and timid; now so deliberately and recklessly provoking. He was beyond understanding. It was Hagthorpe who spoke for them.

"What do you mean, captain? What do you intend by us?"

"Why, to clap you into irons and stow you under hatches, where ye can do no harm."

"Lord, sir——" Hagthorpe began, when Captain Blood's crisp pleasant voice cut across his speech.

"And ye, Monsieur Joinville, will permit this without protest?"

Joinville shrugged. "You have brought it on yourself, Captain Blood."

"So that is what ye're here to report to Monsieur d'Ogeron! Well, well!" He laughed with a touch of bitterness.

And then, abruptly, on the noontide stillness outside came the thunder of a gun. Followed the screaming of startled gulls, and then, a shade uneasily, came the question from Easterling, addressed to no one in particular:

"What the devil's that?"

It was Blood who answered him pleasantly. "Now, don't let it alarm you, captain darling. It's just a salute fired in your honor by Ogle, the gunner—the highly skillful gunner—of the Cinco Llagas. Have I told you about him yet?"

"A salute?" quoth Easterling. "By heaven, what d'ye mean? A salute?"

"Why, just a courtesy, as a reminder to us and a warning to you. It's a reminder to us that we've taken up an hour of your time, and that we must put no further strain upon your hospitality." He got to his feet and stood, easy and elegant in his Spanish suit of black and silver. "It's a very good day we'll be wishing you, captain."

Easterling plucked a pistol from his belt. "Ye play-acting buffoon! Ye don't leave this ship."

But Captain Blood continued to smile. "Faith, that will be very bad for the ship, and for all aboard her, including this ingenuous Monsieur Joinville who

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really believes ye'll pay him the promised share of your phantom treasure for bearing false witness against me, so as to justify you in the eyes of the governor for seizing the Cinco Llagas. Ye see, I am under no delusions concerning you, my dear captain. For a rogue, ye're a thought too transparent."

Easterling loosed a volley of minatory obscenity, waving his pistol. He was restrained from using it only by an indefinable uneasiness aroused by his guest's bantering manner.

"We are wasting time," Blood interrupted him, "and the moments, believe me, are growing singularly precious. Ye'd best know where ye stand. My orders to Ogle were that if within ten minutes of his firing that salute I and my friends here were not over the side of the Bonaventure, he was to put a round shot into your forecastle along the water line, and as many more after that as may be necessary to sink you by the head. I do not think that many will be necessary. Ogle is a singularly skillful marksman. He served with distinction as a gunner in the King's navy. I think I've told you about him."

It was Joinville who broke the silence that followed. "Let me out of this!" he bleated, bounding to his feet.

"Oh, stow your squealing, ye French rat," snarled the infuriated Easterling. Then he turned his fury upon Blood, balancing the pistol ominously. "Ye sneaking leech, ye college offal! Ye'ld ha' done better to ha' stuck to your cupping and bleedings, as I told you."

His murderous intention was plain. But Blood was too swift for him. He snatched up by its neck the flagon of canary that stood before him, and crashed it across Captain Easterling's left temple.

As the captain of the Bonaventure reeled back against the cabin bulkhead, Peter Blood bowed slightly to him.

"I regret," said he, "that I have no cup; but, as ye see, I can practice phlebotomy with a bottle."

Easterling sagged down in a limp unconscious mass at the foot of the bulkhead. The spectacle stirred his officers. There was a movement toward Captain Blood, and a din of raucous voices, and someone laid hands upon him. But above the uproar rang his vibrant voice.

"Be warned! The moments are speeding. The ten minutes have all but fled, and either I and my friends depart or we all sink together in this bottom."

"In heaven's name, bethink you of it!" cried Joinville, and started for the door.

A buccaneer seized him and flung him back. "You and your men go first!" he shouted to Captain Blood. "And bestir yourselves! We've no mind to drown like rats."

They went as they were bidden, curses following them and threats of a reckoning to follow with Captain Easterling.

The ruffians a-swarm on the deck above did not hinder the departure of Captain Blood and his companions.

In the cockboat, midway between the two vessels, Hagthorpe found his voice at last. "On my soul's salvation, Peter, there was a moment when I thought our sands were run."

"Ay, ay," said Pitt with fervor. "And even as it was they might have been." He swung to Peter Blood, where he sat in the stern sheets. "Suppose that for one reason or another we had not got out in those ten minutes, and Ogle had opened fire in earnest? What then?"

"Ah!" said Blood. "Our real danger lay in that he wasn't like to do it."

"But if you so ordered him?"

"Nay, that's just what I forgot to do. All I told him was to loose a blank shot when we had been gone an hour. I thought that however things went it might prove useful. And on my soul, I believe it did. Lor'!" He took off his hat and mopped his brow. "I wonder now if it's the heat that's making me sweat like this."

Captain Blood encounters Easterling on the high seas—and meets the fate that made him a pirate—in Next Month's exploit of the gallant sea-rover

Shattered Glass *by Louis Bromfield*

(Continued from page 23)

he (Hector) might be cold and dead before the year was out. And he fell morbidly to wondering what Nancy was like now and how she had changed, for she must have grown old as he had grown old, and all the while Patrick Dantry's body, encased in ice, had stayed young and beautiful.

In Hector the sense of things possessed was strongly rooted. He loved passionately his silver, his jades, his pictures and his tapestries, and now he had begun to be troubled about what was to become of them when he died. There was nobody but Philip to whom he could leave them and Philip would not value them since he was, as his father had been, too much concerned with what possessed life to take any interest in what was inanimate.

The best, then, that he might do would be to leave the finest things to the Metropolitan Museum. The smaller things would have to be sold unless Philip chose to keep certain of them—Philip who was the last of the Champion family and who didn't even bear the name of Champion but the name of a handsome Irishman who was a nobody, unscrupulous and a good deal of a scamp.

The great goblets of crystal for the Burgundy were among Hector's treasured possessions. They had come from Beaune—twenty-four of them—sixteen years ago and by some miracle not one of them had ever been broken. In his pride he often told his guests that the secret of making such glass had been lost long ago. The crystal was thin as paper and yet so fine that one could press the rims of the round glasses until their rims were no longer circular but elongated ovals.

It was a trick which Old Hector allowed none but himself to perform, for only his soft, pink, sensitive fingers knew the point to which the delicate glass might be pressed without being shattered. And slowly through the years, as none of the glasses had ever been broken, there had grown up in his twisted mind a superstition that if one were broken it would be an omen of calamity.

Tonight, while he kept trying to annihilate the terror of death and to stifle the past that kept returning to him against his will, the soft pink fingers kept idly caressing the great Burgundy glass that stood before him, and the ceaseless alternating pressure and relaxation of the fingers against the delicate flexible glass seemed to bring a kind of relief to his tormented brain.

There was much of the *voyeur* in Hector and the trait found its expression in a morbid desire to pry into the lives of other people. Of late the desire had centered in a passionate interest in the faces of people, becoming at times so strong that he would find himself in the street or at the theater or in a restaurant staring as if hypnotized into the face of some stranger, with his whole being concentrated in an effort to penetrate beyond the shell into the secrets of the life which lay concealed there. Twice lately people had resented what appeared to be the lewd staring of a fat old man. Once he had been shockingly near interference by a policeman.

But here, in his own house, he could indulge this curious passion. The sound of Melbourn's voice led him to stare at the reflection of Melbourn's face in the mirror.

It was a strange face, at once ascetic and sensual. The forehead, high and intellectual, was square and shaped like a box above a faintly aquiline nose. Beneath the short dark mustache the contradicting mouth was full and sensual. The line of the jaw detached itself just beneath the ear in an angle almost brutal and ended in a square firm chin. The ears, large and well shaped, were set too low upon the head, so that they gave the whole face a look of something fierce and primitive, and the eyes, dark blue, glowed with unquenchable intelligence and animal vitality.

About the eyes and the corners of the mouth were the tiny lines which betrayed his age. The body was tall and finely proportioned, with a power quite unlike the strength of young Philip. It was the body of one who had carried burdens and worked with his hands.

Hector watched the face in the mirror with a complete absorption, wondering what tragedies, what passions, what force of will had molded it. Faces grew out of people's lives; and this face was the product surely of a hard and fiery life.

There was something in it that was a little tired. It was, he thought, the face of a powerful man, perhaps at once cold and sensual, whose power lay in his detachment and shrewdness and the power of an incredible and ruthless will. And he understood suddenly why Fanny Towner had made such a fool of herself at dinner. He understood that this was a man who could be very dangerous to women, and especially to a woman like Fanny, brought up so carefully to marry a dull lovable man like Jim Towner.

Melbourn was a willful and ruthless brute capable, perhaps, of the gentleness that can devastate women. And Fanny was desperate tonight because she feared she was losing him. She was his mistress and she was frightened of Mrs. Wintringham and she had reason to be, for Mrs. Wintringham was younger than Fanny, and more beautiful and above all else more calm. She had a sense of dignity and reserve which was a weapon of steel against Fanny's unbalanced and shameless hysteria.

It was odd, too, considering that Fanny had been brought up as a lady and the other woman was a nobody, and like Melbourn, a kind of adventurer. It would be hard on Fanny. A woman like Fanny aroused and deserted by such a man as Melbourn might go completely to the devil afterward.

He found a vicarious excitement in turning the intrigue over and over in his mind. He began to imagine Melbourn making love to Fanny and his fat

fingers grew restless and pressed the crystal goblet so violently that it gave out a faint singing sound of warning and the pink fingers relaxed sharply.

He wondered if Jim Towner had a suspicion that his wife was unfaithful to him with this man. He had known Jim since Jim was a little boy. He had watched him grow older and presently become handsome, and now he saw him beginning to grow shapeless and gross in dissipation and decay. He wondered whether it was Jim's drinking which had driven Fanny toward Melbourn or whether it was Jim's knowledge of her conduct which had driven him to drinking.

It was amusing to compare Jim's face with Melbourn's. The one man had been born with everything in the world, wealth and position and good looks. He had been the best-loved man in his clubs and in his college and when Fanny married him he was the greatest catch to be had, and now after fifteen years he had turned into this overheavy middle-aged man with a face that was growing shapeless and sodden and weak.

The other man, born perhaps with nothing, had gone quite the other way. His face was as sharply modeled as if it had been of bronze cast in fire. It was not, he thought, astonishing that Fanny had been drawn from the one to the other.

Of all of them there about the jewel-like table only Philip's face was still young and unmarked by time. Everything still lay before him. And suddenly there swept over Old Hector a perverse and passionate desire to enter into Philip's body without losing his own identity, to *become* Philip and still remain himself, so that he might live in Philip and experience all of life through him. It was a desire which returned more and more frequently of late.

He was aware that there was always a wall shutting him off from Philip. The boy was shy and reticent, so that no matter how Old Hector tried he never knew what Philip's life really was, what woman he loved.

He knew only that there was a girl, an actress he thought, whom Philip saw constantly, but he did not even know her name and he dared not ask for fear of making more impenetrable the barrier which shut him away from the boy. He thought suddenly that despite the fact that he was the only father Philip had ever known, the boy did not belong to him.

He might belong even now to that actress whom Old Hector had never seen, whose name he did not even know. And he kept saying, "She mustn't have him. He is mine. I must keep him until I die. It will be only a little while."

Then suddenly he flushed as he saw Philip regarding him with a look which seemed to understand what was passing in his uncle's mind, but almost at once he saw that Philip was trying to tell him that they had better join the ladies. Old Hector nodded and prepared to rise but at the same moment his valet, Soames, approached him, bearing a silver platter, and on it lay the red-and-white envelope of a radiogram.

Old Hector was overcome sharply by a sudden sense of calamity which concentrated itself in the red-and-white envelope. The pink fingers contracted sharply and there was the sudden musical sound of fine glass being shattered. The big goblet was broken and from a little heap of shivered glass its stem remained erect, crowned by a flower with jagged petals of crystal.

Trembling a little, he took the envelope and slit it open with a silver fruit knife. The opening of the envelope seemed an endless affair. He opened it and read:

ARRIVING TOMORROW MAURETANIA MAY I COME TO TEA ANSWER RITZ HOTEL

NANCY

Twice he read it through before he could be certain that he had not lost his reason. It wasn't possible that Nancy should telegraph him like that, as if she'd only been away a day or two and nothing had ever happened.

But in the next second he saw that it was more than possible. It was exactly what Nancy would do. Nothing ever made any impression upon her. She would act exactly as if nothing had ever happened, and as though they had last seen each other only yesterday instead of so many years ago.

Then he remembered that the others were watching him, and he turned to Soames and said, "No answer," and rolled the paper into a little ball and threw it into the Louis Quinze fireplace. Rising, he felt suddenly dizzy and was forced to lean on the chair.

"I think we'd better join the ladies," he heard himself saying. "Savina will be wanting to play bridge."

The past seemed to be rising in a mist to envelop him.

He insisted that the others pass through the door before him—all but Philip, who looked at him anxiously and said, "You've cut yourself, Uncle Hector."

Looking down he saw that there was a drop of blood on one of the pink fingers. He carefully wrapped his handkerchief about it and then saw with annoyance that Philip was still watching him. He turned and walked through the door.

He could not tell Philip what the radiogram contained. In twenty-five years he had never spoken to Philip of his Aunt Nancy and now he simply could not utter the words. Tomorrow he would manage it somehow.

But he resolved to tell Savina because he would need someone to help him cope with Nancy, and Savina he could count upon. She was the salt of the earth. For a second another regret assailed him. He wished now that he had married Savina years ago when she wanted to marry him. But the regret passed quickly, lost in his terror of the broken goblet. After all these years the precious set of twenty-four had been broken, and by his own hand!

He remembered too that it was Savina who had helped Nancy and Patrick to run off. It was in her drawing-room that they had met and planned the elopement. And again he felt old and dizzy and confused, for he suddenly hated Savina, who was his oldest friend, because she had helped to rob him forever of Patrick Dantry. Suddenly he thought, "I must be going mad."

In the drawing-room Savina Jerrold sat majestic and upright on the sofa, clad in a kind of black satin bag with a gold cord round the middle and adorned with all the Jerrold diamonds which had been famous in the 'nineties but now seemed dusty and old-fashioned in their heavy gold settings.

Savina was sixty-seven, an old maid, and weighed two hundred and fifty-eight pounds. Her hair, which was thin and gray, she wore in a little knot on the top of her intelligent head and much frizzed out at the sides to give an effect of luxuriance. And she was intensely proud of her feet, which were so small as to be out of all proportion to her grotesque body. She bought the most costly and frivolous slippers, and she always sat so that the tiny feet were displayed to the greatest possible advantage. It was if she understood that her middle was hopeless and so concentrated upon both ends.

Tonight she was angry because she considered herself vulgarly overdressed with all her diamonds and because Hector had had the bad taste to invite Jim and Fanny Towner to the same dinner with Melbourn, not to mention Mrs. Wintringham. She wanted coldly to strangle Fanny Towner for being deliberately rude to Mrs. Wintringham and for being common and cheap. She told herself that Fanny was "being terrible" and that she ought to be ashamed of herself and that certainly her aunt, Alida Parsons (who lived with Savina), must speak to her about her behavior.

Savina had forgotten that once, more than thirty years ago, when she was in love, she had made a fool of herself.

She kept talking, saying the most banal things, to which Fanny kept making the most banal answers. And all the while she kept watching Fanny's pretty, tired face and wondering why a woman who had everything—looks, fortune and an attractive husband—should have made such a mess of her life.

Tonight Fanny looked older than her age, thought Savina. She was a blonde with blue eyes, a small pretty nose and curly short yellow hair. Why, Savina asked herself, had Fanny worn pink as if she were a débutante? Why did pretty women never understand that they did not remain all their lives at the age of eighteen?

They talked about the opera and Savina fell idly to examining Mrs. Wintringham with minute attention, wondering who she really was and whence she had really come. She was dressed in black chiffon which floated about her slender figure, now concealing, now revealing it, and heightening the paleness of her face and the reddish tinge in her dark golden hair. From her throat hung a single string of enormous artificial pearls.

She had a pleasant voice and she did not talk too much, but just enough, never trying to pretend that she knew people she didn't know and taking no part in the conversation when Fanny kept turning it again and again deliberately to relatives and friends who were outside her circle. "Fanny," thought Savina, "is being a——" But Mrs. Wintringham had every advantage over her. She was younger. She was not the sort who faded quickly. She was quiet and gentle and superbly calm and she had the air of being able to wait.

Savina thought, "Melbourn will be hers in the end if she wants him." She was the lady that Fanny should have been and wasn't. Her clothes, her self-possession, her beauty, her poise were her weapons.

Trying to keep her mind on the conversation, Savina said aloud, "The trouble is that we all have too many friends and acquaintances. We can get from place to place too easily. Anyone can telephone or telegraph you. I find that life has just become a muddle. Life in New York isn't worth a nickel any longer. It's just running from one person or one place to another.

"You may call me an old fogy, if you like; but I think people aren't even the same any more. They're all superficial and distracted, the women hopping about from one party to another, and the men so tired that all they think about is drink or sleep."

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"Melbourn's not like that," said Fanny defiantly.

"Well. He's different. He's got enough vitality for ten men. I've been reading a book which says that vitality is all a question of sexual endowment. I'd never thought about it before but I suppose there's a good deal in it."

"A great deal," observed Mrs. Wintringham with a quiet intensity.

Savina decided that she hated and despised all women with their catty, jealous ways, and that poor Fanny was the apotheosis of all feminine nonsense. She was so spoiled and hysterical and exaggerated that it was no wonder Jim Towner took to drink.

"I'd like," thought Savina, "to take a hairbrush to her." And then all at once she caught in Fanny's tired, pretty face the shadow of a look so desperate and miserable that she was ashamed of herself and felt sorry for the girl. Although Fanny was thirty-eight, Savina thought of her always as a "girl."

She kept on making banal talk, until the boredom became so intense that she scarcely knew what she was saying.

Mrs. Wintringham rose suddenly and walked over to look out of the window.

"What's the matter with Old Hector?" asked Fanny suddenly. "He looks gray and ill."

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"I thought you'd be the one to know if anyone did."

"Well, I suppose I would, but he hasn't mentioned it to me and you can't speak of that kind of thing to him."

Mrs. Wintringham suddenly spoke. "It's begun to snow," she said. "It's snowing so hard you can't see the other side of the river."

Savina decided to fetch the men by force, for she detested conversation even when it was good and loved only bridge. She held that she was sixty-seven years old and had long ago used up all her dinner conversation and that for years she had only been repeating herself. She started painfully to hoist her great weight to the tiny, pretty feet, and at the same moment the door opened and the gentlemen came in, headed by Melbourn, looking cold, hard and irritated; then Jim, looking fishy-eyed and a little unsteady; and then Hector, looking, she thought, even whiter than he had looked during dinner, and with a finger wrapped in a white silk handkerchief, and last of all young Philip.

As the gentlemen entered the room Hector saw that Fanny, restless and unhappy, looked quickly at Melbourn, who chose not to see her. It was Mrs. Wintringham whom Old Hector noticed.

She had turned a little from the window in an unconscious pose which completely captured his eye. There was something in the poise of the beautiful figure against the blue-black of the night between the crimson curtains which touched his extreme sensibility to all that was exquisite and perfect. She, too, was looking toward Melbourn but more quietly than Fanny. And Melbourn was looking back at her.

Savina rose and seated herself at the bridge table, angry now that Hector had invited seven people to dinner, so that it was impossible to make either one or two tables of bridge without disturbance. She drew a card and said, "Come along and cut. We've wasted enough time making chitchat."

But Old Hector said that he felt tired and didn't want to play, and Mrs. Wintringham said quietly that she didn't play well enough and preferred to talk. As she said this he looked at Savina and between them there passed a sudden understanding glance of sympathy, which for an instant made them allies.

It was a glance which said to Savina, "I am aware that this is a hopeless dinner party and that if I sit at the table with Fanny Towner, there will be a scene because she is determined to have one. It is all childish. I play well enough and I love playing, but not under these circumstances."

Savina said sharply, "Come along, Fanny. You and I will take on any two of the men." She knew that Fanny must not have either her husband or her lover for a partner.

So the three men cut and the cards ironically cast as partners Melbourn, the lover, and Jim, the husband, with young Philip watching. Savina shuffled with a great snapping of the cards and thrust the pack aggressively at him to cut.

Old Hector said to Mrs. Wintringham, "Let's sit in the library, where we may talk without disturbing the others." As he followed her through the door he was struck by the beauty of her figure and of the back so generously exposed by the cut of the dress.

Mrs. Wintringham went over to the small fire beneath the Ingres portrait which was like a jewel set in a casket made by the beauty of the small dark room. She looked at him and said, "It's a beautiful room. You are lucky to have both taste and the money to satisfy it."

In a world which took beauty and wealth so much for granted, the remark pleased the fat, white old man and made him for a moment pleasant and amiable. He complimented her upon her clothes and thought again how exquisite and complete she was from the crimson-and-gold slippers to the black chiffon handkerchief with crimson initial tied to her wrist and the tiny cigaret box of enamel studded with sapphires from which she was taking a cigaret.

He guessed that so precious an object must have been a gift from Melbourn. It was the kind of tiny gimcrack which must have cost a small fortune.

He said, "How is the shop going?"

"Very well." She looked out of the window as if her mind were elsewhere.

"Antiques are an amusing business."

"Yes." She smiled at him suddenly and in her smile there was a faint shadow of mockery and bitterness. It struck him suddenly that there was something hard in her which he had not noticed before. He was used to soft people and the intimation disturbed him, because he felt somehow that, like Melbourn, she was quietly contemptuous of him and Jim Towner and Fanny and people like them, all the people who had been born to soft lives.

Quite suddenly she said, "I'm going to ask you something impertinent. Why did you invite me here tonight?"

He wasn't used to directness and the question startled him so that for a moment he wasn't able to answer. Then he said, blandly and insincerely, "Because you are beautiful and charming and an ornament to any party."

Obviously she didn't believe his answer, for she asked at once, "It wasn't simply to humiliate me?"

Again he found himself at a loss and only managed to mutter, "Humiliate you? How?"

"Because I am virtually a stranger."

Slowly he began to see what was in her mind—that she thought the dinner a plot to make her seem gauche and an outsider before Melbourn. She had a wild fancy that she had been tricked. There was something about her that demanded honesty and honesty, he found, was a difficult rôle. He had been dishonest and suave for so long that these things had become a habit.

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He said, "I shall be quite truthful. I was filled with curiosity about you. I wanted to know you better."

Again she smiled, and said, "That's very flattering. There isn't much to know." She seated herself in the big *bergère* and added, "I suppose I must seem a kind of adventuress." Then she laughed suddenly and said, "I'd never thought of that. I suppose even adventuresses don't think of themselves that way because it all seems quite natural."

He suddenly fancied himself aware of depths in this woman, the kind of depths which were not to be found in people like Fanny, who was all surface, or even the downright Savina, who was as transparent as crystal. There was about Mrs. Wintringham something mysterious which he supposed was born of her past, whatever it was.

No one really knew anything about her save that she dressed beautifully and had been married at least twice and had a shop called Quince and Wintringham, where she sold antiques, and that she had friends among the more adventurous black sheep of Hector's conservative and fashionable world. Watching her as she sat with the firelight shining on her red-gold hair, he fell into the most romantic speculations.

He found himself peering morbidly into her face, trying to get behind it to discover the real Mrs. Wintringham behind all the self-possession, the caution and the guarded intelligence. A woman who made her way in the world had to be cautious, he told himself. She couldn't live like Fanny.

It was clear that she didn't mean to go on talking of herself, for she turned suddenly and concealed herself in a cloud of banalities about his pictures, his rugs, his bibelots, and while he talked to her another part of his brain was watching her and thinking how perfectly she was a symbol of the changed world. In his youth a woman like this would have been a courtesan, but nowadays a woman could make her career respectable by marriage and divorce, wringing from a husband by law far more than she might wring from a lover by her devotion and his indulgence.

She had been married twice, it was said, and so she must have been divorced twice and so come by the money that bought these expensive and beautiful clothes. And she could not be more than thirty, with all life before her.

Outside the snow was falling faster and faster until through the millions of tiny flakes the lights of the rivers had turned into wavering globes of rose and yellow, and inside the fire burned softly. This quiet, beautiful woman was good for his nerves. Slowly he came to feel almost at peace. He had had no idea that women could be like this.

He heard her saying, "You've cut your finger," and that made him frown, for it brought suddenly to mind Nancy (confound her!) and her telegram and the memory that the doctors might tell him tomorrow that he had only a few weeks to live. If only he had not broken the goblet . . .

She had risen and crossed quietly over to look out of the window down at the river once more. She stood for some time in silence while he watched her, thinking again how perfect she was.

She said, "It's a beautiful view. You are lucky. It is one of the most exciting views in the world."

"It is magnificent if you like this terrible city."

Her eyes seemed to darken suddenly and she said in a low voice, "It is the most wonderful city in the world—the most wild and beautiful!"

She was, he thought, certain to love it. It was a city made for adventurers like herself and Melbourn; a city in which you could have whatever you chose if you desired it enough.

"Have you traveled much?" he asked, hoping that the question might lead him to some faint revelation regarding her past, but she only answered, "I lived in Europe and once for a time in China." Quietly she crossed over and took up her bag and the little enamel box studded with sapphires. "I must go," she said. "It's late and I've had a troublesome day at the shop."

"Will I find you there if I come in tomorrow?"

"I'm always there between four and six."

"Perhaps I'll find something to buy."

And then he was aware that the giant figure of Savina was filling the doorway. She was saying, "Come and say goodby to us, Hector; we're leaving."

He had no idea that so much time had passed while they sat, now talking, now silent, before the comfortable fire.

In the drawing-room, Jim Towner had disappeared. A strange depression seemed to have settled upon them all, even upon the stalwart Savina.

In the center of the table was a little heap of bank notes. Melbourn was writing a check. Philip was seated in apathetic silence smoking, with his thoughts obviously miles away. Fanny looked tired and pitiful, with circles under her eyes and harsh lines about her mouth.

It was Philip who broke the silence. He said nervously, "The ladies have won everything. Savina never loses."

In Old Hector, nursing his cut finger, there arose a sudden bitter desire to hurt someone. It was poor distraught Fanny upon whom his malice fell. He said, "The gentlemen seem to have been wildly fortunate in love." Fanny bit her lip and her eyes filled with tears.

Savina, standing close to Hector, whispered savagely, "You *are* a swine, Hector." She hated him sometimes, perhaps, he thought, because she had never forgotten the humiliation of the day in the orchard at Staatsburgh.

Melbourn had tossed the check into the middle of the table and was writing something on a bit of paper he had torn from the bridge score. Fanny's glance was following the tip of his pencil and when he noticed that she was watching him he quickly folded the paper and thrust it into his pocket, saying, "It's a note to remind me of something," and then stood up.

In the hallway, while they were putting on their coats, Hector remembered suddenly that he had not told Savina about Nancy's return and that he would need Savina's help. No matter how awful Nancy turned out to be, he could count upon Savina's loyalty.

He said in a low voice to her, "Nancy is coming home."

"Nancy," she repeated in her booming voice. "Nancy who?"

"My sister Nancy."

Savina said in astonishment, "You mean Nancy Carstairs?"

"She's Lady Elsmore now." He hadn't meant the others to hear the news but Savina's deep booming voice had betrayed him. They were all listening now and he had to explain. "My sister is coming home. She's been away for years. That's why Savina is astonished."

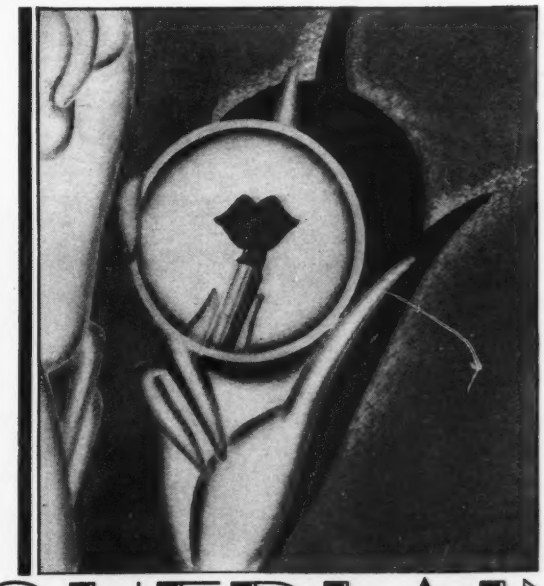
Of course, Melbourn and Mrs. Wintringham had never heard of her.

Suddenly he noticed young Philip's face. All the color had gone out of it. Philip was staring at him.

"You mean *Aunt* Nancy?"

"Yes."

LIPSTICKS



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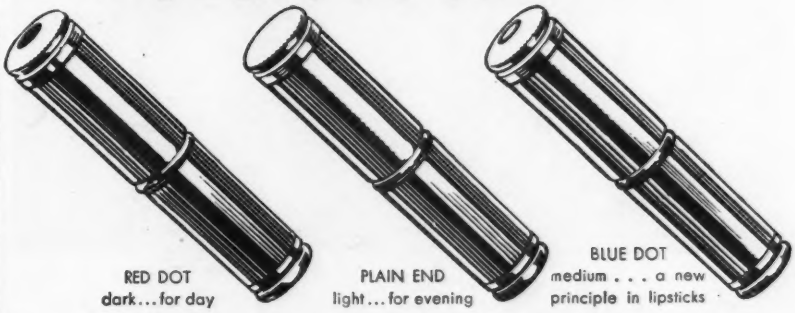

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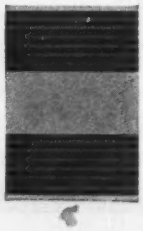

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It was very awkward, considering that Nancy had run off with Philip's father, but even that couldn't explain the sudden change in the boy. He couldn't possibly have remembered Nancy. He hadn't seen her since he was two.

Then Melbourn said, "But I know Lady Elsmore. I've dined with her in London. Sir Henry's coming to New York to close a deal in mines with me. I never knew she was your sister. We shall all have to dine at my place one night."

And then Savina said gently, "Bring her to tea with me tomorrow, Hector."

They all said good night over again, and Savina offered to give Mrs. Wintringham a lift.

It was Fanny who had won after all, for Melbourn was taking her home. And then Hector saw him pass the bit of paper torn from the bridge score to Mrs. Wintringham, and a curiosity so violent attacked the old man that he felt suddenly dizzy again.

The elevator door suddenly slid open and all of them save Philip were swallowed up and dropped twenty floors into the snowstorm that was covering all the city in a thick blanket of white. Philip put on his hat and coat. He turned to his uncle and said:

"Are you feeling ill, Uncle Hector? Is there anything I can do?"

The old man wanted passionately to cry out, "Don't go away! Stay here with me. I'm dying and I can't bear to be left alone. I know where you're going—to see that girl who possesses you in a way I never can." But he only frowned and said, "No, I'm tired. Don't fuss about me."

"You're sure?" asked Philip.

"I'm quite sure."

"Tell me—about Aunt Nancy. Is she coming here?"

"No. She'll be at the Ritz. She's lived at Ritzes for so long. I think she'll feel more at home in a place like that."

Philip blushed suddenly. "I'd like to see her."

"Of course you'll see her."

The boy lighted a cigaret and said, "Well, if you don't need me, I'll run along." And Hector thought, "He's done his duty. He's dying to get away. He wants to be with that girl."

The elevator appeared again and Philip said, "I'll be late, but I have my key. You'd better go to bed right off." The door closed and he was gone.

The old man wanted to cry out, "Don't go! Don't leave me!" But he was silent and he felt so dizzy that he was forced to sit on the great carved chest.

It was there that Soames found him when he pussy-footed through the hall. The valet fetched a glass of whisky and stared at him with a look so intent that Old Hector cried out in annoyance, "I'm not dead yet! I'm all right. Don't bother me." And then more quietly, "Tell the servants to go to bed and don't wait up for Mr. Philip."

And Soames went out, asking himself for the hundredth time if he shouldn't speak to Mr. Philip about the old man. He seemed queer in the head lately.

When Soames had gone, Hector rose from the chest, thinking bitterly, "Those others, all but Savina, who is old like myself, are going down into the city to live. Philip's going to his girl, and Melbourn has those two women fighting over him, and the talk is that Jim Towner's keeping a night-club singer." He wanted passionately to follow each of them to see what happened to them.

To reach his own room he had to pass the door of the elevator and on his way he noticed a bit of paper lying on the

polished floor. He would have passed it save that he recognized the bit of paper torn from the bridge score. Mrs. Wintringham must have dropped it in the elevator and it had blown out when it came up again for Philip.

Holding to the handle of the door to steady himself, he stooped to pick it up. Opening it, he read, "Wait for me at home. I'll come, no matter how late. I must talk to you."

So after all, he thought, it was poor distracted Fanny who had lost to that strange, fey woman who was a nobody. And then the past reclaimed him once more—Nancy and Patrick and the sudden terrible telegram of his death in the crevasse near Grindelwald, and Savina in old Juliana Sloane's orchard at Staatsburgh and the parties at Newport and the winters in Rome.

Newport was filled with new and vulgar people and nobody spent winters in Rome any longer. He was an old man. He might as well be dead.

It was after eleven when Jim Towner left Old Hector's party and descended in the gilt-and-crystal elevator. In the hall below he was greeted by the doorman, whose name was Pat Healy.

Noticing Jim Towner's bloodshot eyes and his unsteady gait, he smiled and said, "Your car, Mr. Towner?"

But Jim Towner shook his head and replied, "I'm not using my car."

"A taxi?"

"No, thanks. I'll walk. The air will do me good." He started off uncertainly, and then turning as if he had forgotten something, he asked, "How's the asthma, Pat?"

"Better, sir. It's always better in cold weather." He continued to regard Jim Towner with a discreet anxiety and again, tactfully, he said, "It's a bad night. Hadn't I better call a taxi?"

"No, I'm all right. I was feeling ill. I've had indigestion lately. The air will do me good. Look after that asthma, Pat. Asthma's a bad thing."

Pat grinned at him. "Thank you, Mr. Towner. I will."

With the proper degree of discretion Pat Healy waited in the shadow of one of the great columns by the door until he saw that Jim Towner had crossed the street safely. A fellow as tipsy as that oughtn't to be wandering off alone in such a storm.

When Jim Towner had disappeared, Pat went inside once more.

"We're gonna be well snowed up in the mornin'," he said to the elevator man.

"Yeah, like as not you'll never get back to Corona."

He said this deliberately to torment Pat, because Pat had a new wife waiting for him in Corona and the wife might be having a baby at any moment.

Looking about to see that there was no one in sight, Pat took out a cigaret and offered one to the elevator man. In silence they lighted the cigarets and then Pat said, "He's a nice fella, Mr. Towner. It's a pity he gets like that so much lately."

"Ye know what *I* think, Pat? *I* think most of 'em don't have enough to do and it gets on their nerves."

By "them" the elevator man meant all that stream of men and women, young and old, eager and handsome, battered and weary, who passed in and out of the door of Berkshire House.

"Yeah, if they had to spend eight hours of the day workin' they'd be spendin' the rest o' their time at somethin' besides drinkin' and playin' around. New York ain't no place for a man without a steady job."

When a woman looks at a man

WHAT a way these women have of taking one in at a glance! . . . She had thrown you only one fleeting look, a trifle haughty, but very obviously interested . . . and her smart, little, erect figure had swept quickly past. But somehow you had a feeling that those sparkling eyes had seen directly through you . . . had appraised every article you were wearing. Your shoes were shined. Your cravat was straight. You were wearing your newest Stetson. So . . . why worry! • It's comforting to wear a Stetson hat. Its smart lines, the slightly jaunty flare to it, its comfortable feeling of "belonging" . . . all are so characteristically Stetson that no other reminders are necessary of the well-known Stetson traditions. You know, and so does everyone else, that Stetsons have style. Their quality is in a class by itself. With a Stetson you feel confident of passing the inspection of even the most critical eyes . . . male OR female!

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"It's a shame—a nice fella like Mr. Towner—always got a nice word for everybody."

"Yeah, that's what I say—a guy that's got everythin' a fella could want."

They fell into a silence, brooding over the goings-on in the world that paraded past them, and presently Pat Healy began to think about the little house in Corona and Esther waiting for him. It was a good thing, this being married and settled down. It was all well enough to be wild when you were young, finding girls all over the place, but there came an age when it didn't go so big any more. A fella had to begin thinking of his health and regular hours and building a solid life for his old age and having kids that could look out for him when he was too old to work. What would the old man do now if it hadn't been for his children?

At this thought Pat felt a little ashamed because he hadn't done anything to help his old man. And his brothers Tim and Jerry only made trouble for him. It was Pat's sister Rosie who did everything. She was the one who'd kept the old man out of the poorhouse on Ward's Island.

It was Rosie who looked after all of them and kept them out of trouble. And nowadays Rosie was famous and didn't call herself Rosie Healy any more but Rosa Dugan and had a night club named after her—"Rosa's Place."

He used to worry about Rosie and her way of living until that night when she said to him, "Look here, Pat. I'm sick of you and all the rest of my family pickin' on me for the way I live. I've got just as good a right to be wild as you have or Tim or Jerry."

Even if she was a woman, she had a right to be wild. He'd been wild, hadn't he? Chasing after any woman that tickled his fancy? Well, she'd never run after a man. It was the men that did all the running, and they had to pay for it.

In the end she'd straighten out all right and she'd be a rich and prosperous woman. Heaven knew, somebody in the family would have to make some money, to keep the old man off Ward's Island and Tim out of jail.

She sounded so sensible that he thought maybe she was right. Maybe it was better to be comfortable and have money and an automobile than to be standing all day on swollen feet in a department-store basement the way Esther had done, always feeling too tired to have any fun. It was funny about life and pretty hard to decide what was right and what was wrong.

After all, Rosie never had much of a chance, getting started off on the wrong foot by having a baby when she was seventeen, and then she was so good-looking and looked so well all dressed up. You couldn't blame her for liking clothes and jewelry.

MAYBE it was all the fault of Tony Bruzzi, who got her into trouble and then was sent off to Sing Sing. It was funny how crazy she was about him, being willing to go to jail herself if she could help him.

She must be crazy about him still, because when he asked her once if she'd ever heard of him again she lost her temper and said, "Let him alone, see? I don't wanna talk about him. That's my business. You forget it." And a woman who looked the way she looked when she said that must have been crazy about the fella even though she hadn't seen him in years.

No, maybe Rosie was right. Maybe she was meant for that kind of a life. She had a lot of money now and had a night club named after her and she was generous with the old man and was always keeping Tim out of jail and she'd bought himself and Esther a little house out in Corona. Maybe Rosie *had* gone wrong, but she was happy and she'd made a lot of other people happy.

The next night he had off, he decided he'd rent a dress suit and go to Rosa's Place and hear Rosie sing. She must be awfully good to make such a hit. Funny, when nobody ever knew she could sing at all.

Aloud he said, "Life's a funny thing, Bert."

"Yeah, it's a funny thing. I was thinkin' so myself. The old man's gettin' crankier every day."

"Your old man?"

"Naw, my old man's been dead for ten years. Naw. I mean Old Champion up on the twentieth. He's been gettin' worse and worse lately."

"Oh, him!" said Pat and a rich scorn colored his voice.

"Yeah. Tonight he bawled me out because the elevator was a minute late."

"He's always been an old grouch. I never heard anybody have a good word for him. My uncle used to be his coachman when the old man lived in Thirty-sixth Street. That was a long time ago. In the days of carriages."

Pat fell to thinking again of the house in Corona and Esther, who would hear him come in and get up and make something hot for him to eat when he got home at two. It was funny to think that any day now there'd be two people waiting for him instead of one and that the other one would be half Esther and half himself.

He began to feel warm and have a sensation of swelling up inside. He wondered whether it would be a boy or a girl. If it was a boy they'd call it Patrick and if it was a girl they'd call it Rosie. It gave him a warm excited feeling.

"What are you grinnin' about?" the elevator man said.

"Nothin'," said Pat. "I was just thinkin'." How could he tell Bert, who wasn't even married, what he was thinking about? It was something you couldn't understand if it hadn't happened to you. It made you feel big and important. It might happen any minute now. It might happen tonight.

With a good deal of care and concentration Jim Towner kept going doggedly west through Fifty-seventh Street, leaning against the wild blizzard and filling his big chest with long drafts of the cold snow-damped air. It was almost as good as an icy bath, especially after all the boredom and feminine nonsense of Hector's dinner party.

He had pulled his soft gray hat far over his eyes and turned the collar of his coat high to keep out the wind and the falling snow. He felt all blurry in his mind and his thoughts kept churning about in a ridiculous fashion.

Just beyond Lexington Avenue he halted suddenly, aware that he had almost knocked down a woman. She was old and thin and bent, with a tiny wizened face almost entirely hidden by a ragged shawl. Her feet were wrapped in sacking. She was bending over a heap of rubbish, searching for something.

With unsteady fingers he unbuttoned his coat and found a ten-dollar bill in his pocket. He thrust the money at her, but she didn't take it at first, only stared at him, and when she did take it, she took his gloved hand with it, pinching it with a force unbelievable in so old and battered a creature. She kept mumbling to herself, "God bless you, mister!"

Then suddenly she freed him and he said with a grand manner, "It's nothing, my good woman." And turning suddenly, he went on his way, feeling awkward and ashamed of himself.

As he walked he began telling himself that it was awful that such poverty existed in a city so rich and magnificent. Something ought to be done about it. He'd speak to Savina. You could count on old Savina. She'd do something about it. He ought to have taken the old woman's name and address.

He turned back to speak to her again, but by the time he had reached the garbage heap, she had disappeared. He could discover no sign of her.

He set out again going straight west toward Rosa's Place and suddenly he felt better. The cold air was clearing his head.

At Fifth Avenue he turned south, feeling vaguely that there was something strange and lonely in the spectacle of a great avenue lighted from end to end, empty and filled with blowing snow. The midnight emptiness of a thoroughfare which existed in his mind as a place filled with shops and people brought back the sense of depression and drove him into thinking of things which usually he was able to forget.

AS HE walked he began to see what he already knew and would not admit—that his life had become a colossal muddle and that everything of solidity in it was falling to pieces about him. He knew that something ought to be done about it but he couldn't think what it could be. The wreck, he told himself, had happened so slowly, like a ship breaking up in quicksands, that he'd been unaware of it until it was too late.

In a sudden flash of clarity he tried to tell himself that it was really all his fault, but the same clarity of mind wouldn't allow him to believe this. The gentlemanly thing to do was to take the blame, but he couldn't quite do it.

He told himself that he'd neglected Fanny for a good many years, but what could you expect of a man when his wife liked parties made up of queer people—writers who wore clothes spotted with food, cheap actors, and bad painters and a lot of people who were just hangers-on and talked about art and philosophy and other nonsense. They didn't like him and he couldn't blame them for that. What could he say to them?

The trouble was that they didn't like Fanny, either. They probably called her a lion-hunter behind her back, but they came to the house because they liked a good meal and because they were infernal snobs and second-rate snobs at that. They liked knowing Mrs. Towner and going to her house in Park Avenue. Anybody but Fanny could see that. It was a half-baked, second-rate world and Fanny thought it brilliant and clever.

Well, maybe one in fifty amounted to something, but the other forty-nine were a ratty lot, or maybe he himself wasn't bright enough to see how clever they were. What could you expect when your wife liked that sort of life and you liked horses and—well, pretty women maybe more than you ought to?

Stumbling along, he kept asking himself what had happened to Fanny. She wasn't like that when he had married her. It was only lately that she'd begun to talk about the emptiness of her life, as if two children and a husband and all the friends she had among

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decent, civilized people weren't enough to make her life pretty full.

Into the midst of his thoughts out of nowhere somebody cried, "Hello, Jim!" He turned but he could see no one, and then on the opposite side of the street he made out the figure of a man walking rapidly in the opposite direction. He tried dully to discover who it was and, failing, turned slowly on his way again.

He and Fanny would have to get together again, no matter what happened, or it would be the end of them both. And it would be a shame to see a nice girl like Fanny going to the devil. Already she didn't seem to care what people said or thought of her.

The man who had spoken to him, whoever he was, would probably go about tomorrow saying, "It's too bad about Jim Towner. I saw him again last night, reeling drunk." He told himself he wasn't really drunk. It was funny how gossip got around a city as big as New York.

Still, nobody had heard about Rosie. He had that to be thankful for. Rosie was a good girl. She knew how to make a man happy.

Walking more slowly, he began to peer at the fronts of the brownstone houses, each exactly and monotonously alike, until he came to one which had in the window a sign which read "Madame Elline, Modes." He turned into the area. Another drink was what he needed.

He rang the bell and waited but there was no answer, and as he stood there leaning against the iron grille that covered the window, he saw by the dim light that there were stains in the snow just beside the door. He rang again, and examining the stains with an idle interest, he discovered that they were blood. Someone had fallen or been bleeding from the nose.

Then the door behind the iron grille opened and a face peered out.

"It's me, Towner," said Jim.

A voice which he recognized answered, "We was just closin', Mr. Towner. I'm sorry. We was just closin'."

Jim Towner's thick voice grew angry. "All I want is a freshener. I'm not going to stay."

"Wait a minute; I'll see," said the voice, and in a moment the door creaked open and he went in, through the basement hall into a room which had once been the servants' hall of this respectable brownstone house.

It was a sad room with walls covered by faded brown paper. There were three tables and some chairs and a battered upright piano. The man who had opened the door had an egg-shaped white head covered with red fuzz and pale, cold, fishlike eyes. He had narrow shoulders and grotesquely fat hips, and wore a white apron over his suit.

Jim Towner looked at him with drunken distaste. "Kind of dead tonight, Frank."

"Yes. Kinda dead tonight. It ain't much of a night for trade. What'll you have?"

"Whisky soda."

Frank disappeared and Jim Towner began again to worry about Fanny. He tried to think of her as she had been when he married her. That was a great wedding. Everybody had a good time. All the boys from the club singing and drinking.

He felt a sudden nostalgia for the good old days when he had been the most popular man of his class. He wanted to feel the boys slapping his back and saying, "Good old Jim!" All that had slipped away somehow, imperceptibly, without his noticing it until it was gone, leaving him lonely and unimportant. He couldn't even play good polo any more.

Fanny was all right in those days and thought him the only man in the world, but now, when he came to think of it, he couldn't think why he had married her, except that she seemed suitable and was pretty and everyone thought it was a good marriage. He'd never had for her the feeling he had for Rosie, which was a good solid feeling of passion. He'd never wanted to be with Fanny the way he wanted to be with Rosie, day in and day out.

Well, maybe some of the mess was his fault. Maybe he'd let her find out that he wasn't the most wonderful fellow in the world. Funny that she should like a bounder like Melbourn, who was a nobody and had no friends and no clubs, and wasn't even a gentleman.

He began to grow impatient because Frank was so long bringing the whisky. Through his irritation he heard a voice in the back room saying, "It ain't no use. Anybody can see there ain't nothin' to be done."

"Finished?" asked another voice.

"Finished."

"Poor Sam. An' he was only talkin' tonight about givin' up the racket."

One of the voices was lowered. "Who done it?"

"You know who done it."

"Dago Tony?"

"Sure. They got Dusty Moran the same way—out of a taxi window. They musta been waitin' down the street."

"The dirty devils!"

"Well, he ain't Lucky Sam any more!"

There was a sound of ice being cracked and then the first voice again. "He bled like a stuck pig."

"Yeah. One bullet musta got him through the big artery."

"It was terrible."

Then there was the sound of a glass being set on a tray.

"You'd better get out there with a bucket an' some water. We don't want no traces left."

"What are you gonna do with him?"

"Well, he ain't quite dead yet."

"No, but after?"

"We can put him in Harry's taxi an' drop him some place in the Bronx or over by the river, mebbe. You could drop him any place on a night like this."

"They'll just think somebody took him for a ride."

Frank appeared suddenly in the doorway, crossed over and put the whisky down in front of Jim Towner.

"What's the matter?" Jim asked.

"Nothin's the matter. A guy that was tight fell downstairs an' bumped his head."

Jim put two dollars on the table and said, "Keep it." He didn't ask any more questions because he was muddled and wasn't sure what he heard.

A man passed along the hallway carrying a broom, some rags and a pail of water.

Frank asked, "D'you want anything else, Mr. Towner?"

"No."

Frank left the room and from outside the window there came a sound of scrubbing.

Jim lighted a cigaret and took another drink, forgetting the half-muddled conversation in the anxiety which the thought of Melbourn always aroused.

He tried not to think of Melbourn and, like a child, kept trying to push away the idea of him, as if by doing so he could annihilate Melbourn. He tried over and over again to make himself believe that there was really nothing serious between Fanny and Melbourn, but something deep inside him wouldn't allow him to believe it, and so the anxiety would not be stifled.

He disliked the truth more because its existence made him seem ridiculous and ungentlemanly than because of any jealousy. He really did not care what Fanny did so long as she did not make a spectacle of them both.

He'd never spoken of it to Fanny but then, he told himself, it was the sort of thing you couldn't mention casually as you did the weather, and for years now he and Fanny had never spoken of anything intimate. He saw for the first time how far apart they were and that they had become really like strangers. They didn't even care enough to have violent quarrels. It was all just dead, inert, a mockery.

You couldn't count Fanny's liking for melodramatic scenes under the head of quarreling. Fanny liked working herself into a temper. All women, he supposed, were like that—all but Rosie.

He wondered with a sudden shocking detachment whether Fanny made scenes with Melbourn as she had with him all his life. It struck him that Melbourn wasn't the sort who would put up with nonsense and he wouldn't run away from scenes, either, the way he himself had always done. And it occurred to him suddenly that if he had cared enough to knock the nonsense out of Fanny instead of merely running away from it, things might be better now.

The whisky warmed him and at first it made his head seem much clearer. He was aware that a figure bearing a broom, a bucket and some rags had passed through the hall once more to the back of the house. He couldn't see the water in the bucket but he knew with a disagreeable certainty that it was red. And again he heard the voice in the next room.

"It's all over."

Then there was a mumble of low voices and one of them said, "Aw, he's too tight to hear anything."

All at once he felt sick and dizzy, and rising, he went out quickly through the corridor into the street. The floor of the area way was all clear of snow now, freshly washed and scrubbed. The stains had disappeared. He hurried up the steps and started west once more.

As he walked everything seemed to become clear again. He decided that the manly thing to do was to take the matter in hand and act firmly now—tomorrow—before something dreadful happened which would smash both their lives and those of the children as well.

He'd go to Fanny tomorrow at tea time and say to her, "I've been in the wrong, but both of us have got to pull ourselves together and try to make a go of it for our own sakes as well as for the children. We've got to think of them. We're getting so old it doesn't matter what happens to us but they're just beginning to live. I'll do whatever you say."

And then he knew at once that everything he planned to say was wrong.

He knew what she'd do. She'd turn and twist everything he said so that it meant something else and manage to make him appear a brute and herself a martyr. He saw that this tea-time conference would come to nothing.

Perhaps the only thing to do was to give up Rosie, and he told himself that giving her up would be worth all it cost him if by doing it he could have a happy, peaceful home. He kept telling himself insistently that for all Fanny's foolish notions there was something fine about

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her. It would be all right if only he could break down all the things that separated them before it was too late.

If he gave up Rosie he'd try going back to live with Fanny again; he'd try to love her the way a man ought to love his wife and not the way a man loved a woman like Rosie, because the two things were different, of course.

After love with Rosie he couldn't quite picture any satisfaction in the love of Fanny. That was the trouble. In this love business there wasn't any turning back. That was the worst of it. You just went on and on until you ended heaven knew where.

Respectable love would be hard after knowing Rosie. But maybe he wouldn't have to go back to Fanny and maybe he wouldn't have to give up Rosie.

And suddenly he found himself all muddled again, with no way out of the puzzle. He kept seeing Rosie standing on a table in a circle of yellow light singing to a night club filled with people or in the flat in Thirty-ninth Street just behind Savina's house (only Savina never guessed what was going on there). It was Rosie who made him feel wild and young again. Fanny was like something made up, but Rosie was flesh and blood, warm flesh and blood.

As he drew nearer and nearer to Rosie the last drink of whisky began to have its effect. The awful dinner at Hector Champion's faded into the distant past and the little table in the corner behind the screen with Rosie and a bottle of whisky became more and more real.

That was a world in which there wasn't any nonsense. Everything was clear-cut and simple and everybody meant what they said and everybody was out for a good time and Rosie, in the midst of it all, was the life of the party. He began to feel hungry for Rosie. She'd make him feel better.

In the falling snow just before him there appeared a blaze of light all softened and diffused which took form as he drew near and spelled out the words, ROSA'S PLACE. The big doorman said, "Good evening, Mr. Wilson."

For a moment he felt a drunken impulse to quarrel, saying that his name was not Wilson but Towner, and then he remembered dully that in Rosie's world he was "Mr. Wilson."

Inside, the cloakroom girl smiled at him and said, "Good evening, Mr. Wilson. Not much of an evening."

Beyond the familiar red velour curtains someone was playing a piano, softly, with a kind of intoxicating carelessness. Then someone began to sing in a low, warm, throaty voice that was a little husky. It was an odd voice that sent shivers up and down the spine of Jim Towner and of a good many other men.

It sang: "I can't give you anything but love, Baby."

A new kind of excitement much stronger than the excitement of the raw whisky warmed him. He felt as if he'd found what he had always been seeking. He fumbled with the curtains and then, pulling them open, he saw her.

She was sitting on the edge of a table in the middle of the floor drenched in a shower of warm yellow light. She sat with her head tilted back a little, and her eyes partly closed, singing effortlessly in a voice that was no voice at all. She wore a rather soiled gown of white satin and a great many diamonds on the right arm and seemed indifferent to all the people who sat watching her. It was as if she were quite alone, singing.

In the smelly, garish room packed with people there was not a sound. The strangely moving voice sang:

"Gee I'd like to see you looking swell,
Baby,
Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't
sell, Baby."

No, he couldn't give up Rosie. It would be like asking him to die.

Behind her in the shadows were the gray, distorted faces of people sitting at tables. The men in the jazz band sat listening.

As the hours tick slowly away in Louis Bromfield's April Installment they bring Philip Dantry to the girl he loves in the moment of her triumph on the stage

These Folks Know How to Play (*Cont. from page 87*)

carry a pair of handcuffs for cases such as this one."

The Englishman smiled. "Well, you see," he explained, "there's a law against putting irons on a person who has not yet been convicted of a crime. Irons are regarded as ignominious. So when an officer arrests a customer who might turn unruly or try to escape, he just gets around the formality by using a bit of rope. It's quite a common sight."

I spoke, a few paragraphs back, of contrasts. I think of one striking contrast that we noticed in São Paulo.

Motoring through a smart residential suburb, we turned a corner into a handsome avenue and met a double funeral procession that was so ornate, so elaborate, so tricked out with colorful details and with such a brilliantly attired brass band in attendance, that you'd have said that they must be reinterring Barnum and Bailey. It couldn't have been anyone else—not with that street parade.

As we watched the cavalcade rolling along, I happened to glance sideways. The raggedest black man I ever saw—bareheaded, barefooted, bared to his waist—was alongside us, carrying on his back a coffin. It was of flimsy, unplaned, unpainted wood, that coffin. On the lid of it was tacked a narrow strip of luridly purple cheesecloth, flimsy and frayed.

With my eye I followed him as he quitted the broad sidewalk and went down a small declivity and cross a weedy common to a tumble-down shack before the door of which a cluster of tattered children—his own children presumably—awaited his arrival with his pathetic burden.

In New York, in London, in any great city, one who seeks may find riches strutting side by side with direst poverty, but somehow this particular spectacle seemed to me tremendously typical of conditions in this particular land where there is so much natural wealth and so uneven a distribution of it. Still, who would say the wealth of any country is fairly distributed?

No visit to São Paulo is regarded as complete unless one has seen the state-endowed snake farm a few kilometers distant from the city proper. Accordingly we paid it a call. It's a great place to go if you are fond of snakes. Every venomous reptile which the hinterlands of Brazil can offer is present, either as a sample or as living material for the manufacture of antitoxic serum.

To me, however, the open-air pits and dens were not so thrillsome as the building where you behold the work of skilled

modelers who, in wax most realistically colored, have reproduced step by step the effects of serpent poisons upon human tissue. But it is not a place to go just before a meal. Or just afterward.

We descended upon Rio, three of us, in the middle of the week before Lent began, when the Carnival was getting under way. So we saw Carnival from beginning to end and now I would say that while everybody with an eye for loveliness should see Rio at the earliest opportunity, the best time to see it is during Carnival when the true temper of the gayest, the most natural, the most entirely unself-conscious and spontaneous race of the New World is revealed under circumstances not, I'm sure, duplicated anywhere else, and not with such joyous irresponsibility displayed here excepting at this particular season.

To the girls of good families Carnival means such freedom as they enjoy in no other part of the year. For in Brazil generally and even in Rio with its more advanced social conventions, the ancient Portuguese rule that before their marriage young women must lead rather cloistered lives still prevails among the conservative groups. The barred window through which the immured maiden hearkens to the sweetheart on the side walk below may be seen in the districts where the old-school aristocrats live.

With their faculty for making fun of everything, including their most cherished institutions, the witty Brazilians call the devoted youth a "lamp-post lover" in the first stages of the courtship, when he is supposed to station himself at a short distance from the home of his lady love, casting languishing but respectful glances in her general direction. Later on, after he has dared venture nearer and, with upturned eyes and craned neck is pleading his suit beneath her casement, the popular name for him is a Portuguese term meaning "He who gargles his throat."

But from Wednesday of the week before Lent until midnight of Saturday the unwed damosel of whatsoever estate may by right go forth and romp to her heart's content. It is a sanctioned right of hers and, take this witness' word for it, she exercises it.

For three days and three nights, almost without cessation, an entire populace on terms of perfect democracy gives itself over unreservedly to merrymaking.

Practically all who are under the age of thirty—and a great many who have passed that age—turn out in fancy dress. For the overlapping succession of elaborately staged parties which the high-born and the wealthy classes patronize, magnificent costumes are worn. In the unorganized frolics which constantly go on in every side street in every hiving quarter of the poorer people, a scrap of parti-colored rag tied about the head or a tattered and faded suit of pajamas serves the wearer as well as satin and fine plumage and makes of him or her a part of the picture.

I saw one strapping big negro man who wore a single smocklike garment of jute bagging to which he had fastened fronds of green leaves, with an ancient frayed feather duster for a headdress, and he was having a perfectly gorgeous time.

Well, for that matter, everybody else was. Until I had seen it with my own eyes, I did not believe it possible for the people of a big city to enter so wholeheartedly into holidaying without indulging in hoodlumish excesses. We witnessed no exhibitions of vandalism or viciousness. Everywhere there was unbridled liberty but nowhere, so far as we could see, was there unbridled license.

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We saw nobody who was in a bad temper. We saw no citizen who refused to enter into the tempo of the thing. We saw little or no intoxication. The Brazilian may be a coffee drunkard and an addict to sticky, sweetish fruit-juice concoctions, but he is no alcoholic.

There wasn't much music of bands or orchestras. These naïve folk made their own music—with laughter, with singing, and, in the neighborhoods inhabited by those of African antecedents, with improvised instruments such as cigar-box drums and homemade fifes and flutes.

And, to be in the spirit of true enthusiasm, you must throw confetti and you must fling festoons of those gayly colored paper strips called *serpentinas* at everybody and everything, and you must carry with you a supply of *lançaş,* meaning by that long metal siphons containing water mildly flavored with ether and a sickish perfumery—they look rather like overgrown tubes of tooth paste, these weapons—and from them you must squirt pungent, spraying streams in the faces or over the heads of all and sundry.

To us, the culminating features on Saturday night, which were the parades of four big politico-social organizations, proved the least fascinating of the spectacles. Those huge, cumbersome, over-gilded floats, lumbering creakingly through the street, were plainly the crowning achievements of a prolonged preparation, whereas what went before had the charm of an impromptu jollity.

I liked best the spirited sights to be seen every afternoon and evening, regardless of weather, on the great wide Central Avenue, known also as the Avenida Rio Branco. Endless processions of privately owned or chartered automobiles moved up and down the bowery driveway, hour after hour; and every car had its top thrown back and every car contained twice or thrice as many passengers as the builders thereof had originally intended that car should carry. They perched on the flattened-down hoods, they straddled the radiators, they clung precariously to the running boards—young men, young girls, children, adults—and every one of them was in gala finery and every one singing or shrieking or shouting.

Here would be a tossing, vociferating, living bouquet of girls all dressed to match, as violets or orchids or peonies; there a palpitant and vocal bevy made up as sailorettes or as harem ladies or as pirates; then others dressed to represent savages with towering headdresses; or fairies with tinsel crowns and spangled gauzy wings; or ballet dancers with flaring skirts; or galley slaves in crimson jerkins and with ornamental chains jingling from their wrists and ankles.

And young men past counting who were got up as girls, and girls past counting who had borrowed their brothers' clothing. And wherever the eye strayed, *serpentinas* were whirling through the air to festoon over tree limbs and to trail behind automobiles; and confetti was flying in pink and blue and yellow snow-squalls; and your own garments carried a persuasive odor of perfumed ether.

From this unceasing, always shifting and altering pageantry you had only to turn aside into the nearest byway or alleyway to come upon a breath of barbarism, a vision lifted bodily out of the untamed and untamable soul of the tropics, as here typified in the persons of half-nude, coal-black men and women, tricked out in crude trappings of grass skirts and glass beads and tin armlets and anklets, making tom-tom music and shaking gourds with pebbles in them to rattle, the while they deliriously chanted, strutted and shuffled to a nightmarish meter which surely came out of the Congo forests with their slave forbears.

That sense of an imminent wild life prevails even when Carnival is not in progress. You may be anywhere you please in Brazil, with evidences of civilization all about you, and still and notwithstanding, there comes to you the feeling that near at hand the jungle is hiding from you its mysteries and its tragedies and all its store of treasures and wonders as yet untapped and unplumbed. Even in Rio you get it, full-measured and heaping over.

In Rio you get so many æsthetic sensations that afterwards it is hard to sort them out in your mind. The sheer beauty of the place is overpowering.

There is first of all a harbor that is studded thick with islands big and little. Some of these islands rise out of the salt water as rounded symmetrical domes; some are steep, tall spires—the barren tips of sunken foothills; one is a tremendous, perfectly shaped granite sugar loaf; and nearly all of them are clothed with a blossomy, impenetrable tropical growth.

Your steamer comes treading a tortuous path through this verdant archipelago. She rounds a flank of the sugar loaf and there before you, spread along the shores of a scalloped inner bay, lies Rio. Before her are beautiful beaches, miles on miles of them. Behind these beaches are low sea walls; behind these in turn is a continuous system of magnificent parkways and driveways, and then on beyond begins the city proper, which in part covers a flattened plateau and in parts lifts itself, tier on tier, upon terraces that are edged and outlined with rows of enormous royal palms.

Right out of the heart of the town jut up various sheer peaks which rise to considerable heights, so that a man's front yard may be practically at ocean level and his back yard may extend up to an altitude of upwards of a thousand feet. For a background in the distance are the real mountains of the coast range. Off to the right, across dancing blue waters, is Nictheroy, the capital of the state of Rio. To the left, hidden behind a rocky outjut which breaks the shore line into twin miniature gulfs, is Copacabana, a resort for bathers.

And here, brethren, is the most wonderful part of all: Approaching, you see not a single man-made blemish in the entire scope of the scene—no gas tanks, no coal tipples, no freight docks, no grain elevators, no factory chimneys, no switch yards. These are tucked away out of your sight in landlocked basins or along the banks of concealed artificial canals.

The exquisite beauty of the vista is unmarred and unmutilated. It was made perfect and perfect it remains—or anyhow, almost perfect. I am trying to forget that one minor blotch on the panorama is an electric sign advertising a Yankee brand of automobile tires.

The criminal guilty of perpetrating that atrocity should be condemned to confinement for life in a corral of North American billboards and for a cell-mate he should have the misguided Frenchman who, despite protests from the local beauty-lovers and at the instigation of the mayor, was lately engaged in cutting away century-old trees to make room for dinky reflection pools and stupid gravel walks and foolish replicas of formal Parisian gardens, all interspersed here and there along the ocean parkway. But these be small and inconsequential exhibitions of bad taste.

When I remember how, in most great cities, the water fronts have been ravished and despoiled and disfigured with ugly utilitarian things, and how natural loveliness has needlessly been sacrificed for mistaken economic advantage, I shall turn my admiring thoughts to Rio. I shall think of the gorgeous sweep of seascape and landscape she offers by day and I shall think of the encircling half-moon diadem of jeweled spangling lights which she wears by night. They call her the "Queen of the Tropics." She is all of that and more than that. Compared with any other metropolis I have visited, she is, to my way of thinking, the queenliest city that ever was created anywhere. I maintain that it is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that in Rio the royal palm attains its supreme glory. It is regal plumage for a most regal head.

As I said before, the jungle comes right up to the back door. Indeed, it crosses the threshold and creeps inside. We found that out when we rode to the top of Tijuca, which is one of the loftiest of those freakish wooded pinnacles that spiral up out of the municipal plain. There's a trip for you!

We thought that, superficially at least, we had seen the cream of what Rio had to offer—the Central Avenue with its wide sidewalks done in curious swirling patterns of varicolored tiles and mosaics; Ouvidor, that narrow teeming street of the original old city, from which vehicular traffic is barred; avenues of lordly palms; gardens and palaces and estates and beaches; fruit markets and fish markets; rows of houses showing the ancient Portuguese influence, some being finished off as to their fronts with designs of bright, slick tiling, and some painted in designs reminiscent of the band wagons of Gentry's Dog and Pony Show; barracks and hospitals; theaters and churches and a country club pitched in a setting of indescribable beauty; the American Naval Mission, for Brazil's sailors are being schooled by a picked group of our men; the strands by the Atlantic and the luxurious mountain retreats to which the smart set flees at the height of the summer.

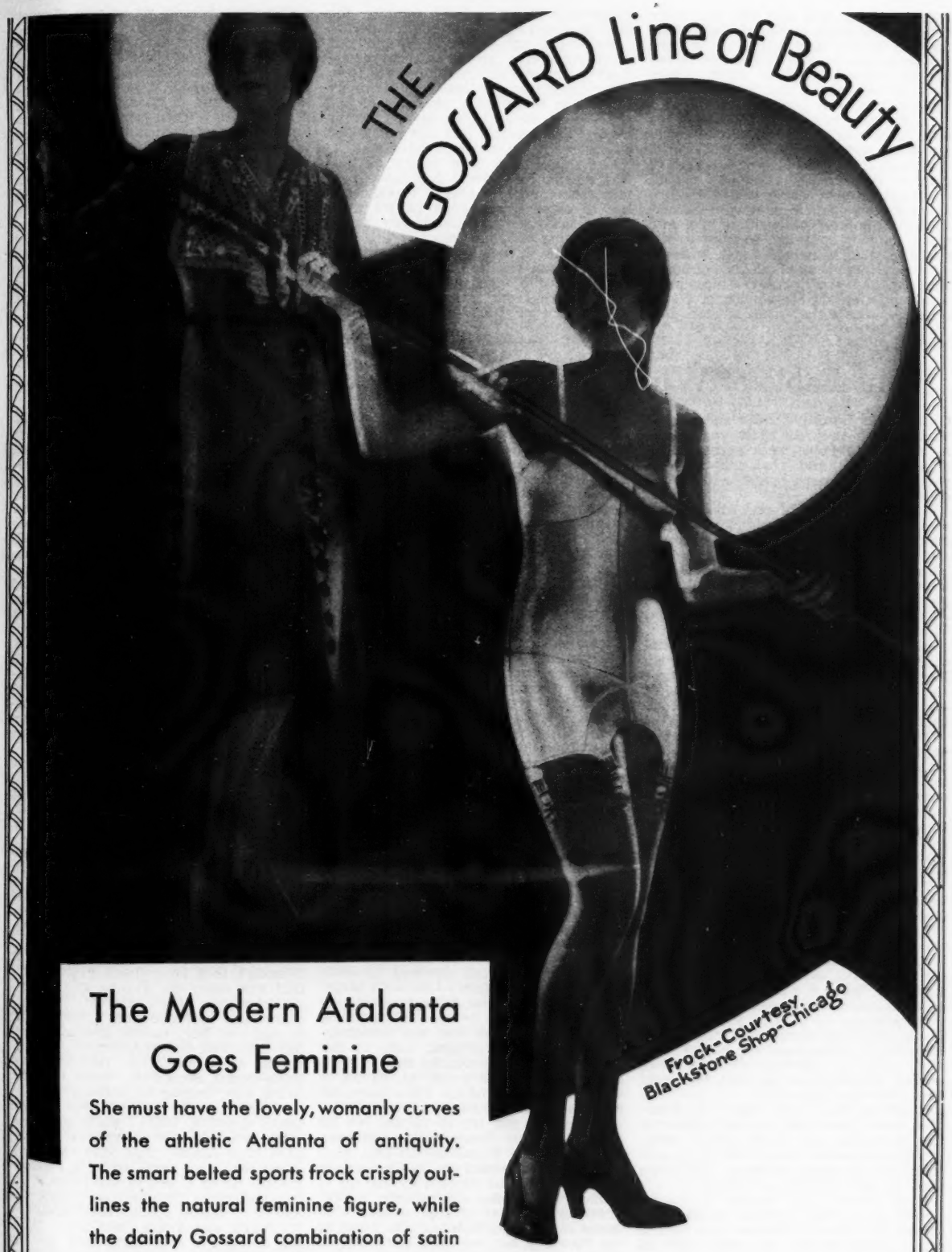
We had looked upon all these and much besides, and then we climbed Tijuca, and after that anything else would have been anticlimactic.

Dizzily revolving around abrupt turns, we went up and up a fine road cut into the steep faces of the cliffy hillock like threads in a screw. Behind us were the last of the hillside villas and now, except for the paved road twisting on ahead of us, we might have been in the midst of a subequatorial jungle.

The interlaced verdure had closed in on us, thick and dark and formidable. A lovely little waterfall was smashing down over rocks into a pool buried in dancing greenery at the head of a brawling small river. Enormous blue butterflies with jeweled and enameled wings were all about us. We heard wild monkeys chattering and we caught a glimpse of a flock of wild parrots flashing past like green-and-yellow darts.

It was raining hard when we got to the end of the driveway and, peering over the parapets on the side toward the city, there was nothing to be seen except cloud rack rising from beneath to meet other clouds rolling down from above. So, on the advice of our chauffeur, we waited a little while.

Presently the shower stopped as quickly as it had begun, and on that, suddenly, the curtains of mist below us were rent asunder and the torn edges



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rolled back to right and left, and there beneath us, eight hundred feet down, lay Rio bathed and glittering in brilliant sunshine, with her beaches showing like curling strips of silver ribbon, and on past these the island-studded ocean, all so calm and deep blue.

As for the inhabitants of Rio, they seem to have taken their spiritual coloring, their social overtones, their mental complexes from their surroundings. I am sure they are the friendliest people, the most joyous people, the most unaffected people, and innately and instinctively the politest people that live. And what, selfishly speaking, is more to the point, they like us here in North America.

Already there is an abundance of bonds between these twain, one the most powerful and the largest republic of North America; the other the largest and, potentially if not already actually, the most powerful republic of South America.

Rio buys our automobiles and our movie films and various other wares almost to the exclusion of purchases from other countries. We absorb, up to ninety percent in some years, the bulk of her coffee crop, which is her main crop for export. She doesn't fear our designs or suspect us of imperialistic intentions.

She shares with us a unique distinction among New World nations—a certain facile sense of humor which leads her to endure with good nature well-meant criticism of almost any racial shortcoming or tribal folly.

As I come to the close of this series of articles, I am mighty glad, looking back on it, that we saved up Brazil for the last, and that our farewell picture was the picture of Rio softly fading into nothingness behind us as our steamer bore us out to sea on the homeward lap.

Concluding, I'd like, for the sake of emphasis, to repeat what I said at the outset of these writings, namely: If Europe is finished, if yesterday belongs to Europe, and if today still is North America's day, then surely the opportunity and the promise of tomorrow are the heritages of South America; and if we as a manufacturing nation and a bartering nation are to find new markets on this side of the ocean, as our older markets on the other side of it contract, it behooves us as it never behooved us before to cultivate the friendship of South America, not only for the sake of the dollars rolling in, but for the infinitely greater cause of a hemispheric solidarity against all the rest of creation.

THE END

The Fable of What Ivy Might Have Spilled (*Continued from page 17*)

Girls named Dorothy Parker and Fannie Hurst began to write Skits and Yarns in which the Folks were permitted to think out loud, and what they thought was Plenty and darn readable to anyone except a Prude.

Ivy was a Modern Marvel who kept on the Go every Second and yet seemed to find time to be up on Tall-Brow Topics and all the late Wrinkles in plain and hemstitched Literature. She was intrigued by the new Style of Writing, if you know what it is to be Intrigued. Anyway, it and Complex were both Good Words before they wore them out.

After the Little Girl got the new Brand of Pizen into her System she had to keep her Fingers crossed to keep from erupting and letting all the Pests, Parasites and Palookas know just what she thought of them.

The Strain was terrible when she was around with Claudine because the Latter bit the lower Lip when affecting Surprise and talked with a Whine and was all tired out. When she sat down she settled and spread like a hot Welsh Rabbit. She must have seen Greta Garbo on the Screen. Everyone who looked at her wanted to bring her a Cup of Strong Coffee.

Time and again Ivy wanted to say to her: "For the Heck's Sake, straighten up and put your Weight on the Usual Place! What is the large Idea in trying to imitate a dying Fishworm? You read somewhere that, to be in the Mode, you would have to be Anæmic, but why Perniciously Anæmic? What you need is a big Brute of a Husband who would wake you up every Morning by choking you to Death. Twenty-four last Spring and still talking Baby Talk! Where are the Police? I've seen many a dreamy Drooper that needed a Rest Cure, but Gal, you need two or three of them!"

What she really said was: "Oh, Claudine, how I envy you that easy, languid Air, which you can carry off so beautifully! It seems to me that the Art of Relaxation is simply priceless. Have you acquired it? I hope to tell you."

Then there was a Human Behemoth named Jim, whose Mother must have looked out of the Window and seen a lot of Truck Horses. His only claim to Distinction lay in the Fact that several Years ago, before he began to wear so much Suet, he had been put on the All-American Team as a Guard. That made him a Great man for nearly Two Days. He worshiped Ivy in a dumb, Newfoundland sort of way. When she least expected it, she would look up and discover something large and bulky blocking her Pathway, and it would be Jim.

When he sat in front of her, obscuring the View, she had the Impulse to say to him: "Go on, Goliath, and propose to me! I've always wanted to love in a Big Way but I never had a Yearn for anything that looked, from behind, like a Transcontinental Bus. Why don't you take a Week off and learn some Words of Two Syllables? How did you ever get the Notion into that Melon that I would like to room with a Baby Elephant? If you think I am going to be thrown for a Loss every Time I try to carry the Ball, you are a bigger Goof than you look to be, and that means the *Ne Plus Ultra* of Goofiness."

What she really said to James was: "Oh, Boy, I envy the full-size, athletic Sweetie who draws you! You are the Type that appeals to any Girl who carries a little Gray Matter under the Toque. You are Strong and Silent. You are so Big and Impressive, Jim, that you would overshadow any teeny-weeny Mite, such as Me. Imagine Ivy trying to be your Side-Kick! Ha, ha! It would be like a Sardine swimming along behind a great, magnificent Whale."

So Jim would have the Skids put under him and take the Air, without realizing that the wise Minx had canned him.

One of the Tribulations was Adolphus Glatch, who had welcomed the Sunrise after a Thousand and One Arabian Nights, but now the old Airedales were beginning to fret him and he had to drink a good deal of Milk instead of what he craved, so he felt disposed to settle down and lead a Quiet Life with someone a little younger than himself—say twenty-five years or so. He groaned when he collapsed into an Armchair, and if he moved around, some of the Joints made funny Cracks but, at that, he was fairly well preserved, having a slight Edge on all of his Contemporaries who had moved into the Cemetery.

He tried to win Ivy by feeding her all the indigestible Items which had been given the Blue Pencil on his Diet List. Ivy would lean across the Table and gaze at him with the fascinated Air of a Canary Bird being charmed by a Serpent, but she was aching to say: "I've heard of the Poor Fish and I've heard of the Poor Egg, but you are a Combination of the two. You are a Fish-Egg, meaning Roe. Roe, brothers, roe!

"Oh, Mr. Glatch, why didn't you go to a Dealer in Used Cars instead of wishing yourself on a poor Kid who has only one Stomach, instead of two or three, like a Cow? Somebody must have told you I was a Trained Nurse. Wouldn't it be great? 'Come, Mr. Glatch, be a good Boy and take your Medicine!' Then a Stein of Bichloride of Mercury and put on the Chart that the Patient went to Sleep.

"Now he's ordering Something Else. He's going to stuff me until I am helpless and then Kidnap me. They say he orders Beautiful Dinners but the only Things on the Menu I can recall, after they deliver my Body back home, are Balloon Juice, Tripe and Apple Sauce."

What she really chirped to Adolphus was somewhat on the line of the ensuing: "The Guinea Hen is *delicious* and the Cauliflower, the Potatoes au Gratin and the String Beans seem to give it just the proper Setting. Only one Artichoke, Mr. Glatch, please! You are *so* generous! Why is it that only one Man in a Million knows how to order a Dinner? I mean really has the Gift of selecting Dishes which seem to harmonize One with Another, if you know what I mean. Oh, you are *too!* You are *that!* You're *wonderful!*"

Now we come to a different Kind of Specimen, meaning Solemn Albert, the Lad who cannot listen without keeping his Mouth open—one of the Main Reasons why the Insane Asylums are full of Women.

We find him at the Home of Ivy, simply wrecking one of her Evenings. He is beside her on the Sofa and she has to exercise all her Girlish Strength to refrain from panning him thusly: "You *would* have to wear a gaudy Stick Pin, wouldn't you? I'll bet Everything I can't see has a Monogram on it. Wouldn't that be a Swell Finish for a Girl who never did anyone any Harm—a Girl with a Heart of Gold? Entirely surrounded by Monograms! Monograms to right of her; monograms to left of her; bellowed and thundered—— That doesn't mean anything. How can Anything mean Something when One has to sit here looking at Nothing?

"That's right! Open your Mouth again, Goldfish, while I waste some perfectly good Language on you. How I hate Blue Jowls! You have the bluest Jowls that ever came under my Observation. Even if you Shave twice a Day you look more Ultramarine. Some Girl will have to lean against that Sandpaper for Years and Years. Not Ivy! Of all the Jowls I've ever met, these are the bluest I've seen yet; the more you Shave the worse they get—— I'm talking Poetry! I've gone Balmy! I knew this Bird would get me, sooner or later."

What she really said to nim was: "Albert, you don't mean to sit there and tell me you bought that Suit in This Country? I was sure it came from London. I didn't suppose American Tailors could get that Subtle Suggestion of the

Distangay, if you know what I mean. Of course, the way a Man *wears* his Clothes has something to do with it."

Let us not overlook dignified Edgar, with the Front of Jove. He was trying to be a Replica of the Supreme Court. The kind who regards each Grown Woman as a Little Girl and talks down to her, on the Theory that Everything above the Necklace is hollow, ornamental Shellwork. As popular as Pleurisy.

Whenever Ivy was hooked, and had to listen to the grave and well-pondered Deliverances of the Oracle, she would have given a Lot for the Privilege of harpooning him in the following Manner: "Trying to look like Sir Edgar, the British Nobleman, and all of us know that you are a Prune. That's why you are wrinkled on the Brow.

"I never know whether you are proposing to me or rehearsing a Lecture for the Harvard Law School. If I ever went to Housekeeping with you, I know that before Next Summer persecuted Mama would get out the little blue Gat and begin to pop at Papa. Why do they arrest Women for killing Husbands? Is there no Justice in the World?

"You are sitting there, Edgar, made up like a first-class Corpse, but here is one half-witted little Dumb-Bell you are not fooling. You cannot put over that Aristocratic Air on anyone who knows that all your Ancestors, up to eight Years ago, were Sword-Swallowers in the Dining Room and Tooth-Pickers in the Front Room. You think you are Pâté de Foie Gras but you are just plain Ham and Cabbage."

Now let us find out what the two-faced Damsel really did say to Old Phi Beta Kappa: "Do you know, Edgar, that when I am with you I feel like a little Cricket snuggled down in the Grass and looking up at the Washington Monument? You try to explain Things to me, and it's awfully sweet of you, but you can't expect a Butterfly to savvy that Einstein Theory or the Kellogg Peace Pact, can you, Edgar? No!"

And so on, *ad Nauseam,* if you know what I mean.

There came into her Life a Bud of Manhood with lilac-colored Spats and the preliminary Blue Prints of a Mustache. He didn't have Anything in his Favor except that he never lost his Aplomb. You might expect any Regular as slick as Ivy to give him one Look and say "Scat!"

What she found trembling on the Tongue was this: "You poor homeless little Coot! What'll become of you if I turn you out into the Cold? Just a Lamb, that is what you are! And I don't mean Lam. Why do I want to fix your Cravat and smooth your Hair? Is it Maternal Instinct or Softening of the Brain? Listen, Wallie, I think you win because I have always dreaded the Possibility of sitting in a Lap but I have longed to own Something that I could hold in *my* Lap."

After which, the Substance of her Remarks to him may be summed up as follows: "Don't ask any Questions, you heartbreaking Rascal! Just Kiss me."

MORAL: Marriages may be arranged in Heaven but the Interested Parties are seldom notified of the Plans.

Ladies' Man *by Rupert Hughes* (*Continued from page 79*)

gripe, he whipped out a blade so keen and flashing that its very swish through the air stopped Anthony and Weldon short.

Their hands fell on their own sword hilts and before they realized what they did, they responded to a man's instinct for seizing any weapon he finds at hand. Their swords came forth whistling and they advanced against him.

Darricott laughed aloud at this burlesque. He had studied fencing and broadsword play and the other men had plainly no experience. He chuckled: "You want a little costume melodrama, eh? All right. Come get it."

He set the point of his sword spinning toward Weldon with the effect of spiral flame, bewildering him so that he retreated, hacking awkwardly at the blade as if he would chop it off.

When Anthony rushed at Darricott with his sword raised like an ax, Darricott stepped aside, sweeping his blade upward. Anthony's sword, being only a costume thing, snapped in two, and the point stuck upright in the floor, leaving him with a blunt fragment.

Weldon ran at Darricott, who whirled and with a gimleting parry twisted the sword from his hand and sent it looping into a corner.

Then he drove Weldon to Anthony's side. The two huddled together, snatching at his sword with bare hands.

Rachel had lingered to stare at Sibyl and to ask her if Jamie had really fooled her. She got as far as, "Jamie couldn't really have made you think he was going to marry you, could he, Miss Page?"

Sibyl was still so stunned that she faltered: "He asked me to marry him. On his knees he asked me to."

At that Rachel clenched her fists and turned into the next room, so blind with fury and so deafened by the drums of her blood in her ears that she stood bemused at what she saw.

"What in the name of——"

"These two lads were trying to kill me," Darricott explained. "What'll I do with 'em?"

Knowing how she had berated Weldon, and her brother, too, he was not prepared for her reply.

"Let 'em go or I'll kill you myself."

She did not draw; but Darricott realized that he could never fight with her, however good or bad a swordswoman she might be. He laughed.

"Nothing would please me more than to get rid of them."

He picked up their swords and handed them over, while Rachel was asking:

"Why did you attack him, Anthony—Peyton? On my account? Because I said he was going to marry me?"

"Yes."

"Well, he isn't. I'll give you my oath on that. So go find poor Mother and take care of her. I'll be with you in a minute. I just want to break my engagement."

They put their disgraced and cracked swords in the sheaths and stepped outside. Rachel stared at Darricott and saw him with eyes from which the scales of illusion were shaken. She found him shaken, too, but not with laughter. The battle with her mother had not been soothing. The bout with Anthony and Weldon had been for his life and the hatred in the air poisoned it so that he went to the window and lifted it, leaned on the sill breathing deep, but exulting in his command of the situation.

It seemed that his ambition was the same as Potiemkin's, of whom it was said that "his fixed aim was to humiliate every man and make love to every woman." Hitherto he had let the women court him, but tonight all his arts were needed to carry his leopardesses through their acts.

Rachel was a problem that might have alarmed a less audacious manager of women. In her colonel's uniform she looked the soldier, standing with booted legs apart, the lace ruffles falling over her wrists, her right hand on its hip, her left on the sword hilt. The cocked hat on her head seemed to toss her head back. Darricott tried a weapon he had never attacked her with, flattery.

"Rachel, you're simply magnif! You ought never to wear anything else. Too beautiful for a man; too grand for a woman. All you need is a white Arabian stallion to ride."

"If I had one," she answered with a stable voice, "I'd ride you down and make him dance on you, Darricott. You dirty dog! You double-crossing dog! You——" She ran out of words she had overheard among the grooms, but her anger could not exhaust itself. She had enough to spare for herself. "The best of it is that I fell for you so hard that I asked you to marry me. But you were just a teeny little bit too clever, Jamie. The first shabby snooper from an Evening Bladder tied you up, and showed you up. And I used to kiss you! You were kind and condescending enough to let me. Ugh! Pagh!"

She rubbed her sleeve across her mouth and spat.

"I'm trying to get it across that our wedding bells have gone flooey. Do I make myself plain?"

"You couldn't do that if you tried, since God made you so beautiful."

He was actually trying to chloroform her with a compliment. She stared at him, stupefied, as he pleaded less with his words than with those kindling eyes and that flame-fanning voice of his.

"Rachel, old thing, that reporter caught me unawares. I admit I was stunned by the question. I'll announce our engagement tonight from the side of your mother's throne if you want. I love you. I'll be true to you, too. You'll see. I'll make you happy, too. We'll be——"

She laughed at him, that raw, peasant guffaw of hers. It went well with her uniform.

"I love to see you strut your stuff. But kindly omit the 'we' business. It's just you, Jamie, from now on. One last question! Are you going through with this pageant as rehearsed?"

"Of course!"

"Fine! There spoke the true actor. Well, I'll do my bit as well as I can remember it. But after tonight, when anybody asks you if you know any of the Fendleys, say 'The who?' Say 'I never heard of them.' For I don't want you ever even to have heard our name."

"All right, darlink," he chuckled. "As long as you do your bit tonight, I'll promise to forget your name. But don't ask me to forget how gorgeous you are, colonel."

He clicked his heels and saluted her. She cursed him with a laugh of despair for his impudence and went into the hall, where Anthony and Weldon were waiting with the door a little ajar. They both kissed her—and none of the mob passing along minded that. It was carnival time.

Costume was ruling everybody tonight, and even the dauntless lion-hunting Sibyl Page was the captive of hers, subdued to the strait-jacket of her tall, tight corsets. She could breathe only in little

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shallow sips. Her constricted heart fluttered like a sick bird.

Gradually, however, her anger boiled until it threatened to burst her stays. She turned to advance against Darricott, but she could only float. In the first door her skirts caught and held her fast. Hubbard, who had been managing with a butler's craft to stare at her without looking at her at all, moved to her aid, but she wrenched her petticoats free, scraping off many a white rosebud, ripping many a frail loop. She closed the door after her so that Hubbard should not hear what she had to say.

Darricott, seeing her, ran to her and led her to his room, murmuring:

"You didn't believe what Rachel said, did you? It's you I intend to marry. She begged me to marry her, and offered me all her millions, went into spasms. To quiet the wildcat and get her through tonight, I didn't absolutely refuse her. I should have, but it wasn't so easy. But you are the only one. You know that, don't you?"

His tender duplicity was blasphemy to her honest soul. She was almost swooning, too, with lack of air for her starved lungs. One needs strength even to suffer. When he put his arm about her she was so weak that she leaned against it, while her struggle for breath kept her high bosom panting until it caught his eyes; and they found it so enchanting that he leaned down and kissed her there.

In a paroxysm of outrage her hand came up clenching into a fist and struck him on the cheek. The blow stung but it was astonishment that staggered him. He fell back from the demure figure with the scarlet face beneath the plumed ringlets of the high wig, and wondered at her, then caught both her wrists and kissed her again and again, while she wrenched and whirled, trying to break free and strike at him. But her skirts ballooned about her, and she could not breathe. Her sleeves were torn and one arm was bruised and gashed on the sharp points of the diamond star that blinked on his doublet. He held her fast, misunderstanding, loving her madly, raining kisses upon her lips, her eyes, her throat, her shoulders, stammering:

"Everybody else hates me, and I hate everybody else but you. I'm rid of all of them after tonight. From now on I work for you. I'll slave for you. I'll not look at anybody else. I don't want to look at anybody else. If I don't have you, I'll die of a broken heart."

"A broken what?" she panted. "Well, whatever you die of, you'll never have me, and nobody else hates you as I do."

"Sibyl!" he sighed, falling back from her, aghast.

Seeing that she was free, she would have returned to the room she came from, but he stood between her and the door, gaping at her. She could not thrust him aside. She could not do any vigorous thing. So she ran to the hall door and spun through it like a great white top. He tried to stop her, but she slammed the door in his face after swirling her last far flounce outside.

Through the open door the blare of the trumpeters parading the halls rang out in Darricott's ears and was muffled as it closed. He stood a moment, gazing at the door through tears that slowly welled and globed. He shook them off with a snarl, and forgot everything except that he had his supreme drama to enact and was delaying the curtain. He went to the mirror to straighten his curls and his disordered ruffles and to pass his diamond cloak idly through his hands. Its purling transplendency entranced him.

Overjoyed by Rachel's break with Darricott, Weldon had left Anthony, who watched him find and greet that curious little man in woman's clothes and tell him-her something that sent the creature flying down the corridor.

Rachel and Anthony found their mother where she drooped in the chair, ignored by the streaming throng. If any noticed her they assumed that she had probably drunk too much too soon. Which did not render her conspicuous in that bacchanal.

"Your cloak!" said Rachel. "Your ermine cloak!"

"I left it in the room," said Helena. They turned back with her, not seeing Sibyl pass. Helena hurried ahead and knocked at her door. Hubbard opened it cautiously and saw how distraught she was. When she asked for her robe, he turned and lifted it, stepped into the hall and laid it over her shoulders, held the weight of it while she fastened the clasps and followed her down the corridor until Anthony thought to take the bulk of it from his arms and carry it. Then Hubbard returned to guard the deserted rooms alone, for Yvonne and all the rest had slipped out to find crannies whence they could watch the pageant.

Suddenly Rachel stopped short, thought hard and said: "You help Mother to the ballroom. I have an errand I forgot."

She turned back and lost herself in the crowd.

Neither Hubbard nor Mrs. Fendley had noticed the somber figure of an Oriental potentate who stood by the door, shapeless in a waste of fabric, a vast jacket with enormous sleeves caught in at the wrist, and enormous trousers caught in at the ankles. Even from his ornate turban swung a veil that descended halfway down his beard.

Behind his veil deep eyes burned unseen, but one who watched him might have wondered why he shook his head so sadly as Helena staggered away. Suddenly he slipped in through the door Hubbard had left open. Glancing about the dining room, he went to the closed door, and pushing it ajar a little, saw through to the farther chamber where Darricott made ready to descend to his apotheosis. The Oriental closed the door behind him stealthily, set his palm on the handle of a dagger, then let go of it, clenching and unclenching his greedy fingers as he watched Darricott slip his head through the ribbons that held his diamond cape about his shoulders, reveling in its trashy glitter, the laughter of its spurious pomp.

Then he lifted the hat, ponderous with dissimulated gems and a forest of drooping plumes that overswept the brim and trailed along his shoulders. He set it carefully on his head, and turned to shift the diamond cape a little and true its folds.

He felt two hands creeping about his throat. They tightened and throttled as he twisted to see who dared to take the joking liberty. He saw an unhuman visage half hidden by a scarf from the turban, the rest lost in a beard.

Smiling, he clutched at the mask to tear it off, but his hands were checked by the elbows of the man, who hurled all his weight upon Darricott and crushed him to the floor. Darricott tried to wriggle away and elude an enemy whose hatred was more fearsome because of his namelessness. He was hate personified, murder itself.

The fingers around Darricott's throat were intervening between his brain and his heart, between his lungs and his gaping mouth. His wits went frantic. His

frenzied eyes saw a gold sword knot dangling across the edge of his bed almost within his grasp. If he could once reach that sword!

With his last spark of strength Darricott heaved upward and tried to whirl free. In the wind of his violence the veil of the Oriental flew aside a moment and he knew those eyes. His own glared recognition, though he could not utter a sound. But his adversary could speak.

"You know me? Well, look at me! Remember me in hell when you——"

Knowledge seemed to hearten Darricott, and in a final supreme convulsion he ripped free, rose and struck his old foeman down once more to his knees in a sworl of black cloth. But the recoil of his desperate wrench carried Darricott to the open window, where his elbows struck the casement just in time to save him from pitching out backward —yet not in time to save him from his enemy, who scrambled toward him on all fours like a black bear, then rose and clutched, shoved and buffeted, till he had thrust Darricott to the ledge.

Howling in grisly fright, Darricott snatched out wildly and laid hold on the man's sleeves, his hands, his fingers. No one in the hotel heard his shrieks, but the crowd below stood gazing upward in awe. Frantically he sought new holds as one after another was torn loose. His feet kicked and caught across the ledge, while his staring eyes ached at the flashes of the distant street, the upstaring crowds, the waiting, distant pavement, the electric signs inanely blinking and flaring.

He felt the ineluctable suction of space. His very flesh and bones seemed to cry out against the mangling anguish awaiting their impact on the distant stone. All the nightmares of falling that had haunted his sleep for weeks crowded on him, and he shrieked for mercy.

"No, no! Oh, God, no!"

It was man's futile negative against the pitiless dissolution of death, against the decree of exile from the beautiful, beautiful, heartless world. He was seeing the last of everything, of everything bright and joyous and precious. He had done nothing to earn such a quick and hideous death. He had harmed nobody. He had given love freely. Why should hatred hurl him into so deep an abyss? annul his glorious body? mash him into—— He could not die so! He would not die so! He refused this death.

He was on his way. His last finger nail slipped from the last—the next-to-the-last—conscious touch. Down through the night he swooped. Down toward the faces of the thousands who stared and pitied and feared.

What they found upon the pavement when they lifted away the flag of the foreign ambassador was not Jamie Darricott. Where was he? What was he?

In the window whence he had flown, the dim light was gone as the sash was pulled down and the curtains after it.

There were so many thousands mustered for the pageant that even the upper halls were still congested with the multicolored crowd. The stairways were slow cataracts of costume.

Rachel had to descend slowly to Doctor Emery's floor and trudge half-step by half-step to his office. The moment her knuckles touched his door he opened it, stared at her and would not admit her.

"I want to see Dad."

"You can't."

"Why not?"

"Because he's not—not——"

"Not in? He must be in!"

"You can't see him. I—I gave him

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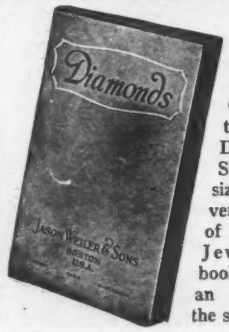

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sleeping powders. The noise, you know. His nerves."

She suffered like a child at the necessity for delay. She sighed: "Then you tell him as soon as he wakes. You know how worried he was because I was going to marry Darricott."

"Yes. Yes! We both——"

"Well, it's all off. I hate him. I've broken with him. Tell Dad that."

The news seemed to have dealt Emery almost a knockdown blow.

She gasped: "Aren't you pleased?"

"Yes! It's splendid, splendid."

And on the word he closed the door as if it were a coffin lid. Rachel stood a moment, regretting that she could not have delivered her glad tidings in person, wondering why Doctor Emery took them with so little relief.

If she had waited a little longer at the doctor's door she might have seen it open at the knock of a veiled and bearded man shrouded in a welter of cloth that trembled everywhere with his agitation. The door closed upon him and, once inside, he began to rip off his turban, his beard, his heavily padded costume. Doctor Emery helped him strip himself to a pajama coat and bare legs, as they shot back questions and answers:

"Did you?" Emery asked.

"I think so. I don't—I don't know."

"You don't know? He's not dead, then? Thank God!"

"I don't know. I think he is."

"You think!"

"I saw Helena. She was very—very sad."

"Did anyone see you?"

"Dozens, but I don't think anybody noticed me. I saw him. He didn't see me. I couldn't stick a knife in him. I had to lay hands on him. I—we had a fight. Once more he—he knocked me down, but I—I—my God! It was too much."

"What did you do?"

"I shoved him through the window. I nearly didn't. It was so far—so terrible—he begged so hard. I was sorry for him. I think I was trying to pull him back in when—when he tore my hands loose and—it was the eighth story. He howled as he fell—like a shot dog. I closed the window. I remembered to pull my sleeve over my fingers not to leave prints. I slipped out into the hall. Lots of people. Nobody noticed me. I don't know if he's dead or not."

"Of course he is."

"I suppose he is. He must be. But he may have lived for a while. He may have talked. I don't care. I'm sorry—sorry for him—for me—for everything."

He pitched forward in a faint. Doctor Emery caught him and half carried him into the bedroom, hunched him to the bed, lifted his feet to it, set them a little higher than his head.

On the floor lay the gaping empty shells of the two leg cases and the wrist case. He slipped these "bivalve splints" back into their positions and with all the deft velocity of a surgeon sealed them in place with wet plaster. Then he ran into the other room and fetched the costume—put it in a vat of acid to destroy it. Before he had finished the task, his patient had wakened, moaning from the bad dream he had gone through and would go through again and again as long as he lived.

Emery had boasted that death meant little to him, especially the death of vermin like Darricott. But all his self-justification had been swept away by Rachel's message, just a moment too late, that the deed was not needed for her salvation.

And now all the labored thought, the ingenious devices, the schemes, the traps for Darricott, were mockeries. Emery had been proud of that masterly stratagem of his: the pretense that Fendley had broken both legs and one arm on the hotel steps. He had prepared Fendley for it by practice in falling just so, lying twisted just so, groaning just so. He had been proud of the elaborately improvised splints, the pretense of taking the X rays with the aid of ignorant porters instead of his trained nurse, who had been sent home. He had been especially tickled by his inspiration to select from his collection of old röntgenographs just the three that represented the alleged fractures he allotted to Fendley.

He had figured everything out. Every night when the secretary-nurse was gone and he was working on his own genuine investigations, he had cut the plaster splints away from Fendley and made him exercise his members so that there should be no weakening atrophy of muscles to prevent him from moving to whatever attack on Darricott luck might make possible. Then he had sealed him up again every night. Nobody had suspected or asked an embarrassing question. Darricott had escaped all of Emery's traps and he had released Fendley in complete disguise to find him in the crowd, quietly stab him and steal away in the multitude. Luck had delivered the victim in solitude and helped Fendley to vanish.

And now that his complex conspiracy had worked like perfect machinery, only one thing had gone wrong: the motive, the necessity for the machine had been subtly removed, leaving only a wanton murder.

Even without this bitter knowledge Fendley would be difficult enough to manage, for remorse had already seized on his gentle heart and throttled it as his hands had throttled Darricott. He grew maudlin and babbled and wept until Emery gave him a sedative, first imposing upon him as an imperative reminder this command:

"If Darricott lived long enough to tell your name, it's all up with both of us. The police will come here at once. We'll soon know. If he didn't live, then they may come here later—tomorrow, maybe. When they do, remember, remember! that the news of his death comes to you as a surprise. If they look you up it will be because you have spoken of hating Darricott, and because everybody seems to have known what he had done to your family—so be surprised by his death but glad of it, glad of it! Remember."

"Glad of it!" Fendley sobbed as the drug seeped through his soul.

Emery began to feel with increasing acuteness his own responsibility, his own danger. Flaws in his finely welded scheme began to transpire as if broad daylight flowed through wide cracks. Suddenly the dumb and trusting public became a multitude of searching eyes and doubts and suspicions. Most of all he feared one thing: what if some shrewd detective moving like a bloodhound stubbornly from trace to trace, questioning each one before he advanced to the next, should wander in and drawl:

"Doctor, you say that Fendley broke his bones; and I believe you. But how do I know he did? You show me X ray photographs and you say they are pictures of his bones. I believe you, of course. But how do I know they are? Bear in mind, I don't imagine for a moment that an eminent surgeon like you would deceive anybody, but I'd just like to prove your innocence. Would you mind if I took some pictures of my own with my own machine? I have a portable X-ray camera outside."

What could he say to that? He could

not refuse and offer his own offended integrity as his sole reason. The police would take the pictures in spite of him. And the pictures would show that Fendley's bones were intact. This in itself would be the most damning evidence of guilt that could be conceived, and Doctor Emery would be convicted as accessory before and in and after the fact.

Wanderers through uncharted wildernesses are warned to look back at every turn and see how strangely different each prospect looks in retrospect. But criminals cannot do that, and when they do look back, they must take the landscape as they find it, leaving their footsteps where they lie.

The first patrolmen and plain-clothes men to reach Darricott's body had forced the crowd back and made an open space about him. One ran to telephone for an ambulance; another telephoned police headquarters, where the lieutenant on the desk took the breathless message and, realizing its importance, transmitted it to the inspector at the head of the detective bureau, who notified the captain of the homicide squad and the chief medical examiner's assistant.

Later, since the police commissioner was ill in bed, one of his deputies was informed; also the chief inspector of police; also the inspector of the district where the murder occurred, and the captain of that precinct.

The patrolman who first knelt by Darricott's motionless form heard no answer to his questions, saw no stir anywhere in his gaudy costume. He was not surprised when at last a bell-banging ambulance cleaved through the crowd and an ambulance surgeon leaped off the back step, ran, dropped to his knees, made a few gestures, looked up and said nothing more than:

"D. O. A."

According to the strictest etiquette as soon as anybody is pronounced "Dead on Arrival," that body is removed at once to the morgue. But there seemed to be reasons for keeping these broken relics near at hand until many riddles could be answered.

Police cars came shooting to the curb and men in uniform, in evening dress and in more informal clothes stepped out and attacked their specific tasks. Photographs were taken by flashlight of Darricott where he lay, and fingerprint experts searched for those autographs and for other minutiæ of evidence.

All this time there had been activity above. Two or three alert detectives had slugged their way through the lobby to the elevators to find the room whose window was guilty.

McGarry and Prager were the first to reach the right door. They pounded on it with policemanly delicacy and it was opened by Hubbard, who had gone in to straighten up.

The officers shoved him aside, darted to the window, raised it, and looked down, holding in their waistcoats and avoiding the least contact with the ledge. Directly below them they saw Darricott's body and realized that they had reached the scene of the crime.

They turned and smote Hubbard with a four-barreled glare. Both of them hated all butlers and Hubbard did not love persons in rough clothes who burst through private doors.

"Come clean!" McGarry growled.

As Hubbard always came clean, he was further angered. But he was also completely distraught by all the chaos of the evening.

When he gleaned that Mr. Darricott was actually dead on the pavement

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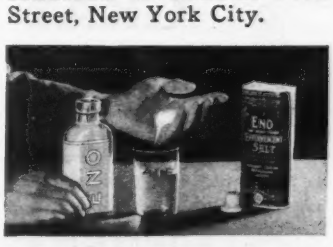

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below, he looked as guilty as guilt itself.

Naturally a man of dignity and propriety and benevolence, he was thrown into utter disarray when the detectives seized him, slapped him across the mouth, and began to crush his toes with excruciating jabs and twists of their heels. All butlers have, and earn, tender feet, and Hubbard's were of the tenderest. As he struggled in pitiable torment to make his innocence known, he was suddenly further thrown out of gear by the suspicion that Darricott might have been cast from the window by one of his own sacred family. A proper thing to have done with such rubbish as Darricott, but not a thing for him to help expose.

Now he added the best lies he could think of to the unsatisfactory statements that had previously been jolted out of him. The detectives were ready to take him away as the murderer and claim the glory due such swift procedure, when other and higher officers began to arrive.

The deputy commissioner happened to be in evening clothes and Hubbard threw himself on his mercy at once with such indignation that the commissioner, who knew and liked butlers, gave him his protection.

A glance at Hubbard and his correctness in spite of the mauling he had had, persuaded the commissioner that this old masterpiece, who had shown so many boors out of doors, would never have thrown anybody out of an upper window.

While the fingerprint experts sprinkled powder on the ledge and hunted for spoor with flash lamps and magnifying glasses, other detectives took photographs and made notes of everything in the disordered room: the sword lying unstained on the bed; a paste diamond here and there broken from the cape.

The newspapers had told so much about the pageant for weeks that many things were known and more misunderstood. Darricott was the leading man of the moment in town. The police did not relish the business of dragging wealthy and powerful people through the mire. They knew what powerful resistance and influence would oppose them. On the other hand, failure to uncover the guilty one would mean unlimited and conspicuous disgrace.

They particularly wanted to know who had been last in the room with Darricott. Hubbard not only did not know but he was ready to suffer martyrdom rather than involve his own people. The result of his inquisition was that the whole family was branded suspect. It was decided to send the best-bred officers down to request the merrymaking murderers to come up as soon as they could conveniently leave the pageant.

The news of Darricott's fall had by this time buzzed through the gaudy populace in the ballrooms and had thrown everyone into such a state of hysteria that it was hard to proceed with the ceremonials Jamie had planned and rehearsed so carefully.

When officers stepped to the elbows of the three Fendleys, they were already almost inert with excitement, regret, remorse. They obeyed the summons, of course, each of them feeling the same profound reversal of opinion toward Darricott: now that he was dead and terribly slain, his wounds pleaded for him, atoned for him, glorified him.

Though Weldon had not been sent for, he went along to comfort Rachel while Anthony supported his mother. Each remembered with terror that each had left the group for one errand or another. Zealous to protect one another, they went forward to their ordeals with a fear of telling all the truth—not that anybody really could if anybody ever really would.

They were examined separately and though the questions were offered with some show of courtesy, these grew less courteous as the questioners encountered a reluctance to say too much. The inquisitors could see that the Fendleys were contradicting themselves and one another and hiding many truths. The witnesses would have given much for the privilege of one brief conference and agreement on a story, but perhaps it was well that they had no concerted plan, for the best proof of their innocence was the quality of their improvisations—and their unconscious agreement in mentioning Sibyl as the last one to have seen Darricott.

The policeman who found Sibyl drooping on a chair in the ballroom had noted her torn sleeves and her morose mood. When he spoke to her he gripped her by the arm and brought a gasp of unexpected pain, for his hand fell on the wound she had had from one of Darricott's jewels.

Sibyl did not mind the stares of the throngs of Russian subjects that fell back before her as if she were a criminal on her way to Siberia. What crushed her was remembering that her last words to Darricott had been words of hatred. She had repaid with a blow the kisses of his cold lips. His prayers to her to believe that he truly loved her rang in her ears with the awful verity of a dying man's last phrases.

When she was led at last to the room where the high police in uniform and mufti sat in senate about the dining-room table, her heart began to run wild. A bright light dazzled her. Her judges were in the dark. Somebody's voice asked her name, her address, then came to the point:

"You knew James Darricott?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"You were with him when he was killed."

"Oh, no! No—no, sir."

"How long before his death were you with him?"

"I don't know. I learned of it in the ballroom."

"Several witnesses say that you were the last one with him. Your arm is cut; your sleeves are torn. What were your motives for attacking him and precipitating him from the window?"

She beat her breast, gasped, slipped off her chair to the floor in a faint. None of the usual methods restored her. Finally an elderly officer remembered ancient days and ordered her corset cut. That brought her back. The flood of air in liberated lungs, the emancipation of jailed loin muscles, freedom for her heart to swing—it was paradise. She said in a new voice:

"I beg your pardon for fainting. It's the first time I ever did. You see, I've never worn corsets before. They're frightful. Now if you wouldn't mind asking me everything again."

"You are a powerful woman," someone said.

"Not in this dress," she answered.

"Had you any reason to want Mr. Darricott killed?"

"I don't want anybody killed. I'm not a killer."

"You shoot lions, they say."

"I have shot lions. I'm not very proud of it. But I never harmed a human being."

"Give us your version of what happened."

She told them of her first meeting with Darricott, but not of the pursuit of Rachel or the night in his rooms. She

told of their growing love affair; of Darricott's proposal of marriage. She didn't know whether she would ever quite have dared to marry him, but time was to decide. When Rachel claimed him, she realized that—it was cruel to speak of the poor dead man harshly; he was very attractive; he couldn't help it if the women pursued him; the women couldn't help pursuing him either—but she had hated him for a moment for deceiving her—and still trying to keep her.

"I struck him in the face. I'll never forgive myself, but he was smothering me with kisses. I nearly fainted then. If I hadn't had these silly clothes on, I could have protected myself. I'm not afraid of any man. I don't have to kill a man to put him in his place."

"Even in that gown you could have pitched him out of the window."

"Perhaps I could have. But I didn't. And so, of course, there's no use trying to prove that I did."

"Who do you think did?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. If I knew I'd tell you. It was cruel, hateful, unforgivable to inflict so frightful a death on so beautiful a soul. I think I could have loved him in time. I think he really loved me. If so many hadn't loved him, and tempted him, he might have been—he might have been——"

She fought tears as a man fights them and in absolving Jamie's soul of damnation she ended the last suspicion of herself. Every man there knew that she was guiltless; but there was no one else so close to the crime, and she was a vitally important witness. The deputy commissioner asked her to tell just what she saw when she left Darricott alive.

"Crowds of people in the hall hurrying to the pageant."

"Did you notice anybody going the other way—toward Darricott's room?"

She remembered Mrs. Fendley, Anthony, Rachel all turning back, so she answered: "No."

She was excused from further questioning, but held in custody, while Anthony Fendley and Hubbard were admitted in turn on their own request to revise their testimony.

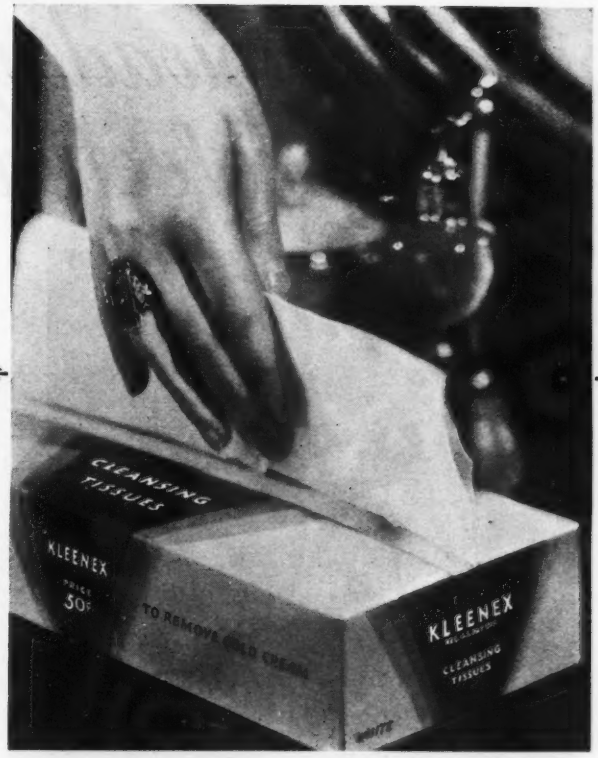
The first examination of Anthony had been severe. He had been asked about his sword, and it had been drawn from the sheath, disclosing the fact that it was broken in two.

He had to confess his duel with Darricott and his regret that he had lost it. The only thing that helped him was the weight of testimony showing that Rachel had removed his motive for killing Darricott, and Sibyl had been with Darricott after Anthony left him alive.

On realizing that he had unwittingly left Sibyl to bear the brunt of suspicion, Anthony insisted on being heard again to swear that he had seen Sibyl going down the hall when he returned with his mother for her cloak. All he accomplished was to show that he and his mother had returned to the dining room. He broke out in so fierce a plea for Sibyl that he was forcibly ejected.

When Hubbard was brought back, he refused to sit down. He thought better on his feet. He was not at his best, and abysmally shamed by the reversion to ancient well-corrected habit of muffing an occasional *H*. Now and then one of them dropped out and he caught at it with the humiliation of a hiccup:

"If the deputy commissioner will pardon me, I have been thinking things over, so to speak, and I remembered that when Mrs. Fendley returned for 'er hermine cloak, I carried it down the corridor for some little distance. It was



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like a train, sir, and quite 'eavy, very Heavy. At length Mr. Anthony took it from me and I 'urr—Hurried back. This was after I had seen Miss Page with Mr. Darricott and she might have left him by then.

"Previously I 'ad testified, sir, that I Had not left the rooms at all. Now I distinctly recall doing so. Almost anybody might have slipped in and gone straight to Mr. Darricott's room while I was absent. There were several suspicious persons trying to get in all evening. In fact, sir, as I went out I remember a peculiar person——"

"Describe him."

"That's what I can't do, sir. I've been trying to think, but my poor 'ead—Head is all of a swirl with every known color and costume. And it hasn't been 'elped, if you'll excuse the liberty, by being knocked about by the—— Of course, sir, the peculiar person standing by the door might have been a detective. There was considerable wine and liquor in plain view."

McGarry and Prager snorted.

In view of Hubbard's testimony there was reason for suspecting any number of persons who had been known to have grudges against Darricott, as well as a number of well-known criminals who had been caught in the net.

Two of the most vigorously grilled were Mrs. Clara Poore and her Charlie Boy Palmer, both of whom had dined on the eighth floor and dined too well; and both of whom had loudly denounced Darricott and said he ought to be killed, though their reasons for hating him were opposite: Clara was in a maudlin rage because Jamie had neglected her, Palmer because he had not.

Neither Clara nor Charlie Boy shone on cross-examination and their confusion did not clear up the problem.

"Where is old man Fendley all this while?" said someone. Hubbard reminded the board of Mr. Fendley's unfortunate accident.

"He might give us an idea," said an inspector and detailed McGarry and Prager to call on Fendley in Doctor Emery's rooms.

When they knocked at Doctor Emery's door, the surgeon opened it himself and the papers on his table glowing in the little sun of the desk lamp explained how he happened to be awake.

When they asked if they could see "one Horace Fendley," he answered:

"Certainly, gentlemen, you can see him; but I don't know that he can see you. The hotel has been such a bedlam that I gave him veronal. He is suffering, you know, from comminuted fractures of the tibia, fibula, femur——"

"As bad as that!" gasped McGarry. "The creature!"

Doctor Emery said, "Perhaps you'd like to see the X rays."

He held them up for inspection and both men were awestruck.

They followed Emery into the bedroom and exchanged looks of womanish pity as they studied the figure lying there with his left forearm and both legs encased. McGarry grunted:

"He's simply covered with alibis. With all that baggage on 'um, he'd hardly climb two flights of stairs and chuck a young athalete out of a windy."

"Do what?" said Doctor Emery.

"Some guy pitched Jamie Darricott out of a eight'-floor windy and——"

"Darricott—Jamie Darricott! You can't mean it. Why, this is his great night!"

"It's his big night, all right," said McGarry. "He's apologizin' now to St. Pether belike for bustin' in on him after closin' hours. But that's not all that

lad will have to explain before he gets in, for he was the devil's own broth, the saints rest his soul."

Emery shook his head. "Did he leave any last messages?"

Prager was a scholar in the comic strips and he said: "His last words was 'Bam! Blop! Pow!'"

"So he's dead, then?"

"Dead—he's damn near disintegrated," said McGarry.

"Whom do they suspect?"

"Evabody in the Unineted States it looks like—male and female. Can we c'municate with Mr. Fen'ley?"

"I'll try to put you through," said Doctor Emery.

He went to Fendley and shook him, talked to him, sprinkled water on his brow and with his lips close to his ears called him on long distance.

"Wake up a minute, Horace."

Finally there was a blurred return. Fendley would have sat up and swept his legs from the bed, but Emery, seizing his head and holding it in front of his own so that it was hidden from the police, stabbed his words home:

"Darricott—Jamie Darricott—remember?"

"Yes—yes. Darri—Darricott. I remember."

"Somebody killed him."

"He's dead? he's d——"

"You're not altogether sorry, are you?"

He drove his own eyes like nails into Fendley's eyes and his hands shook Fendley's head in a negative that his befuddled brain confirmed:

"No—not sor-ry. No."

Emery dictated to him: "You almost regret that your own broken bones kept you from killing him yourself, don't you?"

Drunkenly Fendley agreed: "Only regret broken bones prevented honor of kill'n' 'm m'self."

"Any more questions, gentlemen?"

"Might as well cross-examine th' Egyptian sphinnix," said McGarry.

"Among the suspects, by any chance, is anybody especially suspected?"

"Well, we got Mrs. Fendley, and her son and Rakehell and the butler, and Miss Page."

"They're not suspected, surely?"

"Well, it don't look like a lady's job, though it might be at that. I wouldn't put anything a-past some o' these wild women. But the Fendleys and their butler are tellin' so many conterdictery stories, they're gettin' in mighty bad with the dep'ty c'mishner. Well, good night, doc. Sorry t' have 'sturbed ya."

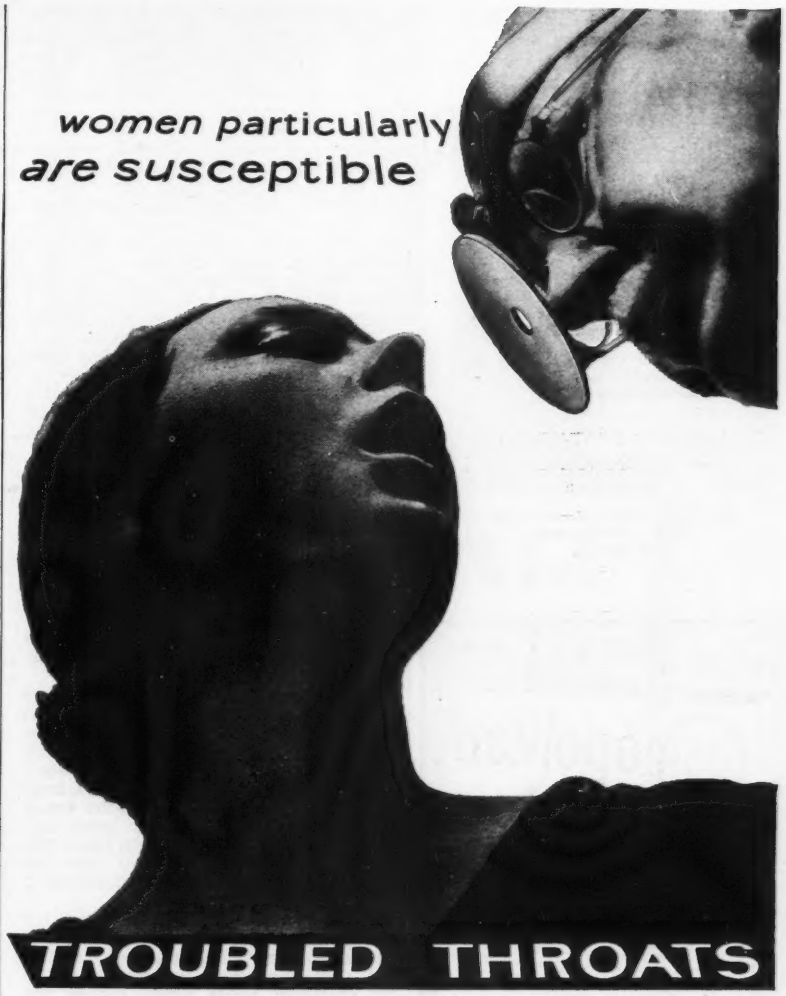
When they were gone, Emery pondered. Rachel and her mother and Anthony in the toils! Fendley would be sure to learn of it. He would rise at once from his bed, shout his confession and give himself up—incidentally giving up Doctor Emery, by explaining that his broken bones were a mere dodge.

Emery loved Fendley, loved Rachel and Helena and Anthony. They were innocent and it was not to be believed that they could be found guilty. It would do them no good to have the head of the family convicted of assassination.

Emery had been willing to take on himself the blame for Darricott's removal, if necessary. Now he had a right, a duty to himself, and a duty even to the Fendleys to save himself and Horace.

There was just one way to make the story seem true and that was to make it true. He thought a while, then decided. He had spent his life deciding among grim alternatives involving pain and death.

He usually had assistants for the sort of work he had before him, but he was



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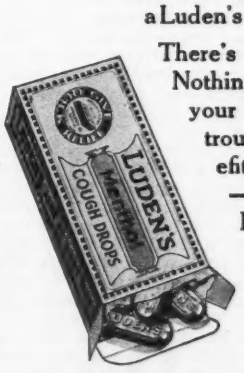

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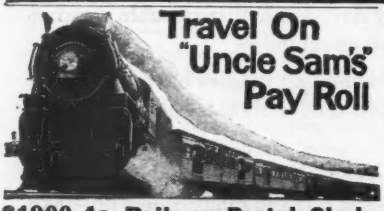
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He brought from his supply closet ether and a cone, stuffed cotton into the keyhole of the door and laid rugs along the sill to keep the odor from the hall. He folded together blankets. He had no osteoclastic mallet, but he had a heavy hammer and wrapped its head. He took out the card in his file and read again his description of Fendley's fractures.

Then he carried the man to his operating table and pried apart the splints on the arm and the legs and laid the shells on the floor. He set the cone over Fendley's mouth and nostrils and let the ether drip, pausing to test Fendley's pulse until the anæsthesia was perfect.

Then he took Fendley's left elbow in his right hand, his wrist in his left, bent and lifted his own knee, raised Fendley's forearm and brought it down with all his might. The crackling sound he heard and the after-palpation satisfied him that the break was as recorded.

Under Fendley's left thigh he improvised a wedge from a box, and took from the sterilizing boiler a chisel called an osteotome, made a little incision in the flesh to the bone, then struck the chisel with a mallet, and made the exact break he wanted. He did the same with the right shin. He felt a little faint, but his nerves were superhuman, and his examination convinced him that he had made good his first bulletin on Fendley's accident.

He moved the table under the X-ray lamp, took his photographs, developed them, and smiled triumphantly at their shadowy corroboration. He marked on them the date of Fendley's alleged accident, knowing that in the case of a man of Fendley's age the photographs would not show change enough to seem unreal. He put the old plates in other envelopes and slipped the new into the envelopes originally dated and inscribed with Fendley's name.

And now in all honesty he applied his skill to bandaging Fendley's poor limbs in the old bivalve splints, happy in the fact that the quick immobilization of the shattered bones would reduce the pain to a minimum.

With his ultimate remainder of strength he lugged Fendley back to his bed, put out the light in his office and flung up the windows to let the ether odor out. He paused to look down at the crowds still in the street, staring up and pointing at the window that was to be a sort of shrine to Darricott's fame.

He sank into a chair for a bit of sleep, but was soon dragged out of it by Fendley's moans. The pain in his wrist and legs was mysterious and Emery let him have the whole truth, even to the bitter fact that Rachel's infatuation for Darricott had ended before his death. This, as Emery feared, thrust new remorse on Fendley, but Emery gave him what small comfort he could and what conviction of the necessity for silence:

"In the first place, if Darricott had lived he would have gone right after Rachel tomorrow and he would have got her back. Women couldn't resist him. He drugged them, somehow. Rachel would have married him as sure as fate. You saved her from all that risk. Now if you confess that you killed him, she will hate you and love his memory. You will cover Anthony with disgrace and blot your name forever—and theirs with it. They're in no danger from the law because they didn't do it, and you can't even convict the guilty in this country, to say nothing of the innocent.

"If you confess, I'll either go to the chair or be driven from my profession and from all the good I can do in the world. There's no end of good you can still do on earth, and not one bit of good that you can do by telling what happened. You have removed from the world a source of unlimited evil. If you talk, you will bring down an avalanche of worse evils."

He repeated and repeated this sermon until it was inscribed like a phonographic record on Fendley's brain, and became his first thought whenever doubts recurred.

Throughout the night the enormous machinery of the New York Police Department revolved about the Darricott case. The keenest minds devoted their experienced cynicisms to the stories extracted from the members of the long parade brought in for cross-examination.

The police turned up unending scandal, inspired and recognized incessant lying and evasion, but the sole result of their probings was a belief that the prisoners were guilty of nearly everything on earth except Darricott's death.

The conviction was gradually established that the murderer had slipped into the room during Hubbard's brief absence from it. While this did not completely acquit the Fendley group or Sibyl Page, it opened the list to any and all of the throng surging along the corridor. Such fingerprints as were found meant nothing, since so many persons freely admitted that they had been in the room with Darricott and in violent conflict with him. These confessions of rancor had the profound effect of alibis.

Throughout the night the deputy commissioner and his aides were almost as terrified as their captives. Ahead of them were ferocious criticism and peril, no matter what they did. If they threw any of the Fendleys or Miss Page into a cell without conclusive evidence, there would be heavy abuse for bungling and heavy damage suits for false arrest. If the suspects were set free and escaped to Europe, there would be investigations, accusations of bribery, and disastrous comments.

The police have their gantlets of criticism to run as well as the playwrights, the bookwrights, the actors and artists and politicians. And their prosperity is as closely dependent on their press notices.

Furthermore, the prisoners were soon reinforced by eminent lawyers who had no fear of the authorities and terrorized them with legal phrases and threats of action.

It was long after his usual breakfast hour when the deputy commissioner, jaded with perplexities and bafflements, released the Fendleys, Sibyl, Weldon, Hubbard, Clara and Charlie, and others, to their homes, accepting in lieu of bail their solemn promises to be on call. Then he issued orders that their telephone wires should be tapped and kept on tap, and all their movements shadowed—what is technically known as "putting a tail on 'em."

The police were accustomed to defeat. Had not a high official of the department made a public confession that during the previous year there had been no fewer than two hundred and eighty-eight murders in New York with no more than two arrests by the homicide bureau? The theory of probabilities combined with the record of past performances to give the murderer of Darricott a practical guaranty of protection from discovery.

But the very profusion of clues and the unusually large number of persons on whom the guilt could be almost fixed kept the case alive long after it was added to the bead-roll of famous crimes for which no one was ever punished. The hunt for what the newspapermen

called "the lady-killer-killer" went on and on.

Numberless theories elected Horace Fendley as "the logical candidate" for the honors of deleting Darricott. What they called his "motivation" was complete: hardly anybody in the United States was left in ignorance of the fact that Darricott had robbed Fendley of his wife and was planning to carry off his daughter. Any jury would have acquitted him with applause, but this opportunity was never offered to any twelve, for all the students of crime were turned aside by the detailed accounts of his broken bones and the plaster gyves about them—all but one newspaper sleuth who was not quite satisfied by the testimony.

After prolonged brooding he called upon Doctor Emery and brought along a portable X-ray machine. Doctor Emery had been waiting impatiently for just this sort of man and he was inspired to be as difficult as possible, as insulting and insulted as only an eminent surgeon can be. He refused to let his patient be annoyed.

The reporter gave this matter sensational publication, and brought official pressure to bear on Doctor Emery, forcing him at last to permit the pictures to be taken. The genius was blown up by his own publicity, for his camera told exactly the story that Doctor Emery had given out long before Darricott's death. The reporter was laughed into oblivion and the absolute innocence of Fendley and his physician so irrefragably established that nobody dreamed of questioning it thereafter.

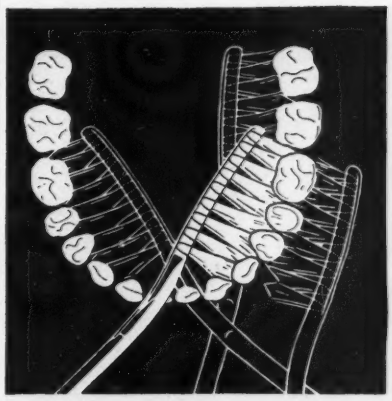
The other suspects were left to the mercy of the professional and nonprofessional detectives and the lay police, and dragged through all the infernal excesses of slander that the loosely woven libel laws encourage. Death in the electric chair would have seemed a respite and a prison term a refuge to almost any of them.

The police and the reporters had not delayed, of course, to ransack Darricott's apartment. There they found countless letters from infatuated women who had loved him at least long enough to write themselves down in phrases that reached the press and fed fat the greasy lust for other people's secrets. Lives were wrecked, homes broken and loves destroyed, because of these frail monuments of foolish moments that publication turned into enormities of wickedness. Good women who had merely been tempted; devoted wives who had perhaps slipped, but recovered their souls; wantons who had tried with varying success to win Jamie; lonely and neglected women who had been tantalized by his wizardries — all were plastered with shame.

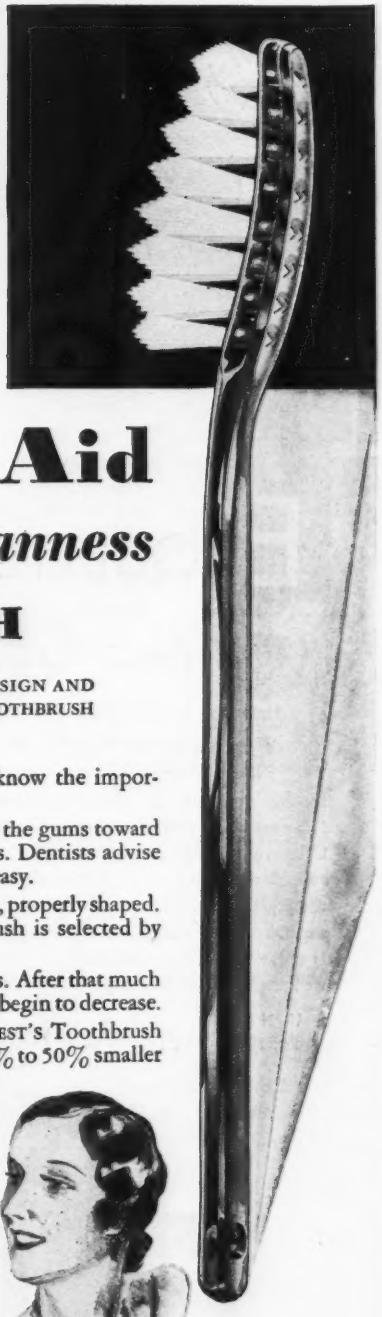
Yet women did not revile Darricott. And this was strange to the men, though history should have taught them to expect nothing else. Malekind called Darricott a disgrace to their sex and said that his death had been too long delayed, and that his executioner deserved the thanks of the community. The executioner also deserved execution, of course, because he had broken the law against private slaughter; and the sanctity of the law must be maintained at all costs.

But the women, perhaps because they had been for ages the victims of the laws that pretended their protection, would not pay even lip-reverence to the codes. They sorrowed for Jamie Darricott, for his obliterated beauty, for his unfinished youth, even for his—especially for his—frustrated powers of evil.

A few grim heavy-browed females, who looked and acted more like obese



See how it fits the dental arch, cleansing inside, outside, and between. Note how it sweeps crevices clean.



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WHEREVER hospitality is accorded you, make your "thank you" the Mi Choice gift package.

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jurists than women, denounced him; but most of the women, the old and burly no less than the young and lithe, regretted his loss as an irremediable disaster.

They mourned for him in their clubs and homes and in the streets as in the ancient groves the women bewailed Orpheus, Osiris, Tammuz, Adonis, Endymion, making a festival of grief, regretting in him all the young and ardent men who have lived for love and died for love, love the ancient theme of womanhood.

This amazed and disgusted the men, not one of whom recognized how much of his high scorn was common primeval jealousy. The more the men railed, the more the women lavished on Darricott pity and praise. To hear them talk, it seemed as if all women believed that when a man wronged a woman the woman was the guilty one, and the man the deluded innocent.

Canny men wasted no time in deploring womanly folly. They traded in it and profited by it. Bits of film were remembered and added to the news reels, showing Jamie issuing from wedding ceremonies, strolling Park Avenue, watching a horse race or a polo match. Throngs gathered to see these resurrections of Jamie in motion, and the mobs of women shivered with—with what?—as they saw him smile from the screen at them, at each of them. They imagined what it must have meant to be caressed by those moody eyes, rebuked by those petulant lips, touched by those fastidious hands.

The newspapers, with the practiced cunning of journalism, filled their pages with pictures of him, with stories of him. All the industries that prosper above the grave of the slain began to build him into a cult, a kind of perverse religion.

Women cherished the portraits of him as if they were icons of a forbidden and therefore resistless divinity. He was a martyr slain for love, and he, too, accomplished miracles of a kind.

When somber women sat alone in their rooms and mused on Jamie Darricott, it was as if moonlight fell suddenly on their windowpanes; as if a window were stealthily raised, and an elbow, a hand, a knee rested on the sill. Then into the room came a June midnight spirit that whispered what breezes breathe, fingered locks of hair with delicate audacity, kissed cheeks with impudence too pretty for rebuke, fondling, flattering.

He fetched romance to innumerable women who had no other lovers, and no less to women who had one, or many, but had room also for this ghost. Jamie invaded homes and defied all guards in death even more than in life. Women yielded to him the same helpless admiration that men yield to great pirates, world conquerors, fighters, however criminal.

Jamie was the ruthless lover and many bemoaned the impoverishment that came from his death; they regretted their greater security from temptation, now that he was no longer to be encountered. They would not have yielded to him, of course; they would have gazed at him with eyes of horror and driven him away with harsh names, of course —but—now they could never have the chance to fight with him.

The world is a wide place of many people, many interests, many conflicting passions, and too many words true and false. But there is another world within it and beyond it: the world of people's thoughts and dreams, desires and silent meditations, sins and temptations and ecstasies of imagination, speechless because ineffable.

In that world Jamie Darricott held a mysterious and incalculable sway.

Even in the jail of his bedroom Horace Fendley could realize the feeling in the air that Jamie Darricott was justified and cleansed by the complete penance of his last brief hell on earth—and that women were all but united in homage to him.

If Fendley had needed any other punishment than his own remorse he found it in the contemplation of the aureole he had cast about Darricott. The revelation of Darricott's occult power over womankind awakened Fendley to the sudden understanding of what Helena and Rachel had contended against and why they had failed—of what Darricott himself had perhaps contended against before he failed.

Fendley came to look upon his wife now as the guiltless victim of an overwhelming storm and his love went back to her with a greater power than it had ever known. From his bed he issued statements denying all the charges against her and threatening the press and all individual slanderers with such suits for libel to be drawn by such famous lawyers that he frightened off the most open assailants.

Nobody believed him but everybody thought him brave and knightly, and the public demand for a happy ending to the tragedy would have driven Helena back to him if she had needed that impetus. As soon as she learned of his defense of her, she hastened to his bedside and on her knees besought the reconciliation that it enraptured him to bend down and grant. Rachel and Anthony by no means opposed the rebuilding of their home—or rather, the transplanting of it to Europe. Peyton Weldon was as happy as everybody else to see respectability resuming its empire and hustling out of sight the unseemly débris of old sins and mistakes.

As soon as Sibyl Page's father and the counsel he engaged could free her from the clutches of the police, she sailed away to Africa, seeking no longer adventures, of which she had had enough, but solitude. On the next ship, however, Anthony Fendley set out for Africa. All sorts of things may happen in a jungle among the wild animals. Yet what else is a city? What else are the people in it?

The departure of the Fendleys and of Sibyl Page from New York was hardly noticed by that turbulent village. But it was not big enough to ignore the exit of Jamie Darricott.

One of his secret extravagances had been a large insurance policy taken out for his mother's benefit and kept up, to his sardonic amusement, by the unwitting contributions of other women. His death lifted her from poverty to the opulence he had dreamed of for himself. She did not know what to do with it. Jamie would have known.

As soon as she learned that the police had finished with her boy she went north to retrieve what remained of him. The newspapers casually mentioned the fact that his body was waiting for her at certain funeral parlors and that she would come for it at a certain hour.

Nobody foresaw what followed. Nobody concerted anything. But the thought stole into the hearts of a strangely great number of women that Jamie Darricott was leaving town; that his beauty and his fire lay intolerably coffined at an undertaker's with no one to give him a thought of tenderness; to lay a flower near him; to kneel and send up a prayer above him, or to clench the eyelids on fierce tears at the pity of his lonely lovelessness.

So this woman and that stole forth to

Photo by E. Fryer, Hollywood

LEATRICE JOY, *beautiful First National star, says:*
"My skin is like satin after using Lux Toilet Soap."

"Lovely Skin always wins hearts," say 45 Hollywood Directors

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin petal-smooth this way . . .

"THERE'S more real *allure* in lovely skin than in any other beauty," say 45 leading Hollywood directors.

As William A. Seiter, First National director, says: "Smooth, perfect skin means everything to the screen star. A star's skin must be *youthfully* smooth."

This is why, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are so enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps the skin so smooth! All the great film studios have made this daintily fragrant white soap official for their dressing rooms.

The Broadway stars, too, long ago made Lux Toilet Soap their own. And the screen stars of the European capitals are now devoted to it! *You* will be charmed with its gentle care of *your* skin, too. Order several cakes—today.

LAURA LA PLANTE, *Universal star, uses Lux Toilet Soap—her skin shows faultlessly smooth under the close-up lights.*

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Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

I'll tell you the SECRET

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Guard your *vital health.* It is the true secret of beauty—of youthful vitality. 3 cakes of C-Y Chocolate Yeast eaten everyday is the health recipe of Miss E. P. of Long Island, shown above. "It is the best thing for constipation that I've ever used," Miss E. P. writes.

Good to Eat; Keeps Fresh

C-Y Chocolate Yeast is a delicious blend of chocolate and live active yeast. It keeps fresh and stays active. Send 10c for Health booklet and 2 cakes of C-Y Chocolate Yeast to:

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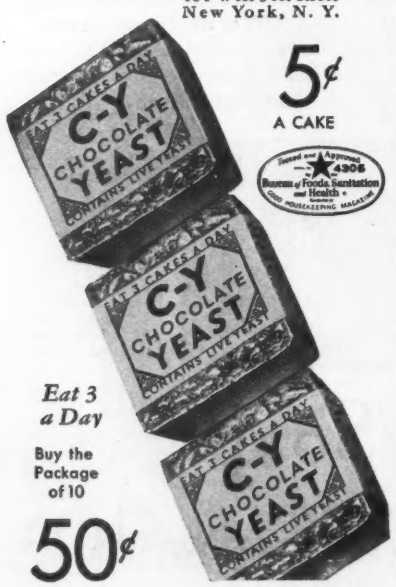

5¢ A CAKE

Accepted and Approved — 4305 — Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine

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50¢

save him and herself from the shame of such neglect. Mrs. Fendley and Rachel and Sibyl, without the knowledge of one another, sent masses of flowers anonymously, but feared to be seen; yet Sibyl could not stay away at last, and went in a car with curtains drawn to steal into the room and tell Jamie good-by. Her car was stopped far off by a huge multitude of women that packed the street and would not disperse for traffic or police or all the satires of the men gathered by the sight of the crowd.

Wealthy women who had known Jamie more or less intimately and had admitted him to their homes felt it cowardly to snub him now. Women not so rich who had tried to ensnare him forgave him his ambition and thought that he must be poor enough now to welcome their visits. Girls who had checked his hat and stick and held his overcoat for him and taken with his coin the priceless smiles he had given for the real tips and the mischievous compliments he had never forgotten to murmur—those girls were many and each of them brought him her little bundle of flowers.

Chambermaids who had made up the many beds in which he had lain had not forgotten the gallantries he squandered on the poor, however he withheld them from the rich. Shopgirls who had sold him things for himself, and now and then for women, remembered the drama it had made in their dull days when he paused at their counters. Laundresses and waitresses and housemaids and flower girls, cashiers and scrubwomen, elevator girls, women young and old in all the trades that Jamie had somehow brightened as he passed by—they were there in amazing number.

Women who had never known him, but had hoped to, came to grieve over the opportunity forever lost. Women who had hated the poltroon women who had lured him on and deserted him in his disgrace came to save him from going away alone; and with them women who had learned to love him because of his pictures, because of the pathos of his death, especially because of the horrible things men said of him, and, mystically, because of the love he had set aglow in their hearts as they brooded over him. He had the magic power of belonging to each woman alone; each was the only one who understood him.

One by one they came with their sundry motives and one by one they made a vast throng, straggling slowly through the undertaker's doors and pausing at the coffinside till they were thrust away and out of doors again. There was much weeping over his casket, and the flowers were piled about it in great drifts of color and fragrance, and tears rained on them. There was much prayer and women on their knees were shoved aside by other women eager to mutter their petitions for him.

Outside, the women lingered and wept and prayed, packed into one great body, one flesh with one mood: unbearable regret for the lover who could no more awaken love, bitter wrath at the waste that could turn such a deity into what was inside that grim coffin.

From mob-anguish women were driven into frenzies of hysteria. From suffocation and the increasing pressure of the relentless women still hurrying into the street to the last rendezvous, women were crushed and fainted, fell and were trampled. The undertaker had telephoned the police at the first gathering of the throng and the police who came had called out the reserves, but there was little they could do with such gentle mourners so helpless with grief.

When Mrs. Darricott's train came in she was met by Mrs. Masters, who had known her as a girl and caught her in her arms now as if they were girls again in the throes of first sorrow. Mrs. Masters did not tell Mrs. Darricott how she had scolded Jamie and warned him of his doom. She spoke only of how handsome he was and how he had loved his mother.

When Mrs. Masters' car approached the neighborhood of Jamie's resting place, it was ordered aside by the police, since the street was closed. Mrs. Masters berated the officers and refused to be cowed, demanded to speak to someone in power, wielding her famous name like a bludgeon. At last a captain came and she told him the name of the little cowering woman at her side. The captain organized an escort of mounted policemen and they slowly wedged through the crowd, finding their chief authority in the words:

"Make way for Mrs. Darricott! Make way for Mrs. Darricott!"

That drove the women back and they fell away staring, whispering, "That's Jamie's mother!" And it was an awesome thing to be—the mother of Jamie Darricott! the creatrix of all that he had been and done and suffered. And she was frightened not only by that but by the miracle of what her child had grown to in so great a city. Love had made her his mother, and love had made him what he was. But what was he?

The women studied her in a reverence of terror and sorrowed the more for her son. But the men who had learned of the mob and stared at it from windows and roofs shook their heads in scorn. Many of them hurried away to write of the shameless women and the shameful scene, a disgrace to womanhood and to America. They denounced women, though women had borne them, nursed them, loved them and might betray them, but would be sure to mourn them.

Jamie, at least, was beyond satire and sermon. He was beyond the reach of criticism; all his faults absolved by the torture of his last moments. Like many another man, he was saved from oblivion by his enemies, who lifted him to heights he never could have attained by his own skill. He was redeemed and ennobled by assassination, sanctified through scorn and hatred and fear from a sly weakling to an august figure of legend.

THE END

Lonely Heart (*Continued from page 67*)

those old southern gentlemen who would have been totally decayed by this time if it hadn't been for the preserving power of alcohol.

For years he has done everything in the newspaper racket and found that nobody cared, so now he runs the Lonely Hearts Corner and hopes to save enough money to retire and go to Paris to write a novel. He says he needs a couple of years off so he can gather material.

I says, what about all these letters you get from the Lonely Hearts? I should think that would be swell stuff for a writer.

A lot of hooey! says he. Now, take that story you were telling me about that girl you tried to find—you know, the one you picked up in a restaurant and took for a lake ride. She jumps off a boat because she thinks you wrote those bum sediments you're always quoting!

Well, I don't blame her. I'd jump off myself to escape you. Now, I suppose you think there's a story in that?

Sure, says I. Crazy, says he. That just proves you'd better stick to peddling cheer. You'd starve to death if you tried to write.

You know my dream, says he. I want to get a little studio in Paris near Montparnassee, and just sip wine, nibble cheese, observe life and write about it.

Well, Al, the joke is he does save up but as soon as he gets fifty or a hundred bucks he goes on a beautiful toot, and when he wakes up he isn't nibbling cheese in Montparnassee at all. He's sitting in his Lonely Hearts Corner writing stuff like "Do not worry about that wart on your nose, Bright Eyes. Everything comes to her who waits. Your loving Carolyn Comfort."

Ten years of that sort of thing, Al, and once a year the paper gives a ball for all these Lonely Hearts, and every year he attends and gets them paired off and makes himself generally obnoxious. How do you explain that Carolyn Comfort gag to them? says I.

Oh, the same explanation is good every year, says he. There's always a new crop and I just tell 'em Carolyn is a sweet invalid lady in lavender and old lace who hasn't been out of bed for twenty years and the paper has sent me to take her place. By the way, why don't you come to the next one, a week from Saturday? says he. And I says, Don't be a mug!

And that goes for you, too.

Denny

P.S. I am returning that Doris Miller check. I can't find her. Give it to the Auditing Department and tell them to go lay an egg and stop cackling.

DEAR CAROLYN,

You say "try not to think of him any more," but how can I do that? All day long I see him the way he sat and looked at me while he recited a beautiful poem to me on the excursion boat going from Lincoln Park to Jackson Park, and every night I dream about him. We're listening to the band playing in the park or we're dancing together at White City or we're riding on the roller coaster and he has his arms around me, and then when he kisses me I wake up and I am all alone again and lonely. What shall I do? How can I get him out of my mind?

LONELY HEART

LONELY HEART:

Why don't you come to the Lonely Hearts ball a week from Saturday night at the Auditorium Hotel? As you know, this newspaper lets me give an annual party for all my children. Surely you will meet someone there who is as lonely as you and who may help you put this unworthy person out of your mind. Anyway, you are brooding too much. You should try to get interested in other things. Have you read "All Quiet on the Western Front"?

CAROLYN COMFORT

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Gleason:

Thanks for your wire. Of course, I will keep you posted and do everything I can for Denny. He seems to be getting along all right now. He is cut up around the eyes and scalp from flying glass and has some body bruises, but it won't be necessary for you to send anyone down here as he is under good care and I can spend considerable time with him.

By the way, you'll recall when I met you here on your way through from

Sound Sleep at Night ...*Without Drugs*... and Energetic Days!

A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep Without Drugs ... But Induces The Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

639R

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

New York Denny and you were talking about locating a Doris Miller and giving her a check for $1000. Well, there must have been two or three hundred boys and girls at the Lonely Hearts Ball and who should be among them but this same Doris Miller.

She spoke to me several times during the evening—seemed to have something on her mind, and little by little she told me how she had nearly died in the hospital when she tried to commit suicide and then she told me it was all because of a poem and she recited, "I could sail the waters of all the world." Immediately I recognized Denny's stuff and went right on with it—"Bitter and wild and blue, And never I'd find a friend to love"—and she finished it: "Like the friend I've found in you."

And then I said, You're Doris Miller, aren't you? and her eyes got as big as saucers. But I signed all my letters "Lonely Heart," she said, and I said, never mind what you signed them—you're Doris Miller and you know Denny Kerrigan, don't you?

Oh, yes, she said, do you know him, too? And I said, he's one of my best friends. How would you like to have me get him over here tonight? Could you? she said, and you never saw anyone grow so beautiful in such a short time.

Then I told her she would be glad to see him for more than one reason, that he had been carrying around a check for $1000 for her. And then she was sure I was crazy. I won't refuse it, says she, but I'd rather see Denny.

So I went to the phone and got him at his hotel and told him to come on over to the Auditorium to the Lonely Hearts Ball, that I had found his dumb cluck for him—that's what he always called Doris. Go on, you're crocked, he says. No, I says, honest, come on over.

Well, finally I persuaded him and then I went back to Doris. Well, we waited and waited and he never showed up. When midnight came I dismissed the orchestra and shooed everybody out and I felt so sorry for her I said, Come on and I'll take you over to Denny's place.

So we took a taxi there and found he had been hurt in an accident and had been taken to St. Luke's Hospital, so of course we piled right over but they wouldn't let us see him so I took Doris to the telephone exchange where she works nights and then shot the wire on to you. Please let me know if there is anything further I can do and I will keep you advised about Denny.

Sincerely,

Pop Higgins

Dear Al,

I can't see to write—I'm all covered with bandages but the day nurse here is writing this for me. She says I won't be disfigured and I can see all right when they take the bandages off, but I don't believe a word of it. I'm worried, Al. It was a pretty good face. I bet I'm going to look like Scarface Al Capone.

Well, that's just my luck. If I hadn't wanted to do a good turn I'd been all right. It's always that way, Al. The wages of virtue is a kick in the pants. Here I was sitting quietly at home and I'm called out to meet that dumb cluck.

If it hadn't been for her I'd 'a' gone to bed and woke up in the morning happy as a lark. She must be a jinx. I'll be glad when she gets her thousand bucks and I've heard the end of her.

By the way, I guess the Auditing Department has canceled that check. You better tell them to make out another and send it to me here. Pop knows where she works and can give it to her.

She's a night telephone operator in one of these downtown exchanges. I bet she's the one that gets you all the wrong numbers. Well, she picked one for me.

It wouldn't be so bad here, Al, if I could see. There's a cute day nurse who spends most of the time in here with me. She's nice and soft—the only thing around this place that doesn't smell of arnica and ether. She is writing this letter now and I am holding her left hand. I can hardly wait until I get the bandages off so I can see her.

Bet she's cute as a little red wagon—aren't you? She says she isn't but I know better. Such a nice low voice, too—haven't you? She says she hasn't, but you can believe me. She says I have to rest now—I'm tiring myself.

Denny

P. S. She has round knees.

Dear Denny,

I was sorry to hear about the accident but very glad to learn later from both your friend Pop Higgins and Al that you are improving. Of course, this unfortunate occurrence has seriously handicapped us in your territory, but I am sending one of the junior salesmen down to do the best he can until you get on your feet again, which I hope will be soon, as we need the sales from your territory to help us get that quota increase we are all fighting so hard for.

As to your drawing account during the time you are laid up, I will take that up with the Auditing Department. Undoubtedly a decision will be reached.

Which brings up the question raised in your letter *in re* the check for $1000 made out some time ago to the order of Doris Miller. As you will recall, this check was finally returned by you to the auditor, who has canceled it.

Now, you will understand, of course, at the time this check was authorized it was for a definite purpose and was not charged against the general advertising appropriation but against the prospective sales of the new Heart Throb line. Since that time, however, the sales of this line have not warranted the optimism with which it was greeted at first by the trade, nor has it shown sales in sufficient volume to warrant the disbursement of the sum above mentioned.

Of course, if the check had been delivered at the time it was intended and had cleared, we would say no more about it, but fortunately for us this was not the case. I hope you will explain the situation to Miss Miller and assure her that we are none the less grateful to her and will be glad at any time to show our appreciation in a manner more consistent with sound business practice.

Very sincerely yours,

Gleason Greeting Card Company,
By George Gleason,
President

Dear Al,

I just got a letter from the Old Man and it's a darned good thing I still have to dictate to a nurse because what I would tell him would be plenty. Can you imagine the nerve of that guy reniging on the check for that poor little cluck?

Pop tells me she works like a dog all night on a telephone exchange and hardly makes enough to live on. The thousand bucks doesn't mean a thing to the Gleason Company. He'd spend that much himself on one trip to New York, and look what it would mean to that poor kid.

I think it's a crime and I have a good mind to tell him so too. If I had the money I'd give it to her myself. Of course, she was a goofy kid, trying to bump herself off like that over me, because I wouldn't give her a tumble if she was bleeding pearls from every pore.

But my little day nurse, ah! she's something else again—aren't you? She says she isn't but I know different. Even if I can't see her yet, I know just how she looks. Gurjus!

I won't have to wait long to see her, either. Tomorrow is the big day. Off comes the bandages and out comes the handsome smiling face of Denny Kerrigan. With hardly a scratch on it. Or so they promised me, and then I'll see Little Old Faithful, who's been sitting here holding my hand for days and days.

If she thinks I'm such hot stuff now, wait till she sees me in all my glory, eh, Al? But kidding aside, she's been darling to me, haven't you, Sweetums? She's pulling away from me, Al. Tell her to stop it.

I guess I'll be out soon, Al, and back on the old job. Will you please stir up the Auditing Department and find out why they stopped my check this week—the so-and-so's!

Denny

Dear Mr. Kerrigan,

I guess you won't need me any more, now that the bandages are coming off your eyes today. You needn't bother about the check, either, as I wouldn't touch the filthy thing with a ten-foot pole and you can tell your Mr. Gleason so, too. But it was sweet of you to offer to give it to me yourself if you had it and I guess you would, too, but I couldn't take anything from you.

Since I'm not going to see you any more I can tell you that I loved doing things for you even if I did have to pretend I was the day nurse and get the other nurses to let me do it, but I didn't like the things you made me write about me but I guess you were right, only I didn't realize it before, so I will close and go home and get some sleep. Good-by, Denny.

"The Dumb Cluck"

DENNY KERRIGAN
TOWER BUILDING
CHICAGO ILL
THE OLD MAN IS FURIOUS OVER LETTER YOU WROTE HIM DEMANDING HE MAKE GOOD ON CHECK FOR THE DUMB CLUCK STOP WHY GET YOURSELF IN A JAM OVER SOMEONE YOU CARE NOTHING ABOUT STOP SNAP OUT OF IT STOP YOU ARENT MARRIED TO THIS JOB YOU KNOW COMMA YOU ARE ONLY LIVING WITH IT DASH AND IN SIN AT THAT

AL

AL EVANS
GLEASON GREETING CARD CO
MINNEAPOLIS MINN
DUMB CLUCK MY EYE STOP SHES A DARNED SWEET KID AL STOP I FOUND THAT OUT SINCE I HAVE BEEN SEEING HER IN SPITE OF HER TRYING TO KEEP AWAY FROM ME STOP AND I AM GOING TO THE MAT WITH THE OLD MAN FOR HER TOO

DENNY

DENNY KERRIGAN
TOWER BUILDING
CHICAGO ILL
OH YEAH

AL

AL EVANS
GLEASON GREETING CARD CO
MINNEAPOLIS MINN
YEAH

DENNY

War Nurse *by Rebecca West* (*Continued from page 43*)

it had been, and so it was *not* with Waldron Hilder and me. There were no agreeable social consequences to divert my mind. Not a wedding in the world would have made a fuss that would have been noticed against the supreme fuss of the war; and as for houses, I was thinking in terms of hospitals, and I was called Nurse and not by a surname, and I wasn't living with my parents, anyway.

I had to face the facts that because I loved him I wanted to be as close to him as possible, and that this closeness drowned me in pleasure. And because I had that picture of a spinning airplane waiting for me whenever I came to, I wanted more and more of this pleasure.

And Waldron Hilder was in the mind to give me all the pleasure I asked for. As much as I, he saw that spinning airplane.

At last he stood up. "Good-by. I ought to go."

I said, "Oh, don't go yet; don't go!"

He answered, "But it's so late and you're tired. You look so tired, you little thing. You are so wonderful. You work like ten slaves; you are on your job like a man, and yet you are the softest, sweetest female thing. I hate to go! We've got to get married as soon as we can!"

It was difficult to get married in France, as Waldron and I soon discovered when we began to make inquiries. It was curious how secretively we set about making these inquiries. Waldron went to an American lawyer who practiced in Paris, and he did not mention my name. Neither he nor I spoke of our intention of marrying to any living soul, even to Mary.

It happened that a little while after this Gracie announced her engagement to her Californian—who seemed to be a remarkable young fellow—and she talked about it everywhere. And I used to watch her and think not only what a fool she was, but how little she really could be in love with her man. For if she were really in love she would want nobody to know; she would want to be alone with him in secret.

It was early one evening when Waldron told me what the lawyer had said. For a fortnight after we knew that we wanted to get married, he hadn't found time to make this appointment. He came straight up to my room. I was sitting in front of my mirror, doing my hair. We all had long hair then.

He bent over me and kissed me, and kissed my hair too. Then he sat down and said, "This getting married is a funny business over here. We've got to get permission from our parents. Or guardians."

I exclaimed angrily: "Oh, what nonsense! You can't have got that right!"

"Sure, I've got it right. Till we're thirty we've got to ask our parents' permission. After that, we're allowed to know our own minds!"

This was disconcerting. I hadn't meant to ask my parents' permission. I had meant to tell them I was going to do it.

I felt sulky and resentful. But suddenly I saw in Waldron's face that the news meant something worse to him than it did to me.

He said, "It's my grandfather I've got to write to for permission."

"Well, won't he give it to you?" I asked in amazement.

He looked at me scornfully. "You don't know the old man. I tell you he's so angry with me for fighting in this war that he'd like to kill me."

"But he wouldn't be mean enough to take advantage of an accident that puts this power into his hands!"

"You don't know the old man. That's what he'd love to do. He's mean, all right; he's ugly."

We stared at each other in dismay.

"Can't you write to him as if it was only a formality—as if it didn't really matter?"

"No; he'd see through that. He's smart enough. And anyway, he's got to write a letter that's duly witnessed and all that nonsense."

Again we stared at each other. Waldron held my eyes with a peculiar intensity, as if he were going to say something. Then he changed his mind and looked away and said gently:

"Well, got a pen? I'll write and see what I can do with him."

While he was closing the envelope I said, "I wonder when we'll get an answer."

"In ordinary times nearly a month. Say twelve days from Paris to San Francisco. Now—oh, Lord knows! Six weeks! Two months! Anything!"

"Oh, Waldron!" I cried. "This is hateful!"

"It's that, all right," he agreed.

I walked distractedly to the window and he followed me, standing behind me with his hands gripping my shoulders. I bent my head first to the left and then to the right, kissing his fingers, and murmured fretfully, "I don't think I'll write to my people till you've heard from San Francisco."

I don't know why I made that decision. His hands tightened on my shoulders, and then let go. After that we talked of indifferent things.

His work took him away from me for a great part of the next three weeks. There were days when I had nothing of him but his letters, which told me when he was going to be able to spend the evening with me. And those evenings were all I lived for.

Waldron used to call for me about seven, then we would go to some inexpensive restaurant. After dinner we sat at the table for a time, warmed with the food and the wine. We used to hold hands under the tablecloth and sleepily grin at each other for doing it. I would get things out of him then that he wouldn't talk about at other times; the kind of things you want to know about people you are fond of—about when they were little and all that.

He and Mary had an unpleasant childhood. Their father had been a drunkard. He was good-looking, and women were crazy about him, so there was a lot of that about the house. And their mother was not much more use to them. She didn't drink, but she was foolish and vain, and all the time she had to have men telling her how lovely she was.

Every now and then there would be a financial crisis, and the grandfather would be appealed to, and always at first he wouldn't help except by taking over the children, and then they'd go to him, and their father and mother would sell the house or ranch or whatever it was and go to live in some cheap hotel.

The old man seems to have been as fit to look after children as the king of the gorillas. There were times when he'd load them with presents and show them off to all his old cronies. Then at other times they wouldn't be able to do a thing right for him. He'd bully them in front of other people; he'd take away their horses and their hunting rifles; he'd punish them for nothing by locking them in their rooms.

But presently those children chose to stay with their grandfather all the time. For the mother divorced the father. It was a nasty case that smeared all the front pages for a day or two; and that hurt the youngsters' pride. They were sent to a ranch while the case was going on and the newspapers were kept from them. But it happened one day that Waldron was playing with a dog, and they were scampering around the kitchen door, and the dog upset the ash can, and the boy looked down and saw the faces of his father and his mother among the cinders.

He pulled out the newspaper and took it to Mary. He said they tried to be hard-boiled about it, but in the end they both cried.

Their mother hadn't even sense enough to build anything worth while out of the wreckage. Instead of marrying somebody decent who would have given the children a good home, she married a younger man who was attracted to her mainly by the scandal. And to make matters worse, she had another baby.

It's queer to think of the despair that filled those children when that happened. They went back to their grandfather for good and lived the absurd, unstable life he dictated—a life of alternate spoiling and neglect, indulgence and cruelty—which had culminated in this preposterous business of sending a boy and a girl to Europe unsupervised, with enough money to go to the devil, and then leaving them stranded, penniless, because they settled down to useful war work, on the ground that he was Irish and wouldn't have any of his blood helping England.

Nearly every evening when we were together, we sauntered arm in arm through the warm spring evening back to my hotel, and went up to my room. We always ended there. Waldron did not have to go home till late. We would be there for hours in each other's arms.

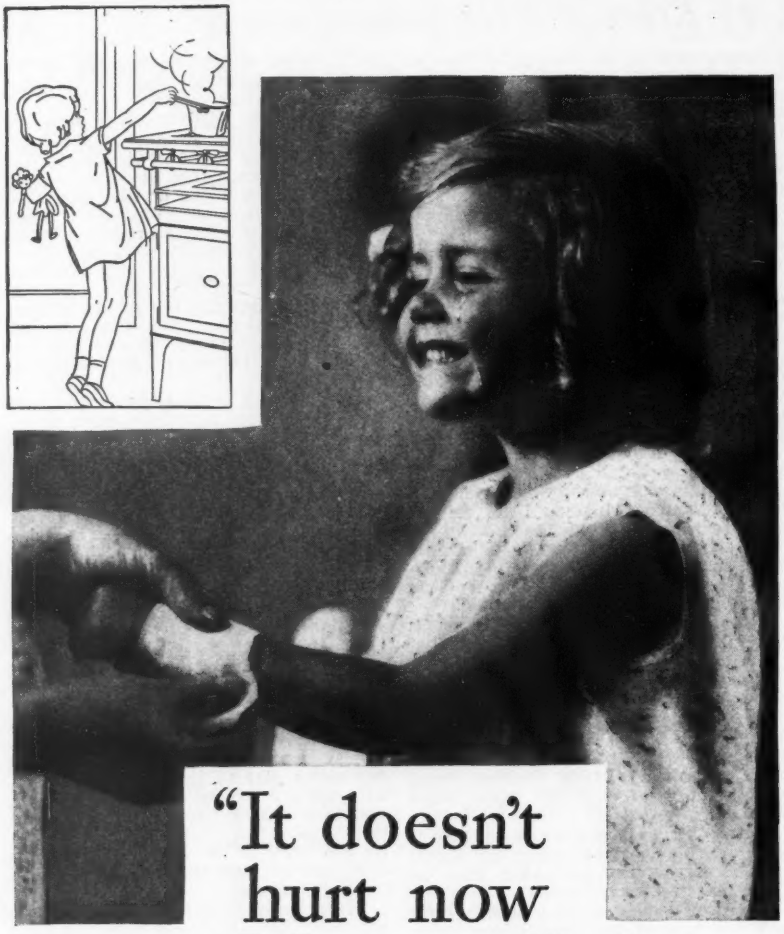
Every visit committed us further to each other as lovers. I suppose the tie between us was made especially strong by various aspects of our situation.

For one thing, women in the past must have been enormously protected by the social assumption that they did not have the same capacity for passion as men, and that if they should in rare cases develop it they became shameful and degraded. For then they drove it back to the hinterland of their minds, where in many cases it atrophied and died.

But in my day that assumption no longer existed. Besides, I was doing something for Waldron which was so obviously a good thing to do that our love-making seemed to have a moral sanction behind it. For Waldron had never had the normal affection from women-folk that the rest of us get almost too much of in our childhood.

It was a complete novelty for him to be caressed out of tenderness. He was innocently amazed at that aspect of my love, and childishly delighted at it. His face looked softer, as if the curse of his neglected childhood was being lifted from him; he lost that heavy, cagy, defensive look.

It seemed hardly less important that our love-making was sanctioned by the god that ruled our lives those days—the war itself. I've read in not-very-good



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novels of stern men—and in latter days of stern women, too—who turned their backs on sex for the sake of their work. The lives of great men have made me doubt the truth of this. And my own experience made me doubt it even more.

When I was going to see Waldron I worked with a feverish speed and an intensification of all my faculties that kept me accurate. When I *had* seen him, I was full of a contentment that nothing could shake. The hole that had been made in my efficiency by fatigue and hopelessness was repaired by the strength which was engendered in me by loving Waldron.

These things made us abandon ourselves to love-making with a special recklessness. These things, and the thought of that spinning plane.

So it was not surprising that one night he said to me, "How long is it since I wrote to my grandfather?"

I answered, "A month."

There was a silence while we both thought of the long time we would have to endure till we got an answer; perhaps as long again.

Then he said, "Let's not worry about my grandfather. Let's not worry about marriage. Let's just live together, without anybody knowing."

I had nothing better to answer than, "No, that would be wrong!"

It was a poor answer, because I did not really know what I meant. The most genuine thing behind that answer was the resistance that all women feel to the first advance of sex. It was a holding-back only to become sure that I wanted to go on.

I suppose I had some hazy notion of the sacramental nature of marriage, some vague idea that sex was a pleasure which ought not to be enjoyed until it had been blessed by the church. But that was an unreal and bloodless consideration, because the church meant practically nothing to me.

Nor had I any vivid sense that what Waldron was asking me to do was wrong from the standpoint of the social good. If you want people to believe with any fervor that men and women who live together outside marriage are doing wrong, you must make sure that men and women who live inside marriage are doing right.

What harm could Waldron and I do, making love secretly in my room, comparable with the harm Waldron's mother and father had done to their children by their conduct in lawful marriage? And how much of a thing was their marriage, anyway, when it had been dissolved as soon as the two parties to it got tired of it?

I felt this point acutely, fanatically, because there was no hour I spent with Waldron when it was not brought home to me how his technically respectable mother had failed in her duty to him—when his happy surprise at my tenderness did not betray how stony-hearted she had been. She had not given his soul the love or his body the care they needed when he was little. I could not believe that I would not be a better woman than she was if I gave him what his soul and body needed now.

That is the thing to be remembered when you consider the change of moral standards during the war. It wasn't altogether due to the war. In great part it was due to the coming-of-age of the children of the first generation that had taken divorce and remarriage lightly. Those grown children said, "Well, if our parents kept themselves different from sinners merely by being divorced and remarrying, then it seems to us it may not be so bad to be a

sinner. For, after all, this chopping and changing about was pretty rough on us. And anyway, what is being a sinner in these matters? Someone who doesn't stick with the same person, who strays? Say, what is the difference, really?"

As the religious and moral sanctions of marriage didn't exist for me to any extent that counted, there was nothing left to deter me from living with Waldron except fear of what people would say. And that, the circumstances arising out of the war diminished to the vanishing point.

We were alone in a foreign city thousands of miles away from our families and friends. The people around us were far too busy to notice what we were doing. So I held out for no more than ten days.

Most of that time we tried desperately to pretend that the issue never had been raised. Waldron used to call for me as before, and I would dress and come down to him as before. Only now the thing was wrong and strained from the first smile. I used to sit beside him in the little restaurant and feel a dreadful tightness in my throat.

When the time came for us to leave the restaurant he would say, "Well, let's go home. I'll be good, Corinne. I won't bother you; really I won't."

But up in my room, there was a kind of desperation about us both. There did not seem to be any light and jolly things left for us to say to each other.

When I sat on the arm of his chair there did not follow, as there always had followed before, a time of peace and relaxation. Everything irritated us. The sounds from the streets below rasped our nerves. Time itself, the mere succession of minute to minute, and second to second, seemed a painful process. Presently I would begin to cry—stupid, hot, difficult tears.

Then Waldron would say: "Well, you know what we ought to do! Oh, Corinne, please, please."

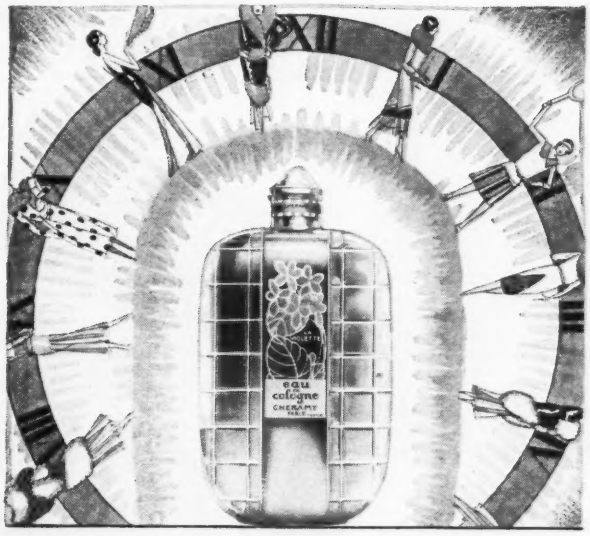
I would break away from him and throw myself into another chair or on my bed, and sob and sob and sob. I would have that odd experience of being blind with confusion and frenzy, and at the same time seeing pictures sliding calmly past my mind's eye and quietly arguing things out.

I used to see the long wards with the beds stretching away into the distance, the maimed men lying there so straight and still. I used to see that spinning plane. I used to say to myself, "But it can't be that it's being seriously suggested to me, to Corinne Andrews, that I should live with a man without being married to him. Think of what I am; of the kind of world I belong to!"

I would call up the recollection of my mother, with her delicate features and her carefully arranged white hair. I would try to get back into the skin of what I was when Edna and I used to go to decorous dances and luncheons at Park Avenue restaurants with proper young men or girls, and life was cool with a faint, sweet flavor to it, nothing pungent or difficult to get down, rather like a strawberry water ice. I would set my teeth and try to put myself back into that social system which took for granted that I could not do unconventional things.

But it wasn't true. I *could* do unconventional things, and I was made of the kind of flesh and blood that can do them well and with enjoyment. That I had learned not only from Waldron but from my hospital patients.

At first I had been shocked by their candid assumption that I would understand their desire to spend their leave



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having a good time with a pretty girl.

But soon I had to admit that I did understand it perfectly. And when they used to tease me about having a sweetheart myself, if I denied it, they'd say: *"Quel dommage! Une belle femme doit être aimée . . ."*

"That's a pity. A good-looking woman ought to be loved . . ."

They said it as something more than flattery. There was in it the gravity of those who speak in the shadow of death. They should have ended the sentence, "before all the men are dead."

It used to arouse panic and revolt in me, a frantic desire to snatch at pleasure before it eluded me, that told me well enough how near my flesh and blood was to understanding what they wanted of sex.

I could not pretend in this argument with Waldron that I did not know what it was all about.

So I used to twist and turn in my hysteria, while he said over and over again: "You know what we ought to do. We love each other. Heaven knows when that letter from grandfather will come. You know what we ought to do!"

And all the time the thought of death was working in me. I kept on saying to myself, "What's the good of having scruples when tomorrow he may be dead?" That thought paralyzed my will at its root. One night it was pressing in on me as I lay and sobbed, and he came and stood over me.

Then through the ringing in my ears I heard the *alerte*—the fire engine that rushed through the streets with all its whistles blowing to warn Paris that the Tauben and the Gothas were coming—and I sat up, crying out, "Oh, there's going to be an air raid! Oh, I'm too tired tonight! Waldron, I'm frightened!"

He took me in his arms and soothed me as if I were a baby. "You're quite safe, darling."

It was all nonsense. He knew that I had nerve, and I knew that he knew it, and he knew that I knew that he knew it. But this play-acting relieved us for the moment of the task of settling our argument, and we were both glad of it.

It happened that for four days after this he was unable to come to me.

Those were four bad days. I had that thought of death with me all the time. I used to lie awake at night and see that spinning plane and think of the terrible responsibility I was assuming by refusing Waldron what he wanted. There was another air raid, and at the sound of the *alerte* I really knew the terror I had pretended three nights before.

It seemed that with death all about us Waldron must be killed already; that I, too, should be killed in another minute. I would not be there any more; I would have gone out, and I would have gone out without having known the most beautiful things in life.

The thought of what I was missing was terrible to me, partly because in actual fact Waldron and I were born to be lovers, and partly because in those days we were looking on the world with the eyes of those who suspect that they may be looking on it for the last time, and all its bright colors seemed very bright indeed. Because of these things I cried nearly all night, and every hour came nearer to the point of yielding.

There was another factor influencing me which was amusingly outside the romantic theory of life. I was enormously influenced toward giving up my resistance to Waldron because I saw it was spoiling my work—I was becoming inefficient in the hospital. My nerves were shot to pieces. This made my fingers clumsy and slow. I took longer

preparing my dressing cart, and I used to forget lots of things.

In my personal relationships I became irritable and feverish. Other nurses would get on my nerves; patients would suddenly seem tiresome and exigent. I would find myself snapping at people. I was creating around me the hysterical atmosphere of a girls' school near the end of the term.

I am not sure that that was not what made me go over the edge; at any rate, at the time I did. It is at least true that if I had found that resistance to Waldron helped my work instead of hindered it, I should have tried far harder to stand by my guns.

I don't mean that I am one of those women to whom work means more than love, for in peace-time work doesn't mean anything at all to me. I mean that we were in the war, and I felt that anything which prevented my serving the war was wrong, and anything which helped me to serve it was right.

At any rate, whatever governed me, the next night he came for me I sat in my room for a long time before I went down to him. He was sprawling in a big chair in the hall, and I stood in front of him, twisting my fingers.

He looked up at me, and at the sight of my face checked his movement to arise and sat quite still.

I said shakily, "Waldron, whatever you wish—I'll do."

There crossed his face a singular expression that made my blood run cold. It was as if at first he did not understand what I had said to him; and then, when understanding came to him, did not quite like it.

What was the matter with the man? Here he'd been pestering me for something, and now I was giving it to him, and he was turning the thing back to me as if he'd never asked for it.

I cried out, "Well, if you don't want me——"

He said, "Sure I want you!"

Then we stood looking into each other's eyes. It was all right; he wanted me; we loved each other.

There was a silly gust of giggling from the elevator. It was my cousin Gracie, emerging coquettishly to the embraces of her California fiancé.

They hadn't seen us. But I turned to Waldron in a panic. "Let's go away from here."

He nodded. "I know a place where we can dine. And be alone."

We found a taxi outside and drove out through the Bois in the direction of the Longchamp race course. It was a beautiful summer evening. A sunset was painting all the tree trunks and the white cafés a lovely rosy glow.

As we drove the sunset grew brighter and brighter, so that we seemed to be traveling farther and farther into an atmosphere of beauty and excitement. We kept on telling each other how much we loved each other. Yet at the back of my mind I was wishing we had never met, and I think Waldron was too. We were going straight to the supremest pleasure either of us could imagine, yet we felt it was all too difficult.

I was finding it hard to breathe, as if I were climbing in high altitudes. His face was strained, contorted. Our traditions had a hold on us, all right.

The place Waldron knew about overlooked the river. A gravel path ran beside a long lawn up to an old-fashioned inn, with flimsy iron balconies. The grass on the lawn was quite high, and a girl with her sleeves rolled up and her skirts kilted high was scything it. The sunlight was making the grass very green, and the long shadows of the

HIS HANDS ARE INSURED FOR TEN THOUSAND

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Yet he has a well developed case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"!

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Now that it is universally agreed among specialists that *tinea trichophyton,* a ringworm fungus, is the cause of the various forms* of "Athlete's Foot"—*and now that exhaustive laboratory research has revealed that Absorbine Jr. kills the "Athlete's Foot" germ and curbs its spread*—knowledge of this most persistent parasite and how to fight it will soon be country-wide!

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first . . . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"* . . . suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students enrolled are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the very places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—even on hotel bath-mats. And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

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A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them, nor how to rid themselves of it.

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

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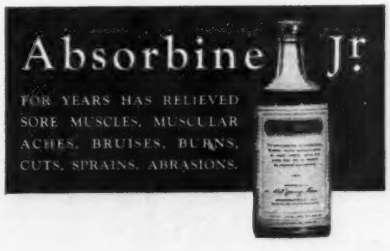
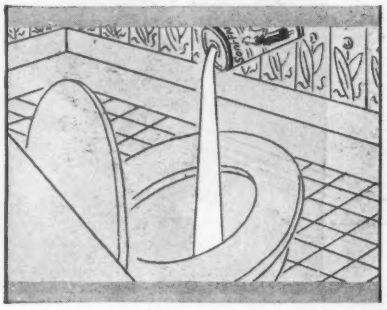
Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—tinea trichophyton—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



Perfect sanitation without effort



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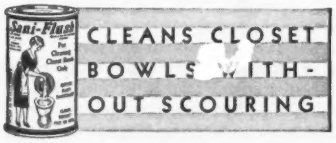

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bushes that stretched across the lawn were a lovely shade of blue. It painted the girl's grave, intent face bright like an angel's, and all the movements of her heavy body were slow and patient.

At the end of the lawn, in front of the house, people were sitting at tables enjoying one of the first evenings of the summer when it had been warm enough for eating out of doors. I remember two old people, husband and wife, who were sitting half asleep, it seemed, blinking their tired old eyes, all hunched up in deep mourning. They didn't look so unhappy. It was as if such of their griefs as hadn't faded out of sight in the twilight of their old age were being soothed and healed by the calm beauty of this hour.

We stood and looked at this scene as if it were a lake into which we had to wade.

We went up the gravel path. I walked with my head down, listening to the regular swishing sound of the girl's scythe.

We went inside the house, and a waiter met us in the lobby. He took us upstairs to a room with a balcony, and we had dinner there, and we were lovers.

I don't remember the event as being in the least an abandonment to passion, as I suppose most people would have judged it to be. In fact, I don't remember that for me, at any rate, it had any emotional coloring at all. It simply seemed an adjustment we had to make because of our circumstances; above all, because of the fear of death that pervaded our days.

But I felt gloriously proud of myself the next day.

I went around the wards treading on air; I beamed with benevolence on all the patients and the nurses and the doctors, even those I had found unbearably irritating a day or two before.

This exaltation was partly a physical reaction. I never felt for one moment the repugnance to sex that women in the past were universally supposed to feel, and that some women claim to suffer from today. I don't see how I could have, considering how much Waldron and I were in love.

Also, I felt contented in my mind. I had had the joy of giving the person I loved the thing he wanted. I think I can honestly say that if the giving of it had meant not pleasure but pain to me, I still would have found it joy, for that is the way one is when one is in love.

All the same, that part of my exaltation was crazy. I mean, I would have felt it just the same if I had known that what I was doing was leading to my own destruction. But there was a sane element in my exaltation, too, which was quietly registering satisfaction that I had done a useful and constructive thing for my life.

To begin with, I had Waldron now. It had been the right moment for our relationship to take that particular turn. I remember standing in a little dispensary in the ground floor of the hospital, and seeing out in the garden a lovely grove of trees that hadn't been cut down when the place was built. They were beautiful in themselves, and on the hottest day there was cool green shade under them. Beauty and shelter, they were. I said to myself, "That is what my relationship with Waldron is going to be."

Because of my confidence that it was so, I became steady, and maturer. My forces, no longer dissipated in conflict and jealousy, combined to make me a completed human being. I was not only

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happier with Waldron, I was more useful to him; the whole thing between us had had its foundations strengthened.

And I was working better than ever. Because I was fully realizing my womanhood in my relationship with Waldron, I could cut it out of the rest of my life. I worked like a man, as they say, with my mind on the job.

I could handle myself through the difficult moments that came sometimes when I hated my job. You know there is a kind of rhythm in a nurse's attitude to the unpleasant aspects of her work. All the girls were the same as I was over this. First we minded them terribly, and then we did not mind them at all; and then we minded them again. For a short space we minded them more than we had at first. That is a phase through which I had fought by myself.

But even when that is mastered and over, the revulsion comes back every now and then. Now I could tide myself over such times by saying, "I am going out tonight with Waldron," or, "In two days Waldron will come to me again," and the thought was so full of satisfaction it pulled me through everything.

I suppose the truth was that I had felt before that life was slipping past me without giving me any of its sweetness, but wishing on me all of its seriousness. Now I was making the best of both worlds, so to speak. I was getting the sweetness and bearing up under the seriousness.

I could tackle responsibility better now, too. I felt grown-up. I felt right with myself, and I didn't mind admitting what I could do and what I couldn't. I developed a healthy sense of humor. Also I began to make some deep and steady friendships.

I was, of course, much nearer to Mary Hilder than I had been before. It was obvious that to her I was now one of the Hilders, and within the circle of their fierce, unreasoning tribal loyalty.

But that was a family affair. There were other friendships I made on a plane entirely devoid of sentimental attachments: one with a girl from Cleveland named Adelaide Mackinzie; another with a New Yorker named Helen Brander. I liked these girls; I took special pleasure in making things run smoothly if their work touched mine.

The fact was that all these attributes I developed after I was happy with Waldron were those that women as workers are commonly charged with lacking—steady nerves, a sense of humor, willingness to take responsibility, easy friendliness toward fellow workers. And this made me wonder if women have scored so poorly as compared with men in their careers, for the reason that in the past, at any rate, it has usually been the unattached woman who has worked, while the man who worked beside her has had the advantage of possessing a wife and family if he felt he wanted them. It must make a difference.

So everything was wonderful for Waldron and me. We saw each other enough never to make the intervals between our meetings torturing and disquieting, and not often enough to get tired of each other. The aviators had more time off than the men in the other services. Theirs was individual stuff. The officers didn't have to stay around looking after their men so much. We felt bewildered with our good fortune.

Everything was so perfect as it was that when Waldron's grandfather wrote giving us unqualified permission to get married we never for a moment thought of acting on it. We were enormously touched by that letter.

The evening Waldron brought it to me

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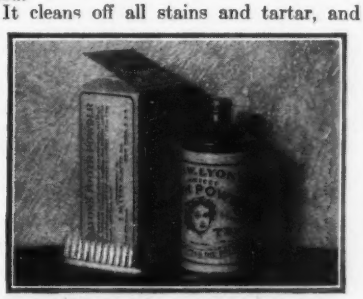

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I could see at once that something had happened which had moved him deeply. He didn't give it to me till we were at dinner. When I handed it back to him we couldn't speak.

He began by owning he had been a brute to Waldron and Mary—"Well he might!" I said when I read that bit—and he ended by saying that he would give his consent to our marriage and anything and everything else that Waldron might ask of him. And in between were all sorts of footling excuses for his conduct, and pathetic, stiffly written appeals for his grandchildren's affection. And somehow I could see he must be a lot like Waldron.

Anyway, I cried.

Waldron said: "I think it would please the old man if we were to wait till the war's over and get married in San Francisco."

I agreed. "Right. That'll be grand."

It wasn't much of a sacrifice. We were well pleased as we were. We were getting everything we would get out of marriage, and my primitive instincts were gratified by the secrecy of our present arrangement.

I am writing about my love affair with Waldron Hilder as if I were writing a testimonial to a correspondence course.

It took me out of the rut of hard work and poor pay. "I was doing work I was not fitted to do and which I thoroughly disliked. I was living in a gloomy boarding house getting mighty few of the good things of life. But in less than two years after I took your course I was making one thousand dollars a month." That's the way it sounds.

That isn't how it was, of course. We were in a state of hysteria. Abnormal events were perpetually forcing us to run away from reality into abnormal states of excitement.

I remember one utterly mad evening we spent together. We were dining in some restaurant on the Champs Elysées (we ate at better places than we used to, now that Waldron had made it up with his grandfather) when the *alerte* for the air raids went by. We were both tired, and I was depressed by the fact that Waldron was expecting to be sent to the front in a week or two. So we weren't too pleased by the thought of a night of alarms and bangs.

I suppose I said I was fed up. Anyway, Waldron said, "Here, let's have some champagne! We need something to carry us through this evening."

I don't suppose we had so much to drink, really, but we got silly and lighthearted and giggled a lot.

"Come along; you're too pretty to sit around with all those Frenchies looking at you. Let's go home," he said. And I laughed at that, though I remember it struck me at the same moment how wonderful it was that he always talked of my hotel room as home, and how sad it was that it probably was as near a real home as any he had ever had.

When we got outside the air was lovely, and the stars were ever so bright, and the boom of the guns a long way off didn't worry us. We were walking along with linked arms, as happy as could be.

There was suddenly a bang-bang-bang-*bang*, as if somebody had become angry with a Hun plane. That made us laugh.

"This is going to be a good strafe," Waldron said. "Wish we could get up somewhere where we could see it."

Just then we were passing a lovely house on the upper Champs Elysées, and when we got to the side street that turns off there Waldron stopped.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. I couldn't see a thing except an open

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automobile parked alongside the curb.

He marched me over to it. "Now, look at it hard," he commanded. "It's an official automobile. I shouldn't wonder if it was a British army automobile. And a British officer is so sure that the earth belongs to him that he wouldn't take the trouble to lock his automobile when he pays a call. Will you believe that?"

"I will."

"Then get in and trust your Jesse James," said Waldron.

The engine started running as sweetly as you could wish, and I don't suppose the automobile was missed for hours. We were up the Champs Elysées like a streak of lightning and in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne when the air raid broke. The sky itself seemed to turn into a dragon, writhing into fire and screaming and roaring over us. We backed the automobile off the road among the trees and sat and watched it and listened to it.

It was a gorgeous show. And all the time the guns were going at it like a symphony orchestra working up to the Finale. And overhead, where the searchlights were curling around to find the Hun airplane, would come the tack-tack-tack of the machine guns talking back to one another from plane to plane.

We yelled and shouted as if we were crazy, and every now and then Waldron's arms would tighten round me and we would kiss each other wildly. And all the time I was seeing that spinning airplane. Not any of those that were circling above us, but the one he would be flying over the German lines in a fortnight or so.

I remember seeing it lying in a tangled heap on the ground with men running to it from all directions and a puff of dirty smoke starting among its twisted girders . . . I had to bury my face against his coat and beg him to kiss me, so that I should not go on seeing that.

When at last it all stopped and the Huns went home, we felt disappointed. So we drove back to the Champs Elysées and left our borrowed car about two hundred yards from where we found it. Then we went home.

You can't say that is a normal experience. Particularly when you consider that we were in our early twenties. Of course we were hysterical.

And of course lots of people in our situation were carried away by the same sort of hysteria.

I first realized how far from being alone Waldron and I were in what was happening to us when I noticed that now and again people suspected the truth about us and weren't in the least shocked. We weren't going to stand forth as unique rebels against society for the sake of our love. We were simply one of a number whom the tides of society had swung out of the usual course in a certain direction.

Naturally, as we lived such free lives outside the hospital, it was not by any means certain who was living as Waldron and I were living and who was loyal to the old codes. Curiously enough, nearly all the concrete information I got on the subject was from my pure little cousin Gracie. The girl was beside herself because of the brilliant marriage she was going to make.

It had certainly gone to Gracie's head. She pictured herself as head of one of those perfect American families, secure in this world and the next, that you see in advertisements, bursting with smugness because they have taken out the right insurance or eaten the right cereal. It seemed to her nothing short of sacrnege that anything should come

You can't help but notice how much *softer* and lighter Kotex is

Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell? Kotex Co., Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1 Keeps your mind at ease.

2 ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 ***The Kotex filler*** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

4 ***In hospitals*** . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

5 Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
At any drug, dry goods or department store; or singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Mothers—don't neglect your child's COUGH or COLD

GOOD old Musterole now made milder for babies and small children.

So pleasant to use and so reliable—apply Children's Musterole freely to the infected area *once every hour for five hours.*

That's the safe, sure treatment that millions of mothers and leading doctors and nurses recognize and endorse.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MILD

Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults and Children's Musterole for the little tots. All druggists.

TEMPT THEM FOR HEALTH'S SAKE!

DON'T you sometimes wish for something healthful and *different* for the children's supper? Many dietitians recommend a crisp, ready-to-eat cereal as a relief from the heavy foods of winter. Get your children to drink more milk—tempt their appetites—by serving Kellogg's Rice Krispies.

Rice Krispies are so crisp they pop and snap in milk or cream. They are extra easy to digest. Serve with stewed fruit or honey. Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Whole Wheat Krumbles, Kaffee Hag Coffee—the caffeine-free coffee.

NO MORE DISTRESS AFTER EATING

Indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas pains ended by doctor's prescription

WANT quick, sure relief from after-eating distress? Follow the advice of doctors — take Pepto-Bismol and get relief within 10 minutes.

Pepto-Bismol neutralizes trouble-causing *excess* acids. Soothes irritated membranes. Promotes good digestion. Aromatic. Pleasant to take. Ideal for youngsters. Prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Only 50c in the triangle bottle. If it fails to help you, money refunded.

Norwich MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

Pepto-Bismol

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

near her that wasn't certified a hundred percent pure.

So she was always coming to me. "Corinne, I've just heard . . ."

The luck that girl had in hearing things! It was phenomenal.

"Corinne, do you think it's *true?*"

I used to wail, "Oh, go away and let our people mind their own business!"

But she went on talking. It was she who told about Rosie Mitchell. Rosie was in love with an ambulance driver and they went to live in a tiny apartment over on the Left Bank, thinking no one would know about it if they both kept their mouths shut. But they reckoned without Gracie. Her William J. Burns spirit led her right there.

The consequence was that the head of the hospital, Mrs. Frazier, heard all about it. Of course she wasn't going to have her hospital talked about, so when poor Rosie went on her vacation she was notified that they'd been obliged to fill her post in her absence.

I felt a personal difficulty over that. I wondered if I should go to Mrs. Frazier and say I was just as bad as Rosie.

But I wanted to go on working. And also I wasn't sure that the issue was as clear-cut as all that when I saw what happened with regard to Eleanor Ray. Gracie got busy about her too, and claimed to have found out that Eleanor was every bit as bad as Rosie. But not a thing happened there, except that Mrs. Frazier seemed to be out of patience with Gracie for a day or two. I couldn't help thinking that the different treatment given the two cases had something to do with the fact that Rosie's work had been only so-so, while Eleanor was a skilled X-ray operator.

However, I didn't take that as a victory for what I was doing, for the forces of love and so on, because something happened just then that disgusted me.

There was a girl of about twenty-eight working with us whom I had always loathed. Well, she took up with one of the patients, an ordinary *poilu* but not nearly so nice as most *poilus*, a horrid boy who had been a bartender in Nice before the war.

He was invalided out of the army because of his lungs, and after that he hung around her all the time till he had found out everything about her and how much money and jewelry she had and where she kept it and so on. Then one night he bound and gagged her in bed and cut off with everything she had. Of course that meant the whole story got out and though it was kept out of the papers there was a dreadful scandal.

That made me feel sick. I don't think I've ever been so shocked by anything in my life. I was in a terrible state of mind about it. I said to myself, "You've been kidding yourself that there isn't such a thing as right and wrong. But there is. Here's wrong, and a filthy, nasty thing it is. And you've been doing something that's mighty like it."

The sense of guilt that all of us have regarding sex was right there like a policeman, putting its hand on my shoulder. It had a specially good chance with me just then, because I was sickening of—of all things in the world to catch right in the middle of a great war!—measles, and that can make you feel twice as low as a really serious illness. They took me away to an infectious disease hospital that wasn't far away and put me in a private room, and there I lay and wept for three days.

I used to bury my head in the pillow and cry and vow that I was going to write Waldron and tell him that though I loved him very much I wasn't going to live with him any more. I wanted

Mother and Father and Edna around me, so that I could go back and be just as I used to be.

But on the fourth day I was much, much better. And it happened that the next morning I got a letter from Waldron, who had just heard that I was sick, and he said some sweet things about me, and what had been between us. And it happened also that when they discharged me ten days later he got his first leave, and he came to meet me. I was glad to see him, for I was weak and terribly lonesome. So it all started again.

That's how it was in those days. We swung high; we swung low.

It's a funny thing, but I believe the sinking of the Lusitania helped to make people hysterical.

It worked this way.

We all wanted America to come into the war on the side of the Allies. I suppose that was largely a matter of herd emotion. We were caught up by the war and we were worshiping it as if it were a god, and we felt that every living creature ought to worship it too.

And then we had the unreasonable sentiment that was engendered by our work. We were dealing all day with maimed and disfigured, bodies, and it was the Germans who had done the maiming and the disfiguring. I despised America for not coming into the war. It came between me and my people. I felt angry with Father and Mother and Edna because they weren't doing anything about it. I looked on them as pampered children sitting in their nursery while real life was being fought out in the streets below.

There was a queer edge on my feelings because when Father wrote to me about it he used to show his anti-European bias as he had when he was opposing my engagement to Oswald Fanshawe. And I hated to think of Oswald now; it made me feel restless and remorseful and unhappy. I suppose I felt I had been disloyal to his memory; though of course staying faithful to his memory wouldn't have done anybody any good.

That was my personal angle on it. But almost everybody out there felt as I did on the main principle of the thing. They hungered and thirsted for America to come into the war.

Then came the sinking of the Lusitania.

I didn't get the news from the papers. I had gone to bed early and had had a bad night with dreams of Waldron, who was soon to go to the front, and had got up early with a splitting headache and gone for a walk before going on duty. Then when I went to the hospital I found the place alive with it.

It was a staggering thing.

It was a filthy murdering business.

And we were all glad that it had happened.

Certainly we were glad. We were horror-stricken, but we rejoiced. Wasn't it certain to bring America into the war?

When people are in such a situation that they can console themselves for the foul murder of their own folks because it might lead to more murders on the other side, they are having to live against nature. They crumple up; they go wild. And it is to that, it seems to me, we owe the tide of hysteria that mounted from then on to the end of the war—and swept me along with it . . .

Will Corinne Andrews' war-time romance with Waldron Hilder last longer than the war itself? Rebecca West's April Installment of her story brings you to the world's gladdest day—Armistice Day, 1918

Will you permit me to guide you for 30 days?

MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN

"AFTER helping literally millions of women the world over, I have created the simplest of thirty day beauty treatments . . . wonderfully beneficial not only for a selected few but for EVERY WOMAN who will conscientiously adhere to it! Take this scientific care of yourself for just one month. You will be truly astonished at the results! For every day will show its own marked improvement . . . every treatment will make your skin smoother, younger, definitely finer in texture."

A NEW CREAM FOR NEW BEAUTY

Helena Rubinstein's new Pasteurized Face Cream Special, created in response to thousands of requests, is especially suited to the dry skin. Use it freely for the face and neck, arms, elbows and hands. It revitalizes the tissues and wakens the skin to new beauty. For parched chapped skin, for cracked lips—there is not another cream like it! Truly, a miniature beauty treatment in itself—and a value seldom equalled! (1.00). Of course, Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Cream for the normal or oily skin needs no introduction. (1.00).

Below—Helena Rubinstein's 30 day guidance which will open up new worlds of loveliness for you!

FOR THE NORMAL SKIN

1. Cleanse and replenish with Valaze Pasteurized Cream (1.00). 2. Clear and animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. Gives your skin a soft, translucent glow (1.00). 3. Tone and brace with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion. Moderates fine lines, closes pores (1.25).

FOR THE DRY SKIN

1. Cleanse deeply with Valaze Pasteurized Cream SPECIAL (1.00). 2. Film the face with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood — the skin-clearing cream no woman can afford to be without. (1.00.) 3. Tone and brace with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion Special (1.25).

FOR THE OILY SKIN

1. In the morning, wash with Beauty Grains to banish oiliness and remove impurities (1.00). 2. Follow with Valaze Pasteurized Cream before going out (1.00). 3. Make your skin radiantly clear with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00). 4. Tone and brace with Skin Toning Lotion (1.25).

ACCENT YOUR BEAUTY

. . . with her smart powders and rouges; her indelible Cubist lipsticks at 1.00 . . . and Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener as well as Persian Eyeblack (the Mascara which stays on as long as you want it to . . . 1.00).

Helena Rubinstein

8 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

Dear Madame Rubinstein: Please send me without charge your new booklet "Beauty in the Making." ☐

(If your dealer cannot supply you)

Please send me a jar of Pasteurized Cream for Dry Skin ☐ for Oily or Normal Skin ☐

I enclose $1.00.

Name_____

Address_____

Sudden change to COMPLEXION BEAUTY Amazed her Friends

BUT she never told them why. For years her skin was dull and sallow. Pimples, blotches and blemishes caused by constipation marred her chance of beauty. But not any more.

Tiny calcium wafers worked their wonders for her. Gentle internal cleansers—they quickly help to remove the *cause:* intestinal stasis and poisonous wastes that dull the eye, blotch the skin and stupefy the mind and personality.

Try This Five Day Test

A few days' use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often work a wondrous change: soft, silken skin clear and free from faults! Bright, sparkling eyes! Alert and vigorous in mind and body! No wonder that so many thousands of people find that an occasional sugar-coated Calcium Wafer (Stuart's) is all the tonic that they need.

Get a 10c purse-size box today.

At All Drug Stores: 10c or 60c sizes

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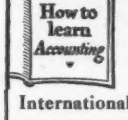

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New Views of the Specialist

(Continued from page 25)

if she gits tired listenin' on it she can always do a little broadcastin' herself without stoppin' t' tell her listeners t' be sure an' ask fer eggs laid by her contented hens.

They's one thing about th' radio—she don't have t' hold th' receiver till her arm gits tired. On th' other hand, nine times out o' ten she's so blamed busy bakin' a batch o' sour-milk biscuits an' fryin' chicken fer th' hired men that she don't git a chance t' listen t' th' household-hour lady tell how t' serve eight people with one can o' sardines.

An' jest when that there luncheon-hour music is comin' in, why, danged if th' men-folks ain't so dad-burned busy eatin' th' chicken an' soppin' up th' gravy with them sour-milk biscuits that they never think o' askin' her t' dance.

Now you take th' advertisin'. Maybe they's some folks that gits some good out o' it but you take th' folks on a farm, why, they ain't once in a lifetime that they's any candy or cigarets fer them t' reach fer. An' th' chawin'-tobaccer folks don't have no hour.

Well, sir, that's th' way she goes. By th' time they've fed th' horses, milked th' cows, slopped th' hogs, gathered th' eggs, carried in th' wood an' et their supper, they don't git a chance t' hear more'n four or five o' them *Vo-de-do-do —hay! hay!* songs before it's time t' go t' bed.

They's jest one thing that comes in on th' radio at th' right time fer th' farmer an' that's th' bedtime story. It's th' one thing he ought t' be able t' git a lot o' good out o', only th' lady that tells it talks about Uncle Rabbit an' Peter Mouse an' th' farmer can't git t' sleep fer wonderin' if he set them traps down in th' cabbage patch an' th' smokehouse.

They don't seem t' be nothin' th' farmer can do about it neither. Course he could take it up with th' gover'ment, but th' chances are Congress would jest talk about it for th' next three or four years like they did with this other relief th' farmers wuz askin' fer. Th' radio would be all cluttered up with speeches about farm relief ag'in—an' th' farmer won't have no time t' listen t' 'em.

On th' other hand, th' farmer gits some good out o' th' radio. You take weather fer instance. They ain't nothin' more important t' a farm than weather. When a farmer's corn is burnin' up it's a great relief t' be able t' have th' gover'ment tell him that it ain't goin' t' rain fer another week or two.

He knows th' gover'ment is always right an' th' chances are if he had t' depend on Uncle Zeke, th' local weather prophet—why, he'd say th' same thing an' like as not it'd rain before night.

Well, sir, folks, they ain't no use talkin'—th' machine age is here; but sometimes when I'm settin' lookin' at all them newfangled machines in th' mail-order catalogue, I jest can't help admittin' they're doin' a lot o' good an' some o' it they git no credit fer.

You take th' one item—mail-order catalogues. Course they're runnin' a lot more t' them colored pictures on th' stiff pages but danged if all th' catalogues ain't twice as big as they used t' be.

An' th' farmer is th' feller that gits th' most use out o' 'em. But you take them radio machines, they're m-i-g-h-t-y, m-i-g-h-t-y handy things t' have around an' they ought t' be one in every home, but th' way I got her figgered out—it's th' city fellers that do all th' talkin' on 'em an' danged near all th' listenin'.

He Mailed a Coupon Like This!
Kriss Kross Corp., Dept. C-934 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Without obligating me, please send illustrated description of KRISS KROSS Stropper and your offer of a 3-Way Razor FREE.
Name
Address
City State
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

-and it Brought Him

1129 Cool Shaves *from One Single Blade!*

Another Triumph For KRISS KROSS. The Most Amazing Shaving Invention Ever Patented! Mr. T. Liddle, of Illinois, Wrote Recently, "I Have Been Using One Of Your Stroppers Since May, 1924. I Shave Every Morning And I Am STILL ON MY FIRST BLADE!" Read Astonishing Details, Then Act At Once For Real Shaving Joy.

NO wonder KRISS KROSS marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy! For now at last it has captured a secret that has baffled scientists for years! It actually reproduces mechanically the diagonal flip-flop master-barber's stroke that gives razor blades the keenest cutting edge that steel can take. Pressure decreases automatically. And in just 11 seconds you are ready for the coolest, slickest shave you ever had!

GET FREE OFFER

And now—to introduce this sensational device that makes old blades keener than new—we are giving free an amazing new kind of razor. Instantly adjustable to any angle. Comes with 5 new-process blades. Find out all about this astonishing offer. No obligation. Just fill out and mail the coupon today.

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AGENTS

KRISS KROSS representatives make $75—$200 in a week and up! It's easy. KRISS KROSS sells at sight. Check bottom line of coupon and get full details.

Keeps daughter's hair golden

..with shampoo for blondes only!

"I HAVE been using Blondex for years," writes Mrs. J. Gregar, Jamaica, N. Y., "both on my own hair, and my little daughter's. It certainly is a wonderful shampoo. Why, my little girl's hair sparkles with gold—and it's *so* curly! As for my hair, ever since I first started using Blondex it has not darkened or faded a bit. Blondex is the best ever!"

This experience is typical. Millions of blondes have discovered that shampooing with Blondex quickly brings back the original color and golden sheen to drab, discolored blonde hair. Prevents darkening. And it's *safe.* Contains no harmful chemicals or dyes of any kind. *Try it!* On sale at all good drug and department stores.

Party Dress

(Continued from page 59)

proceeding with social and economic responsibilities. This isn't the time or place for passion."

"It's always time for a kiss," she insisted; "I hope you are not going to mind cows and farmers a mile off at least. If you are, I warn you I'll begin to be forward. I feel forward. Chalke, you can't guess how forward I feel this minute. A man is always a great deal more proper than a woman," she continued. "It's men who are conventional. They are afraid of appearances. That's funny because if anything goes wrong they are not the ones who suffer. Kiss me, Chalke; I am willing to risk it."

He continued to smoke serenely. "Look here," he said, after a little; "about New York. I will want to telephone you and hear your voice and know how you are. I'll want to know what you are doing. I'm not going to, Nina; I can't. It might be uncomfortable for you." That, she assured him, could not possibly be true. "It would be as uncomfortable as the devil for me," he replied; "you know what I think of our situation."

When Chalke Ewing had gone Nina was almost conscious of a sense of relief—it had put off for another day or two the most painful necessity of her life. When he came back he would, at once, insist on speaking to Wilson Henry. Chalke was both tender with her and bitterly determined. She liked that, Nina reminded herself; the exacting and inflexible quality of his mind was one of the things that made her certain of him; willing to put herself wholly in his hands. But, as she had tried to explain to Chalke, she must first know the immediate details of their plan. Her mind must be firm and composed and secure.

As Nina thought about the actuality of explanation before her, it grew, not easier, but infinitely more difficult. It was easy for Chalke to say that Wilson could do nothing—where she was concerned he would be simply impossible. She couldn't imagine what words Wilson would find to express even a small part of his hatred for what she had become.

Nina was seated on her porch; it was again late afternoon, and the day was waning in a dense haze like steam that obscured space. The humidity, she realized, was terrific. A heavy exhausted silence enveloped Eastlake.

Until lately Nina had known Eastlake with a completeness that included most of the streets and practically all the people. She had been born there; her family moved away when she was twelve, but she had come back to be engaged and married. It had, however, suddenly changed. It seemed to Nina that the circle of her familiar knowledge, of both people and things, steadily diminished.

Her mind evaded the seriousness of her thought and concerned itself with smaller facts. Everything cost so much more than it had when she was first married, only a little over twenty years ago; it cost twice as much and twice that and Wilson insisted that things weren't as good now as they used to be; but Nina did not agree with that. The truth was that almost always they were better.

Where they used to have green vegetables only through short summer seasons, Mr. Blades now sold them throughout the winter. He had artichokes and broccoli and alligator pears and fresh rhubarb and strawberries, in February. He had Belgian grapes. Mr. Clough's

Needless Suffering

THE next time a headache makes you stay at home—

Or some other ache or pain prevents keeping an engagement—

Remember Bayer Aspirin! For there is scarcely a pain it cannot relieve, and relieve promptly.

These tablets give real relief, or millions would not continue to take them. They are quite harmless, or the medical profession would not constantly prescribe them.

Don't be a martyr to unnecessary pain. To colds that might so easily be checked; to neuritis, neuralgia; to the pains peculiar to women; or any suffering for which Bayer Aspirin is such an effective antidote.

For your own protection, buy the genuine. Bayer is safe. It is always the same. Never depresses the heart, so use it as often as needed; but the cause of any pain can be treated only by a doctor.

Bayer Aspirin is obtainable at all druggists. Proven directions are enclosed in every package. The name Bayer will identify the genuine. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

BAYER ASPIRIN

BAYER

The New De Luxe

Health-O-Meter

—the Ultimate in a Bathroom Scale

$14.85

Special Offer to the Overweight or Underweight

In order to introduce the De Luxe Health-O-Meter we have retained the services of Mr. F. H. Luce, of the Weight Control Institute, to personally serve those who purchase this model during February or March.

Mr. Luce will study each case individually, prescribe the special menus and exercises needed to put on or take off weight, and give the benefit of his advice and counsel.

This personal service (regular fee, 30 days—$10.00) will be given free to every purchaser of a Health-O-Meter during February or March.

Ask your dealer for particulars.

The beauty of your bathroom will be graciously enhanced by a De Luxe Health-O-Meter. Its gentle elliptical curves and modernistic design will harmonize with the motif of your bathroom, and with the color scheme, too—Health-O-Meters are available in blue, green, orchid, ivory, white, or any color desired.

The outward appearance of the new Health-O-Meter is matched by its inner excellence. Exclusive mechanical features, the evolution of ten years' experience in scale making, insure its accuracy against jars, jolts, humidity, or sudden strains. Its one-piece shell, free from cracks, is easily cleaned. Impossible to tip; built close to the floor; gives a gratifying sense of security when weighing. It is built to give a lifetime of service.

The De Luxe Health-O-Meter combines artistry, unvarying accuracy, abuse-proof durability, compactness, ease of cleaning—together with a bonded guarantee.

Health-O-Meters can be secured from any department, hardware, physicians' supply, or drug store. De Luxe models, $14.85; Standard, $10.95; Rotodial, $8.95.

Health-O-Meter Corporation, Chicago

What an Easy Way to Earn

AN EXTRA INCOME!

THROUGH pleasant spare-time work, chatting with friends over the telephone, or paying friendly visits to the families of your neighborhood, you can put aside for yourself a splendid monthly fund to supplement your own or the family income.

Make Your Dreams Come True!

Upon request we will send you full details of the remarkable opportunity to capitalize leisure moments which we are offering to men and women of all ages and in all parts of the country, showing you how thousands have succeeded, and how you too may earn liberal commissions and bonus checks by becoming our local spare-time representative. No experience or expense necessary.

Simply mail the coupon NOW!

Dept. A-330 Cosmopolitan,
57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

I want to know how I can earn money under your Plan. Please send me, FREE, full details, and supplies.

Name.....

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

counters were piled with luxuries of food that once had been confined to large cities. Mr. Scannel, the fish man, sold lobsters, very much alive, soft-shelled crabs and shrimps.

Eastlake had, naturally, lost a great deal of its simplicity; nobody really seemed to realize that, but it was true. It not only, now, had luxurious food; luxuries of living had become necessities. There was a great deal more pleasure than formerly—Wilson and she had at least four or five invitations every week.

Eastlake had changed, and yet she found that her attachment to it was untouched. It was her proper place; the countryside around it closed her spirit within a tranquil and safe familiarity.

Now, when she was about to leave Eastlake forever, Nina discovered the power of its influence, its hold, on her. It was a county seat, the center of its particular green world, and it had a large opinion of its importance; it was rigid about the authority and correctness of its views. While it had changed enormously, Nina recognized, it had not lost that conception of itself.

The difference, she told herself, was almost entirely on the surface—living was different in Eastlake, but thinking had scarcely been touched. For example, when she left Wilson Henry and went away with Chalke, there would be an overwhelming volume of the most old-fashioned talk.

Everyone, of course, would support Wilson and utterly condemn her. Mary Gow would be the first to go to him with her sympathy. Mary, it was probable, would never forgive her, because not only had Nina run away from all responsibility to her family; she had gone with Mary's brother.

Not one of all her friends would understand the necessity for her course. Divorce, the divorce she must secure, would seem to them no better than adultery. It was really, where they were concerned, worse than adultery since it publicly set at nothing the virtue their whole existence was founded on.

A cloud of melancholy settled upon Nina. All she had been thinking about was so horribly final. She had the uncomfortable sensation that always accompanied her at funerals. She was, then, relieved to see Cordelia come up over the lawn. Her daughter was hot and flushed, and sat temporarily on the edge of a chair.

"We went to the quarry," she announced; "it did me no good, as you can see. I came back with Anna Louise, and a Lisher cousin staying there while her mother's away, and their elderly car died a long way from home. It honestly did serve me right—I know every pain in its suffering joints—but I didn't want to drive with James Angell."

Nina said: "I thought you liked James Angell."

She did, Cordelia replied. "I like him very much, but I'm not certain I want to admit that I know he likes me. It is awfully different. But probably you wouldn't understand about that."

Nina Henry laughed. "You do make me tired, Cordelia," she told her. "You seem to think I never had a beau, except your father, and that I know nothing about them. I understand perfectly what you meant, and I think it's very bright of you to find out so much so soon."

Cordelia sweetly ignored all that. "You see," she explained, "it is right for James to like me; it is splendid for him to say so; but if I let him see I believe it—without a word about myself—the next

thing you know, Cupid will be playing the devil with the Henry household. We don't want that, do we? Not at my age. Or does the thought of a child bride catch your fancy? Would you like to sacrifice me, in a mist of tears and wax orange blossoms, to the unbridled lust of James Angell?"

Nina was genuinely shocked. "Cordelia," she exlaimed, "that is a dreadful word! I never want to hear you say it again. You must learn the difference between a right kind of freedom and coarseness." She was, at the same time, privately engaged by the association of lust and James Angell, a scrupulously correct young man with carefully brushed hair the color of pale tea.

"There is no doubt about it," Cordelia announced, "I am the coarse variety. Anyhow, I didn't want to come home with him and it ruined me. Anna Louise walked for miles through the dust and she was just as fresh at the end as before she took a step. Dust will not stick to her. She is a praiseworthy girl. I have a cartload of everything down my back. Matrimony might have been better. Precocious, my darling mother, as it would appear."

"I don't know when you are serious," Nina complained. "I don't know anything about any of you now."

Cordelia rose and patted her shoulder. "I keep it from you on purpose," she said; "if you found out the truth, your mind would be unhinged. Well, I am undoubtedly fascinating, but dirty. But if you will wait you'll see that I can be white as a good commercial article of snow."

When she had gone Nina realized that, in the light and evasive manner peculiar to her own generation, Cordelia had made her a confidence. She had spoken of marriage and James Angell. Cordelia would not, Nina was certain, marry him; she was not yet ready for the actuality of that choice; but she had been stirred and admitted it.

A sudden new light of comprehension illuminated Cordelia for her. Nina was amazed at her persistent stupidity—Cordelia was as clear as day. The principal quality of her mind, of all minds like Cordelia's at her age, was doubt.

Cordelia was born to a doubt of nearly everything that had supported and rewarded and threatened the generations that had gone before. She was skeptical of her parents, of love and of religion. She had no inclination and, it seemed, little need to accept them in the manner of the past—automatically and without question.

Cordelia reflected the doubts and questions of a doubtful time. Almost no one, now, believed in much, Nina told herself; but in most cases, with people older than Cordelia, there was a bitter rebellion against what could not be changed or helped.

Roderick Wade was a perfect example of that. No such struggle, however, took place in Cordelia. She began by expecting nothing, and that moderation of hope saved her from a great deal of disappointment and trouble.

At the same time, Nina Henry reminded herself, the old incurable necessities of emotion would continue in Cordelia; in the end they would, they must, betray her superior intelligence. A sharp pity for all that her daughter must suffer took possession of her. How quickly Cordelia had been swept into maturity!

Nina thought of her as still a child, but that was absolutely incorrect; Cordelia was actually a woman. She had been a positive and amusing baby; Acton had always been serious, but Cordelia

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at the very beginning was humorous.

She had been, at first, quite ugly, broad, vividly red, explosive in temper, but all that had changed. Cordelia today was very good-looking. She was still, perhaps, a little too positive to be absolutely charming, but, then, her humor had, if anything, increased. Cordelia, the truth was, hid behind it; her humor took the place of the older dependence on heaven.

At twelve Cordelia had been violently maternal—a row of dolls was dealt with severely; she habitually took some to bed; she addressed long periods of advice and physical correction to them all. That was soon over; the dolls were put away, forgotten by Cordelia, and her character, her particular qualities, grew definite.

Then, Nina recognized, a certain separation had occurred between her daughter and herself; her relationship with Cordelia lost a trace of its informality and intimacy; a faint coldness of reserve enveloped both of them. Not only Cordelia but, at times, Nina was on the defensive. When this happened she covered it, contradicted it, with an extra and often arbitrary show of authority; she was, in other words, inexcusably cross at Cordelia; but that was powerless to hide the fact from Nina that sometimes her daughter found her slightly absurd.

THERE was no resentment in her now; rather she was sorry for the loss of every opportunity she had had to be closer to Cordelia; her love for Cordelia was greatly increased with her increased understanding. It began to disturb Nina to realize that, when the ultimate James Angell did make his appearance, she would have no part in Cordelia's preparation for the accomplishment of life; she would be only a spectator at her wedding.

There was an instantaneous painful contraction in her heart at the mere thought of Cordelia's marriage. That occurred, really, in a lesser degree, when she thought of any marriage. A wedding always mysteriously stirred her—it was both so sad and so gay, she was at once so engaged by the clothes and flowers, so satisfied by the whole worldly exhibition, and filled with a sense of futility and vague sorrow. A gayety with tears.

Nina, in imagination, saw Cordelia in white satin and lace, yards and yards of satin and priceless lace, with a bridal veil over her face; then she saw the veil drawn back, floating away from Cordelia's rapt look of radiant purity. She heard the distant golden thunder of a wedding march.

The melancholy that was settling over her was interrupted by the arrival of Wilson Henry's car from the station. He got out slowly and came up to her with an exhausted step. It was, he said, one of the worst days in town he could remember.

"This is pretty good," he said, stopping in the entrance to the hall and gazing out at the pleasantly furnished porch, the summer foliage and lawns beyond. "I tell you we're lucky. You don't realize that, Nina. Life is a good deal harder, and more uncertain, than you have any idea of. Probably you think it is nothing to have a big house and flowers and automobiles. You think it just happens; women do; but it isn't guaranteed. By heaven, no!"

"I do realize all that, Wilson," Nina replied. "Only I wonder if it's as important as you seem to think. It's not everything. I wouldn't talk now if I were you; you're simply slain with the heat; I'd go up and change."

He stayed in the doorway. "Something happened you might like to hear about," he went on; "I have been made president of the Eastern White Pine Association."

Nina said: "Why, Wilson, that is splendid."

He thought it was. "White pine," he explained, "is the most aristocratic wood there is. I don't want to hear about hard woods. Don't talk to me about walnut and oak. White pine is as soft as butter and more lasting than iron. You can do anything with it. Anything in the world. It's getting scarce, too, and that makes it more aristocratic. Going up like the devil. You've got to have it for fine work. A good piece of white pine, Nina, is prettier than any statue or painting that was ever made. There is more to it, if you know how to find it, than in any book."

Wilson's enthusiasm for white pine, she saw, had overcome and illuminated his profound weariness. "It is a picture in itself," he declared with an increasing enthusiasm. "You can see the forest where it grew and the earlier days with bears and deer and Indians passing by. Then the land gets pretty well cleared up; railroads go into the country, and the bears and Indians go out. That is progress. It's America. The lumbering operations begin and you can hear the axes and the trees felled. You can hear the ripsaws and the donkey engines. No book could tell you that half as good."

Acton had come up on the porch, and Cordelia appeared, cool and airy in pale lavender. "What can Father be saying?" she demanded. "It sounds like a hymn." Wilson went into the house.

"I think your father is very patient with you," Nina observed.

"He loves us," Cordelia explained; "and love comprehends all. Doesn't it, Acton?" Acton, with a marked descent from his usual urbanity, invited her to mind her own business.

Nina, dressing, was bothered by the memory of Wilson explaining about white pine to her. First she was made wretched by thinking about Cordelia's wedding, and then a speech of Wilson's, a sudden quality in his voice and mind, troubled her. At times Cordelia's humor, her hardness, were disagreeable. Wilson, in his curiously constrained way, had been really romantic. There had been things in him, too, that she had neither properly recognized nor encouraged. His life and affairs had hidden and killed what poetic feeling he'd had.

That was a new and disturbing attitude toward Wilson Henry. It had, in place of love, a brightness of pity. These recognitions, however, had come to her too late. Now she couldn't even afford to encourage her realization of them. This, naturally, was a loss, but her gain in Chalke enormously repaid her.

She could not be sentimental for a minute. After all, she was not so important to Wilson as the White Pine Association and Cora Lisher. It was Cora's place to encourage romance in him. Neither, Nina told herself, could she help Cordelia in the face of the passionate and cruel reality of love.

Francis Ambler appeared before dinner was over; he brought a chair up to the table, and Harriet got him a large cup of coffee. Harriet and Rhoda, Francis asserted, were among his best friends. They never neglected him or forgot his tastes. He looked rich, Nina observed. Whenever Francis was annoyed he contrived to look rich. He was formally dressed for evening, too, with a pearl stud; and when, without reason, Francis wore dinner clothes in Eastlake, that, as well, was an expression of critical superiority.

He was, of course, cross because she had ignored him. She had left him without a word at the country club and made no effort to speak to him since. Strangely enough, when Francis, at least in manner, drew away from her, he seemed to her to be much more desirable than common. Indifference increased his attractiveness and sharpened her interest in him.

"You can't help noticing the young generation coming along now," he observed. "Either they are the best so far or I have reached the age when I like them young. I went to a dinner at the club with them last night. I thought it would be bad—it wasn't! It was good. They all dance marvelously. No one better than Cordelia, but I must say Acton looked a shade bored."

He was, Cordelia replied. Acton Henry directed a long, slow stare at his sister. It was, Nina saw, effective. Nothing was said about Miss Pryne.

"I had just come to the same conclusion, Francis," she told him. "I was thinking about them this afternoon. They are splendid, it seems to me, not because they are young, but because they're not."

Francis liked the simplicity of their views and the candor of their acts. "They are like fresh sticks of peppermint candy," he explained.

He was, Nina recognized, being pointedly nasty. That annoyed her. Francis had a number of feminine qualities; an indirect verbal disagreeableness was one of them; and meeting him, as it were, on her own ground, she had always found pleasure in defeating his intention of unpleasantness.

"That was a very nice comparison, Francis," she told him. "About the peppermint candy."

Followed by Acton, Cordelia asked to be excused.

"The conversation here never seems to be quite up to their standard," Wilson asserted when they had gone.

Nina continued to Francis Ambler: "Generally you are right. I think the girls are a little more interesting than the boys. Girls do seem to get old younger, but then boys stay young older. That is what I like. I adore gray hair in a man. Girls, Francis, are born with experience; boys are not. They have to find everything out, and usually it takes them forty years, or even more, to do it."

Francis Ambler gave her a swift protesting look when Wilson was engaged with his cigaret lighter. A pleasant sense of power filled Nina. Francis had stopped looking rich. Her feeling that he was invaluable to her returned.

Francis, at last, had an opportunity to speak to her alone in the long, informal Henry drawing-room. "You are simply dreadful to me," he said. "I can't think why. Nina, what has happened to you? You are not yourself. Not the Nina I know. The Nina I love."

SHE wasn't, she insisted, dreadful to him at all. "You were dreadful talking about those young peppermint sticks. Did you want to make me feel a million?"

He had to talk to someone, Francis replied, since he could neither see nor talk to her. "Nina, darling, darling Nina, I can't get along without you. I don't have to try to, do I? Tell me I don't. Tell me I am necessary to you and a part of your life. You are all mine."

Nina was in a chair; Francis Ambler was standing above her, and he dragged her up into his arms. He kissed her. It

did not stir the faintest emotion in Nina. She kissed Francis, but she knew her lips were cold.

She sank back again in her chair. Nina was very tired. She wondered when she'd be with Chalke again. Tomorrow evening or the day after at worst. She wanted him, she needed him, terribly. Nina lost every thought but the desire to be close to him. The rest was unimportant. Nothing else mattered. There was a stir at her side. Nina had forgotten Francis was in the room.

"I'm going home," he said, "I can see you aren't right. Nina, I'll telephone you in the morning. Tomorrow's Tuesday, isn't it? Well—can I come to dinner Thursday?" Nina nodded.

When he had gone a feeling of disquiet weighed upon Nina. The air, she thought, was heavy with disaster. She must pull herself up and be ready for Chalke Ewing. That, for the moment, meant leaving her heart for her head. She wasn't capable of it. Not tonight. Tomorrow she would face reality.

All she had been thinking about raced around at a dizzy and confusing speed in her mind—Cordelia tangled in a wedding veil, Acton imploring Catherine Pryne to fly with him to Paris, Wilson crying out that she had disgraced him with the Eastern White Pine Association. She saw Mr. Scannel in a storm of live lobsters; the air was full of expensive English biscuits from Mr. Clough's counters; Mr. Blades danced wildly with stalks of rhubarb and asparagus. All the people of Eastlake crowded about her saying that her love for Chalke was immoral.

Wilson Henry, who had been writing in the little room across the hall, returned. Nina was glad to see him. Wilson sat down, facing her, and it was clear that he had come to a sudden decision.

"Nina," he said, in his voice of serious affairs, "I will have to go South tomorrow night. I'll be back on Saturday at dinner. I've known this for a month, but put it off, and now it has to be met. This new business of the White Pine Association was the last straw. Or rather the last board."

"Where will you be, Wilson?" she asked.

"In the Carolinas," he answered generally. Wilson was a shade too offhand. "It's a nuisance because it is hotter than Hades there."

Nina said: "Wilson, if you are as far down as South Carolina wouldn't it be nice for you to go just a little farther and see Cora? I'd love that if I were Cora. Someone from here. She is in Georgia; you can easily find out where."

Wilson gazed at her with an air of speculation nicely mixed with surprise. "That might be possible," he admitted; "but I am not sure it can be arranged. But if I have to go to Georgia I'll be in Bartow County, and that's not far from Cedartown. If it's Cedartown where Cora lived. As you say, I could find out. Well, anyhow, I have to go." He dismissed the question of seeing Cora from their consideration. At the same time his spirits rose sharply.

"We're getting along now pretty well, Nina," he proceeded. "I think you will agree I'm better than I was. I mean more reasonable. I guess everyone who gets married has a bad run of months. Or even years. Like the knotty part of a plank. We ought to be nearly through ours. We ought to understand each other now. It isn't quite what it used to be, Nina, but this has its advantages. I don't want you ever to forget what I think of you. No one will ever take the place you have with me, Nina. You're wonderful; you understand so much."

In other words, Nina told herself, she had made it possible for Wilson to see Cora Lisher in Georgia with a quiet mind. His childlike conscience had been preserved.

The ringing of the telephone bell that preceded Chalke Ewing's voice was so sharp, so unexpected in spite of the fact that she had been waiting for it for hours, that Nina was momentarily confused. Yes, she said, she was well. She was glad that he had returned. More than glad. His tone, at this admission, became guarded, and she hastened to tell him that Wilson was away.

Wilson, she explained, had gone to Georgia to see someone. A woman. "It would be very nice if you could come to dinner tonight," she went on. "Harriet is out and I can't have everyone. Mary would understand that. I want to hear everything you did in New York." He could do that, Ewing told her. When? "Seven o'clock," Nina replied. "Are you happy to have returned?"

Chalke said: "Thank you, very." That was all.

It was not until she had left the telephone that Nina realized she had agreed to something for this, Thursday, night. Of course, what a fool she was! Francis Ambler was coming to dinner too. At the prospect of being with Chalke again, her coldness where everyone else was concerned came back—she would get rid of Francis as early as possible. She'd explain to Chalke.

Chalke Ewing, it turned out, arrived before Francis. Nina was in the drawing-room when he came. He was again all in white linen, with a black tie and the soft black band of silk at his waist.

Chalke came quickly forward, he took her hands, she leaned impulsively toward him, and he kissed her. She kissed him with a sudden intensity. Nina felt sure that she couldn't contain her happiness. There was a passage over the porch, and Francis came informally in.

"Hello, Nina," he said cheerfully; "you are unexpected—I ask myself to dinner with your family and Mr. Ewing turns up instead."

Nina spoke pleasantly: "Isn't that nice? Wilson had to go South, where the white pine grows, and I let the children drive to Cape May. Francis, you always make the cocktails when Wilson is away. Will you go out to the pantry and see if everything you need is there?" When he had gone Nina turned swiftly to Chalke Ewing. "I forgot all about him. I'll have a headache before it gets late and send you both away. You will come back, Chalke?"

He looked at her steadily and gravely. At first Nina expected him to say again how much he disliked their present suspense; however, he was silent; and the conviction seized Nina that he would not speak to her again about his immediate wishes. Chalke had made his feeling clear to her, and now he'd wait, secure in his dignity, for her agreement.

Selfishly Nina welcomed that—it would give her a few more days of simple happiness. She needed them, for she was no better prepared to face her old world, to leave it, than before Chalke had gone to New York. She wasn't less confident of her willingness to do that, but, as she drew nearer to the actuality of breaking away from all the past, the difficulties seemed to grow insurmountable.

Francis returned with a shaker full of cocktails, followed by Rhoda, who had a tray of appetizers, broiled olives rolled in bacon, and glasses. Nina could see that Francis was increasingly annoyed.

Chalke Ewing did nothing to make her position easier. He sipped at his cocktail and then regarded it doubtfully. Francis Ambler drank quickly. He assumed what, different from his rich air, Nina called his European manner.

"The tropics," he said, after his third cocktail, "have no art."

That was true, Ewing agreed. "It is one of the reasons I live in Cuba. No mature individual is interested in art. Thank you, no more," he said to Nina with the cocktail-shaker.

Francis scowled. "If you don't mind my contradicting you," he replied; "a great many mature people are interested in art. The finest minds alive practically care for nothing else." Nina realized that Chalke's mouth bore its most maddening expression.

"I don't mind your contradicting me. Why should I?" he asked. "Women and picture dealers talk about art, but one is not mature and the other is dishonest."

"I'll put it like this," Francis declared; "I talk a lot about art, I am intensely interested in it; now—which am I, a woman or a picture dealer?"

"Apparently you are neither," Chalke replied calmly. "You are simply misinformed." He returned to Nina. "You can't imagine what nonsense this art is," he proceeded. "Greek art, for example. It came, of course, at the end of Greece. I mean what they recognized as art happened when Greece was finished. In other words the heroic age, the important age, was ended, and a talent for making a record of heroes and legends was developed.

"The point, my dear Nina, is that the talent was nothing in itself. No more than a memorandum, a voice in marble or in a brush, if that is possible. This has always been true—history and men reach elevations of beauty and sacrifice; smaller times follow, and the monks and artists and such hollow fellows tell the stories of old better things to the hopeless mob."

"Do you mean," Francis Ambler demanded hotly, "that Andrea del Sarto was a hollow man?"

"I hear rather better of him," Ewing admitted. "He was supposed to be a mathematician. What has happened is simple," he continued, facing Nina, absolutely ignoring Francis Ambler; "the artists put themselves forward in place of the men and things they were recording, they confused the public mind, and the public—always wrong, remember—agreed the artists were the heroes. The statues of Hercules, and not Hercules, became virtuous with power. The statues of Venus, and not a human desire for perfect beauty, became potent."

Nina said sharply: "Francis, you simply must not drink any more."

"I have to," Francis informed her; "if I am to listen to this all evening I'll need support. Did you ever hear anything like it? Did you? All the treasures of the civilized world in the junk heap together. The Louvre and San Lorenzo and the Alhambra. We've lost them, Nina, think of that. Think of it!"

She didn't, Nina answered shortly, want to think of it. Chalke Ewing hadn't said anything like that. "I must say I don't care much about galleries of old oil paintings and I think statues are frightful."

Francis dramatized his surprise at this. The truth was, he overacted it. "Old oil paintings," he repeated after her. "I take it you mean hand-painted oil paintings. And statues are frightful!"

Chalke Ewing interrupted him.

"Talk to me," he directed; "it wasn't

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Mrs. Henry who upset your ideas. You are like all congenital amateurs—you repeat facts that mean nothing about things you know as little of. The Trojan War did happen, it now appears, and Helen lived; but you are entirely ignorant of the historical significance of that; your mind is satisfied, not to say confused, by a few lines of poetry. By a name, Homer. You believe your emotions are qualities of the mind, when, the truth is, they are no better than part of a general common sentimentality."

Francis rose unsteadily. "Homer," he solemnly repeated. "The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

"Not Homer," Ewing corrected him; "Edgar Allan Poe."

Francis Ambler regarded Chalke with a smoldering animosity. Then he made a precarious bow to Nina. "You won't mind if I leave," he said to her. "I can see that you won't. My mind is satisfied, not to say confused, by a few lines of poetry. And not about Troy. Oh, no! Right here in Eastlake. About us, really."

He couldn't, Nina realized, be nastier. She was rigidly conventional. "I am sorry if you must go," she told him. "But now you have drunk a whole shaker of cocktails, perhaps it would be better. I'm ashamed of you, Francis."

He laboriously raised his eyebrows. "It's a little late for shame," he announced. "There isn't any need for you to bother about me again. It took me a long while to learn my lesson, to understand Helen, but the erudite Professor Ewing made me understand you. Her. Us!" Francis left the drawing-room with a slow rigid air of finality.

Nina gasped. "Well," she said. "We got rid of him. I didn't have to say I had a headache. I have one, but it's totally useless." She sat down helplessly.

"Most of that was my fault," Chalke admitted; "Francis Ambler was so satisfied with what he had in the bank, I had to expose what he had in his mind."

Nina went out to the pantry. "Rhoda," she said, "we will have to take a place off. Mr. Ambler did not wait for dinner. He drank that full cocktail-shaker by himself."

"Miss Nina!" Rhoda exclaimed. "All those drinks! It's too bad. Mr. Francis usually don't do like that." A smile appeared in Rhoda's eyes; it spread to her wide mouth; she laughed with a penetrating humor. "It was the right one, anyhow, Miss Nina. Don't you let Miss Mary's brother leave that easy. You just captivate him so he won't forget it. No family bothering you tonight."

Nina said: "You must get the salad dressing into every part of the salad." At the head of the table Chalke was irresistible, Nina thought. "You are not to talk," she commanded him; "I want you to be peaceful and not torn up with words. I don't care anything about the past tonight; I don't know whether I am in America or Africa, and I never want to hear about girls' schools again.

"There isn't a thing you could possibly say, Chalke, that would interest me. Except one. Always that. You know what it is too, Chalke, and Rhoda isn't in the room. You could say it with safety. You'd even have time to come around the table and kiss me. I'd expect you to do it if we were married.

"I want you to understand what a nuisance I'll be. If you think you are going to read you must be silly. I'll get between you and the book. Chalke, I'll get between you and your mind. I won't let you think. It's bad to think.

"I could come around the table and kiss you. You hadn't thought of that.

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N886

There isn't a person in the house but us and Rhoda. She wouldn't appear unless I rang for something. You don't know about Rhoda. All she thinks people ought to be is happy. I love Rhoda and I feel like her tonight.

"Do you feel like Rhoda? I don't want you to answer that, because it's so sensible you'll think it is idiotic. I don't want to be careful, Chalke, and I do want to talk nonsense. I've had some dreadfully serious moments about Cordelia and Wilson lately, and so I don't want to be sensible just now. The truth is no one does; not in his heart. You don't want to be sensible in your heart. You want me to come around the table and kiss you."

Chalke Ewing said: "What I do want is salad. Nina, what is in it?"

She rang for Rhoda. "Cucumbers," she replied. "It would take all night to tell you what is in the dressing. If I speak of kissing, do you have to think about cucumbers? Do you? Of course it may be an association of ideas—cool as a cucumber. If you are I'm ashamed of you. If you want to be I'll fool you. I'll fool you, Chalke."

He was bland, apparently unconcerned, under her storm of words. Chalke Ewing drank coffee, smoked, and gazed thoughtfully at her. She rang.

"Rhoda," Nina told her cook, "clear the table when you are ready. Mr. Ewing and I are going to stay here a while longer. You must get a car home tonight, too; it's terribly hot. Chalke, what was I saying when you so rudely interrupted me?"

He spoke in a slow relaxed voice. "I didn't interrupt you. No one could decide what you were saying. No one. Something, I think, about having a cucumber for a son."

She laughed at him in tender mockery. 'Not a son; a lover," Nina corrected him. 'I have a sliced cucumber for a lover. An iced cucumber. Isn't the house divine and quiet, Chalke? I always know when Cordelia is away because then, only then, the radio is still. Shall we turn it on, Chalke? Do you know a song called 'All by Yourself in the Moonlight'?"

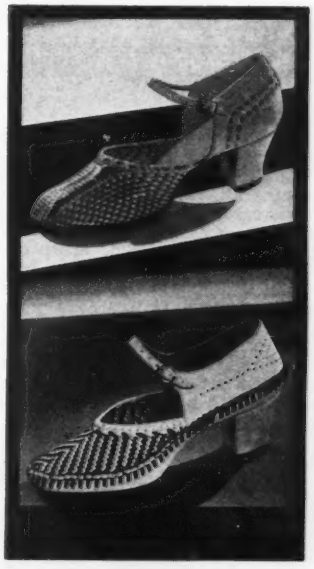
Nina sang: "'There ain't no fun sitting beneath the trees, giving yourself a hug, giving yourself a squeeze. It seems insane, swinging down the lane, all by yourself in the moonlight.' Chalke, I can see you think you are going to explain all about modern music to me. You're wrong. You're not." She rose and went to him. "If you won't say that you are simply mad about me you can't say anything."

Nina leaned over and kissed him between his eyes. Then she studied him. "I wondered about that," she admitted. "How my rouge looked on you." Still sitting, he drew her close to him. Chalke's head was pressed against her breast. Her body ached with desire and joy. Nina leaned over so that her face was hard against his face. She moved slowly until her mouth came upon his. They kissed each other with a more complete surrender than ever before.

"The porch," Nina said in a shaken voice; "it will be better there." But on the porch Chalke lighted still another cigar. It was clear from his manner that he wanted to sit tranquilly with her.

He had, Nina began to realize, an extraordinary self-control. Chalke wanted to be close to her—he wasn't a cucumber at all—but he had determined, more or less, to wait until they were free. But they were free tonight! They loved each other. They wanted each other. There was no one in their dark close night except themselves. Even Rhoda, advising her to captivate Chalke, had gone.

Hand Patterned and Stunning Weaves



Soft, luxurious leathers in intricate hand-woven patterns, with an undeniable air of chic. Lovely colors that complement the summer ensemble.

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A struggle, Nina realized, had come into being between Chalke Ewing and herself, a very old struggle indeed—the conflict between a woman and a special man. She wanted Chalke and only Chalke, and she wanted him at once; he wanted her, but there were, for him, other and quite as important necessities.

Perhaps they, the others, were more important. If she could make him forget them, give them up for her, she was victor. If he made her wait until all his requirements were satisfied he would triumph. If that happened she would never, Nina told herself, entirely conquer, wholly possess him. She was avid about that. She wanted to drown Chalke in her passionate love. Her body, she felt, must be his earth and his heaven.

Men evaded women in countless small and great ways. A man who loved you was still absorbed in other things. Ridiculous things. Men privately resented the power of the women they loved most; they escaped from it with a sense of relief, and Nina was determined that Chalke should never escape from her.

For one thing, they weren't really young. They had met each other, fallen in love, after forty. There was no time to lose. She would be perfectly willing to spend the rest of life in Chalke's arms. Nina was willing to let love kill her; yes, and kill Chalke. After all, what was there to live for? Nothing else worth keeping alive for. He would not quite, Nina was convinced, agree with that. Not altogether.

WELL, it was impossible anyhow. She didn't need to bring that about in order to be victorious, to make Chalke absolutely hers. She had, Nina discovered, accepted her part in the struggle within, between, them. She had, as soldiers said, accepted battle. If she failed now, it might be serious.

She could, by merely being quiet, avoid any danger. Chalke, even mad about her, was not the safest of men. He had an enormous amount of character, great determination and a measureless pride. She'd have to be better than merely successful with him. In other words, it was almost more dangerous for her to be successful than to fail. She understood this, but it only made her reckless.

With so much immediately facing her she sat quietly, apparently intent on the cigaret in her hand. The night really was breathless. Later—it must be very late now—there would be moonlight. Francis Ambler, stiffly leaving her drawing-room, came into her mind. He had gone this time forever, she told herself. That meant nothing to her now. It simply meant that he had vanished a little while before the rest. A plan, a possibility, drifted idly into her mind. Nina examined it with an increasing care.

"Chalke," she said, "it must be hotter here than it ever gets in Cuba. I am not used to it as you are. Would you mind if we took a drive? You've been with me before and I brought you back safely." Ewing rose. This time, Nina thought, safety was a small part of her necessity.

There were clouds in the sky, at times, in places; the stars were bright, and then they were temporarily obscured. The windows of Nina's closed car were opened and a hot pressure of air assailed her face. The moon—less than half was left—came up, and a shifting radiance fell across the fields and streams.

Neither of them talked. Chalke's arm, lying along the seat behind Nina, brushed her shoulders. She was at once happy and disturbed. Uneasy. The headache that had lightly touched her before dinner returned. It lurked like a suggestion of evil at the back of her head. A dark shadow of rock rose before them.

"I hadn't the least idea where we were," Chalke Ewing admitted. Nina guided the car slowly through the entrance to the quarry. She gazed sharply ahead. No one else was there. She drove by the water to a farther bank, where there was room enough to turn her car. Nina's hands fell from the wheel; she sat silently regarding the dark smooth water. She was, suddenly, overcome by weariness and doubt.

Chalke opened the door on his side and stepped out. He walked to the edge of the water. Nina's listlessness increased. Chalke came back and again sat beside her. He put his arm around her and drew her close to him. He took off her small close-fitting hat and kissed her hair. That was all.

Nina stirred, bringing her body more completely into his arms. Then she moved away. "I'm dreadfully hot," she said. Nina got out of the car. She gazed intently into the water; then, with a decided air, she turned. "I want to go in swimming," she declared.

Chalke Ewing came up beside her. "It would be helpful," he agreed. "But we can't. We haven't any things—bathing suits or towels."

"Really," Nina said, "really, Chalke, we don't need any. It's pitch-black and you wear almost no clothes in bathing now anyhow. It's hot enough to dry us in a second. No one else will be here or know about it. Let's, Chalke."

He was, it was plain, doubtful. "It would be easier for me than for you," he told her. "I'm afraid you'd be uncomfortable afterwards. Going home."

Nina walked around to the farther side of the automobile. She sat on the running board and took off her slippers. "Soon I'll be ready," she called. She decided that she would keep on her underthings. That, in effect, would be absolutely proper. Nina pulled her dress off over her head; her girdle took only a moment more; she made a small pile of her clothes within the car.

Then she walked slowly, but without hesitation, to the edge of the water. She didn't look around. The air felt marvelous; a new remarkable sense of freedom possessed her. She was conscious in an exhilarating way of her body. She had never, it seemed to Nina, been alive like this before.

There was a faint sound behind her, and Chalke Ewing stood at her side. He was, for swimming, entirely conventional in his trunks. Chalke was at her side, but he was, she saw, careful not to touch her.

Nina took his hand. "I'll show you where the steps are," she said. "Around here. It's nearer to the water." She sat on a wooden platform with her legs in the quarry pool. That was delightful. There was a diving board beside her—Chalke took a measured step at its end and, with a smooth quick splash, he vanished into the water. In a moment she could hear him swimming.

"It's quite warm," he called. "Don't sit there. Get in. You will be cooler afterward." Nina swam slowly, but sufficiently well, to where he was floating; she turned on her back and laid an arm across his. They began to sink at once. "You keep too much out of the water," Chalke instructed her. "Specially your head." He swam away from her and back.

Nina put up her arms and went down into the pool; finally her feet touched the bottom; and, in a sudden fright at the strangeness of her situation and the weight of water pressing upon her ears, she beat her way back to the surface. "Chalke," she cried, "Chalke."

He came swiftly up to her. "What is it?" he demanded in an anxious voice. "What is the matter?" She admitted that, with him close to her, nothing was the matter. However, she proceeded at once to the steps and platform.

"Sit beside me," she begged him. Nina put her arm around his and brought him nearer. His body was against her body, his skin was against hers, and a deep contentment filled her. "Isn't it miraculous," she said; "isn't it terrible the way most people have to live most of the time? Chalke, I'm—I'm forty, and I have never been entirely happy before. Not like this. I'm entirely happy, Chalke, and yet—this is the wonderful part—I know I am going to be happier. Probably I won't be able to bear it. Probably it will kill me. I'm prepared for that."

"My life has been bad, too," he admitted. "I didn't know how bad it was till I knew you. I think that all my life I have been waiting for this. For you. I didn't realize it, naturally. At times I was almost satisfied. Think of it!" Chalke Ewing exclaimed. "Without you."

Nina's arm went impulsively around his neck; she drew his head down upon her wet breast. "You don't have to think about it," she whispered. "Never again. You'll never be without me again. Can you realize that? I tell myself it's true, but I can hardly believe it."

He lay quietly in her embrace. Then, gently, he released himself; he got up. "You must get dressed, Nina," he reminded her. "You can have my undershirt for a towel. I won't need it." Nina rose, filled with an acute disappointment; her emotion had been defrauded.

"You are always right, Chalke," she admitted, walking back with him to her car. "I hope you won't mind if I get tired of that. Sometimes." She slipped off her underthings with a sharp irrepressible spirit of anger, and flung them on the ground.

"Here is the shirt," Chalke told her. He tried to hand it to her across the radiator, but she walked deliberately around the car and took it from him. She sat on the running board, at his side, and carefully dried her legs. She could not see that he paid the slightest attention to her. Nina left him and went back for her girdle and stockings, her slippers and dress.

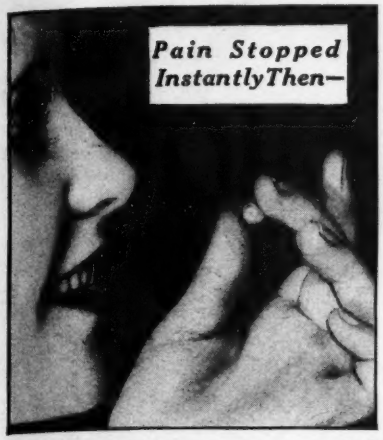
Well, the truth was, she had failed. She had not conquered Chalke Ewing. He had been, Nina thought, victorious. And with humiliating ease. Resentment and an intense admiration for him struggled in her. The resentment won. He had no right to be so indifferent to her.

Nina drove with a careless speed out of the quarry enclosure. Chalke's arm lay lightly around her shoulders. He made a remark in Spanish that, Nina recognized, meant it had all been splendid.

"I'm hotter instead of cooler," she replied. "If I could have driven back without any clothes on at all it would have been better. I did have enough sense not to put my stockings on. They are ruined already. I don't know what my slippers will be like."

CHALKE EWING laughed. It had begun to sound, he said, as though he had suggested the swimming.

"I am sure you did," Nina replied. "It would never have entered my head. I don't know how it would occur to you I could be so forward. Hold the wheel while I get a match." She tried to burn the end of his nose, in a passing, only half-humorous spite; but he succeeded in blowing out the flame first.



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This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

"Be careful," he told her; "I'm inflammable."

That was too much for her to put up with. She laughed openly at him, but her laughter choked in her throat—his fingers suddenly dug without pity into her shoulder. The shock was so sudden, the pain so overwhelming, that she lost control of the car; it turned and only stopped halfway up a bank.

Luckily it came down the hill again without trouble. Chalke Ewing said nothing; his arm, across the back of the seat, lightly touched her. Five separate sharp agonies lingered in Nina's left shoulder. The bruises from his fingers. A vague fright took the place of her resentful aggressiveness. Her certainty turned into uncertainty.

She forced herself, after a struggle, to glance at Chalke. He was looking out the window.

Her feeling changed about the hurt to her shoulder—the pain became a priceless and acute pleasure. It was the sharpest delight she could remember. Her whole being, her entire attitude toward Chalke, was different—a flood of tenderness rose over her; where Chalke was concerned she was seized by a protective instinct, a desire to shield him from all the calamities and disappointments of existence. Calmness had taken the place of her restlessness.

Suddenly the universe seemed to have fallen in a perfection of order—the stars and the flowers, day and night, life and love, each interpreted and completed the other. She drove the car with a particular care. They were still silent. The part of the moon that had risen long before appeared to Nina to be fixed in the sky. Who was it—someone in the Bible—had commanded the sun to stand still until a battle was won? Now, she told herself, the moon was waiting for her love.

"Don't you even smoke cigarets?" she asked Chalke Ewing. "They are so convenient. They don't commit you the way a cigar does. For example, now. If you wanted to smoke. You see, we are nearly home and a cigar, one of your cigars, would take you too far. Why, Chalke, darling, one of your cigars would take you practically to China. Across the Pacific. I'd lose you right away."

Nina talked with a warm and apparently casual cheerfulness. Her words occupied the space of their return. She didn't want Chalke to think. They had, for the moment, Nina hoped, lost every reality but their immediate selves. That took the form of an unexpressed desire. A carefully concealed, invincible intention.

All Nina's deliberate planning was lost, sunk in an emotion without shadows. There was no consciousness of doubt, no need of unhappy cunning, in her. She wondered briefly about that, and then gave up her wonder. Reasons had no importance to her.

If, she discovered, you put things like emotions into words, even inside your own mind, you changed and misrepresented them. Words took away the freshness and variety of feelings. Words, the truth was, gave beautiful feelings the appearance of being hideous and wrong.

The car came into Eastlake, at the far end of town from North Street: there were no other cars or people to be seen. The passage of Nina's automobile left a faint, quickly dying sound between the closed and dark stores. She crossed Kingsmill Street and swept into her own drive. Nina drove into the dark stable.

"You had better go to the door," she explained to Chalke. "You will hurt yourself in the dark." She cut off the power; the white bars of light vanished, and Nina shut the car behind her.

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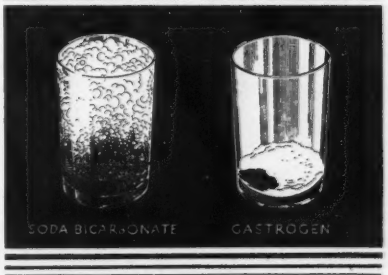
1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)* **2.** *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.* **3.** *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly, comfortably and without retarding normal digestion.

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MAPLEINE
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"Is there a lock here?" Chalke demanded. "I can't find it if there is." The door locked itself, she told him.

Nina walked slowly around the house to the front porch. Chalke was at her side. He walked deliberately up the porch steps with her and went into the hall beyond. Nina turned on a light in the drawing-room. It was a small light, with a green glazed paper shade, and it made only a dim illumination.

"I must have a glass of water," she announced. Chalke Ewing started toward the door, but she stopped him. "You don't know where anything is. Sit down and wait for me." He obeyed her with a strange physical inertia.

In the pantry Nina got a bottle of water from the refrigerator and poured out a glassful. She drank it slowly. She put off returning to the drawing-room. She wanted to delay every process, every consummation, of the night.

When, at last, she did go back Chalke Ewing had not changed his position—his hands were on the arms of his chair, where she had last seen them; his knees kept the same informal cramped appearance; his gaze was on the floor. Nina stood beside him reflecting. A number of things occurred to her to say, but she repressed them all. Words gave your emotions, your hopes, a threatening shape.

Nina turned and, swiftly silent, like a retreating thought, left Ewing. In her bedroom, still with a veiled gaze, she undressed. At once inspecting her left shoulder, she found, to her intensest satisfaction, five sharply marked blue-black bruises in her skin. It seemed to Nina that the quarry had left an impalpable but actual film on her body, scentless and displeasing; she would, she recognized, have to take a bath.

Nina filled the tub with the hottest water she could bear; she perfumed and softened it, and then slipped luxuriously into its relaxing pleasure. She stayed motionless, lost in little fleet sensations without names; she was slow with her sponge and soap; Nina dried herself with deliberation. Then she put her toes into black satin mules and wrapped around her a thin black silk dressing gown.

She hung, more especially perfumed, over the drawer that held her night-gowns, uncertain between a sheer affair printed with minute pink rosebuds in green wreaths and piped with green, and coffee-colored China crêpe, deep with black lace. Finally she chose the first—it was more unsophisticated. It dropped with hardly more substance than a sigh over her shoulders, and she sat by a window, gazing at the night and what was left of the moon.

She had, Nina thought, seen Grove Avenue with its maples in every existing season and state of weather—in a steaming and humid haze, glittering with ice like candied fruits and glazed chocolates, with the bright red buds in the faint green veil of spring, golden in autumn, and white, hushed, with snow. A wide and peaceful and leafy street. Wilson and she had been speechless with excitement when they bought their house on it. One of the nicest houses in the nicest part of Eastlake. On Grove Avenue beside the country club. They had been filled with a sense of social consequence.

Nina knew when Chalke Ewing came into the room before she actually heard him. There was a swift compression at her heart and she breathed sharply. He was, moving about in her bedroom, at once real and unreal. He was unreal without being disturbing. Matter-of-fact things simply became part of a dim fantasy. It was all more like a process

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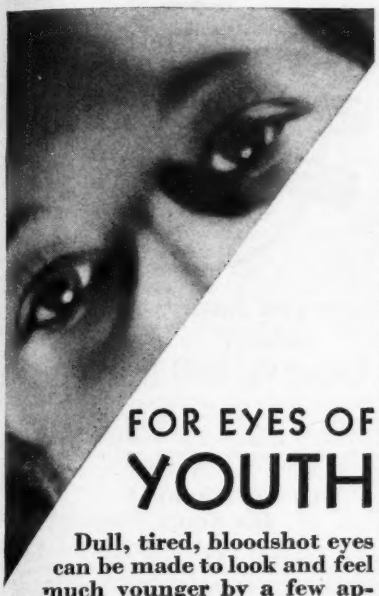

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of mind than a promise of bodies. Her hands, she discovered, were quite cold, but she wasn't nervous. There wasn't a trace of uncertainty in her. What went on around her, within her own consciousness, seemed inevitable.

Chalke came up to her and she rose; Nina made him sit in her chair; leaning against him she sat on the chair arm. She was totally devoid of any sense of hurry, of fever. She had, then, no acuteness of feeling whatever. Chalke's face, she saw, bore in addition to the darkness of the room a shadow of weariness. But he always more or less had that. Nina assured herself that it meant nothing. She found herself speaking.

"You can't arrange life. Never. It arranges itself. In spite of you. You can help things a little. Would it make you happy at all to know that I helped this? I wanted it so terribly. Not just this, either; I mean you. I didn't want to wait for you any longer than necessary. Really, I was afraid to wait. So much could happen. Still I couldn't make you love me. I didn't even make myself love you.

"At first you made me angry. But I knew that something else was happening to me. I couldn't recognize it the first minute, Chalke. When I left the country club, when I left all my old life, that Saturday to come to Mary's, to come to you, I knew it then. I nearly died, after you kissed me, waiting to have you kiss me. Then it was all over. Forever. Love stronger than either of us.

"I only care about one thing now—I want to make you happy. Nothing else will ever be important again except your happiness. You. I had to give myself to you as soon as possible. So you would understand better. So, since you do want me, there wouldn't be any doubt left. You would never really know until I did that. The rest isn't anything, Chalke. Chalke, the rest——"

Nina collapsed into his arms. A mule fell off. Her eyes were shut. She felt very young, as though nothing that mattered had ever happened to her. Young with a fresh and pure heart.

It seemed to Nina that she was obscurely conscious of Chalke, entirely dressed, leaning over the bed. Instinctively she put her weary bare arms around his neck and drew him down until she could kiss him. One thing was strange—his face was gray. Usually Chalke's face was brown. She thought about that until she saw that the room was gray around her. It had begun to grow light. But it wasn't light yet. There was just a promise of light. An immense peacefulness enveloped her.

When she woke again, the room was bright; sunlight lay across the floor; a robin was whistling. Nina could see the clothes she had taken off the night before crumpled on a chair. The whole procession of the past night went again through her mind. It was all clear and natural.

Nina brought her thoughts back to herself—she was tranquil and undisturbed. She should, she supposed, feel very differently. Now she had been guilty of adultery.

That, she discovered at once, meant nothing to her. She dismissed it with a faint smile. She had no feeling that she had committed a sin. She couldn't even discover any sense of an extraordinary happening. It was, however, extraordinary. It had to be. For one thing she had slept with another man than Wilson Henry. The second in her whole life, and she was forty-two years old.

That in itself was something. It proved, for one thing, that she was not

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wild. She had never been a bad woman. In the sense that Eastlake meant when it said a bad woman. She had, instead, been a very good wife indeed. It wasn't her fault when that, with Wilson, came to an end. Her love for him had died, Nina reminded herself, before she had fallen in love with Chalke.

She repeated that phrase, fallen in love with Chalke. Nina had never, in the same manner, loved Wilson Henry. Never! Never! Never! In all the years she had lived with him and borne him children, she had never had the feeling that Chalke brought her. She had simply known nothing about it. That, she considered, was very interesting.

It meant that you ought to be married to one special man, that no other man would, in the same complete sense, do. Provided, of course, that there was only one Chalke Ewing in the world. There were, she was certain, no more like him. Not another man in all creation for her.

Her thoughts were submerged in a wave of emotion. She shut her eyes, remembering. It wasn't wrong, then, for her to go to Chalke Ewing; it was wrong for her to stay with Wilson. That, she told herself, was adultery. Yet she had had no way of knowing that Wilson was not perfect for her; she'd had no way of knowing what perfection was. With no possibility of comparison Wilson had satisfied her. Naturally she had thought that love was no better than her experience of it.

But now! If she had not seen Chalke she would have continued to live with Wilson, but without love. The rest of her life would have been empty. However, she had seen Chalke and he had saved her. He had brought her, when the actual lives of most women were coming toward an end, the most miraculous existence it was possible to imagine.

She looked at the clock on the small table beside her bed. It was only twenty minutes past seven. Rhoda and Harriet would not arrive until eight o'clock. They were always a few minutes late, really. There was no reason for Nina to move for hours; she had no one to consider—Wilson was in Georgia with Cora Lisher, and the children were at Cape May with the big car. She was glad to be alone; nothing need distract her thoughts; she could lose herself, sink herself, in Chalke Ewing.

She was still, awake, more peaceful than anything else. It was exactly like the quiet that followed the elemental stir of a high wind. Nina was surprised to find that she was so calm. She was calm, she decided, for the reason that what had happened to her was entirely natural. It was nature.

Her sense of new freedom from old moral and spiritual weights and measures increased. Once a lot of judges, innumerable judgments, had surrounded her and hampered her, but now she had one judge—herself. The superior magic of heaven and the threat of hell had vanished. The opinion of her neighbors, Eastlake, was more immediate; but, Nina found, her dread of that had largely flown. Soon, now, Chalke and she would have to go to Wilson; soon Eastlake would learn that she was leaving, ignoring, all it thought necessary.

Chalke had been right, insisting upon the quickest and completest honesty possible under the circumstances; but, Nina felt, she had been right too. Men always were in a hurry. They did not see things as they actually existed. She had to get a little used to the idea of leaving her familiar existence before her actual departure. She again went over her numberless reasons for delaying the acknowledgment of her love for Chalke Ewing.

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At least, she hoped, Chalke now understood them. She remembered his face when he was leaving her, just before dawn. It looked gray, strange and remote and almost terrifying, but it could not have been gray. That was an illusion of her sleepiness. Chalke had a finely clear and brown face. Colored, she thought, from inside and out by the tropics.

She would rather go to Cuba with him than New York, Nina decided. For the present, anyhow. It would be splendid to get away from everything that even looked like her old life. She would like the heat and the fields of sugar cane and the sound of the drums in the evening. She would, there, be more isolated with Chalke than in the United States.

She wanted, above everything, to be alone with him. Without any other interest whatever. She had warned him about that, told him how she would come between him and his books; between him and his thoughts. It was absolutely necessary for her to be, not a part, but the whole of his life. Nothing less would satisfy her.

Her thoughts became blurred, she slept again, and when she woke up she was smiling. It was almost nine o'clock; she heard Harriet cleaning the lower hall. She cleaned energetically—for a little while. Then she stopped. Nina couldn't think what Harriet did. Perhaps she went back to the kitchen for a cigaret. Soon the cleaning violently recommenced.

Nina rang and almost at once Harriet appeared. "Harriet," she said, "I am very hungry this morning. Tell Rhoda that I want boiled eggs. She knows exactly how I like them. Boiled eggs and a piece or two of bacon. Oh, yes, Harriet, and toast. Rhoda had better butter it."

Harriet exclaimed: "Miss Nina, you must be hungry! We like you to eat, Miss Nina. You don't take enough for a sparrow."

Rhoda brought Nina Henry's breakfast up. She arranged it by the customary window, then she stopped by Nina's bed. "You get up now and have your bath," Rhoda said in a persuasive voice. "Your eggs will be all cold and the toast hard." With strong dark hands she raised Nina up from her pillows. "You do what I tell you," she insisted.

Rhoda spoke without once looking at Nina. She had a strange feeling that Rhoda knew everything.

After her bath Nina ate like a starved woman. Boiled eggs and four pieces of buttered toast, a great deal of bacon and two cups of coffee with sugar! It was not civilized. She must have added three pounds to her weight.

Grove Avenue already looked hot; the broad leaves of the maple trees were heavy with dust. She remembered them dripping and heavy with moisture. It was past ten o'clock and she had done nothing; there was nothing to do. It was Friday; the children would not be back until late afternoon; Wilson was arriving for dinner tomorrow.

When, Nina wondered, would she see Chalke again? Some time that day, naturally. In the evening probably. In the evening she would go over to the Gows' and they would sit in the garden. With a rum swizzle. With cigars. With Chalke's marvelous voice. This time he would walk home with her. But, this time, he would go back at once. Nina was content to wait now.

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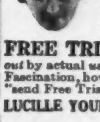

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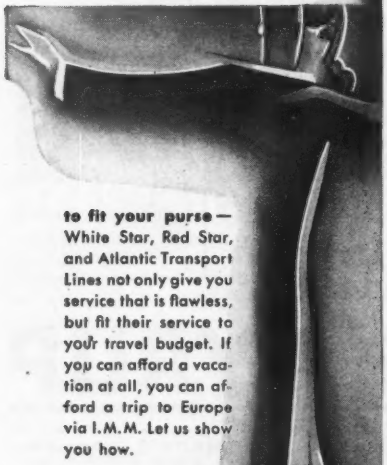

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So Much Depends on the Approach

(*From page 55*)

habit. He wanted to use the principal of the trust fund to pay off the debts at once; the law, though, forbade that. So he got himself a job in a bank, budgeted his living expenses, and settled down to paying off his father's obligations out of his income and his salary.

Very creditable, you will say. Of course. And all the success stories agree that it is by just such acts of self-denial that men lay the foundations of future greatness. Probably. But it depends upon the man.

Sacrifice is a tricky thing. Sometimes it turns people into martyrs. Some men make sacrifices, as Steve did, as a matter of duty, and then they nurse their pride and begin to enjoy a rankling sense of the injustice of life.

Steve's bad times had been over for a year and more. The debts were all paid. He had come into his inheritance; the bonds a trust company had held were in his own safe-deposit box, and he had some thousands of dollars in the bank. All this had happened the sooner because of John Wilder. Wilder, a depositor in the bank in which Steve had got his first job, had been attracted by Steve.

Wilder was an operator in the market. He offered Steve a job, and Steve, who had a natural talent for getting at the facts that lay behind statistics, soon had become his right-hand man. The only thing Steve really didn't like about the job was that after a while Wilder had transferred him from the office to his home; he wanted Steve within reach at odd hours.

Most young men in Steve's case would have been well pleased, and so was he, in a way. But the habit of thinking of himself as a martyr persisted.

And—there was Joan. He could be stiff and distant with her, but it wasn't always easy. He wasn't blind to her loveliness; sometimes she tempted him almost beyond endurance. Yet he distrusted her deeply; feared her power to hurt him. He didn't want to be hurt.

He had no chance with her, he knew; he was a fool to let himself even so much as think of loving her. But he needn't be so great a fool as ever to lay himself open to what she could do to him if she knew the truth.

An hour or so after breakfast Wilder came into the room where Steve worked. A small dried-up man, this Wilder; only his eyes were like Joan's: blue, with smoldering fires and with cold mockery in them, too. Her beauty, her slender grace, must have come from her mother.

"Good morning, sir," said Steve. "Here's that report." He handed over a sheaf of pages, bristling with figures. Wilder went through them silently.

"Good!" he said, when he had finished. "Very good. You might get after the stuff about that Kastner-Brent motors merger now. And"—the blue eyes were cold as ice now—"I happened to look out of my window early this morning. You're not here for the sort of thing I saw. That clear?"

The rank injustice of it made Steve flush hotly. As if he——! The girl had pursued him, thrown herself at him, as she herself had said jestingly. But:

"Quite clear, sir," was all he said.

"Good. Don't want to have to speak of it again. In fact, I won't. That clear, too?"

"Perfectly."

John Wilder went off about his own affairs. Steve, seething, rose from his desk twice to find his employer and throw up his job. But habit is strong.

Steve was still at work, calmer and even inclined to be amused, when the door opened and Joan came in. She wore one of those sleeveless, short dresses that girls wear nowadays for golf and tennis.

"Hello, grouch!" she said. "Come on. I want to shoot some golf."

"Go ahead. The telephone's in order, and you've got plenty of boy friends."

"I'm asking you."

"Can't. I'm too busy."

She came over and pulled herself up on the desk. Calmly she picked up the sheet of paper that lay before him. She saw a picture—not very good—of a dog, and some designs for a monogram.

"You're the rottenest liar!" she said pleasantly. "What are you afraid of?"

"You, if you must know," he said.

"Then you'd better come. A nettle never stings if you grab it hard enough."

"Or if you don't touch it at all!"

"Steve, please."

"Oh, Joan, don't! I tell you I can't!" He got up, and she slid down from the desk and stood facing him. "Why won't you let me alone?"

She laughed at him. She was very close. And suddenly something in him snapped, and he caught her to him and kissed her. Then, with a groan, he let her go. She was still laughing.

"Yes?" she said. "And then?"

"You got what you were asking for!" he said harshly. "I hope you're satisfied!"

"What do you mean?" Her eyes were blazing.

"You know!" he said. He shrugged his shoulders. "You wanted to find out if you could—oh, you know! Well, you could—and you did. That's all, isn't it?"

"You—oh, you beast!" she said. "You cad!"

Probably neither of them knew that she'd left the door open. Neither of them had heard John Wilder come in.

"Thought I'd made myself clear, this morning," he said to Steve. "Berry knows about trains. He'll bring you a check. That's all."

Steve paid no attention to him. His eyes were on Joan. But she only shrugged and moved away. He sighed. There was nothing, after all, for him to say if she chose to be silent.

"Very well," he said, and left the room.

A few minutes later, Berry, Wilder's confidential secretary, found him in his room packing up. "Sorry, Cruger," he said. "Don't know what's up—don't want to. I've a check for a thousand for you. I ordered a car to take you to the four-fifty-five. That all right?"

Steve took the check.

"Thanks," he said. Slowly, dispassionately, he tore it into fragments. Then he laughed. "That's the first luxury I've indulged in for six years," he said. "The funny thing is that I can afford to blow in a thousand. I shan't want the car, thanks. I can afford a cab, too."

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Steve's cab didn't take him to the station, but to the club. By good luck he found a vacant room, shot a seventy-one before dinner, and was welcomed in the grill that night like a prodigal come home. He did go to town in the morning in the club car, as the guest of a

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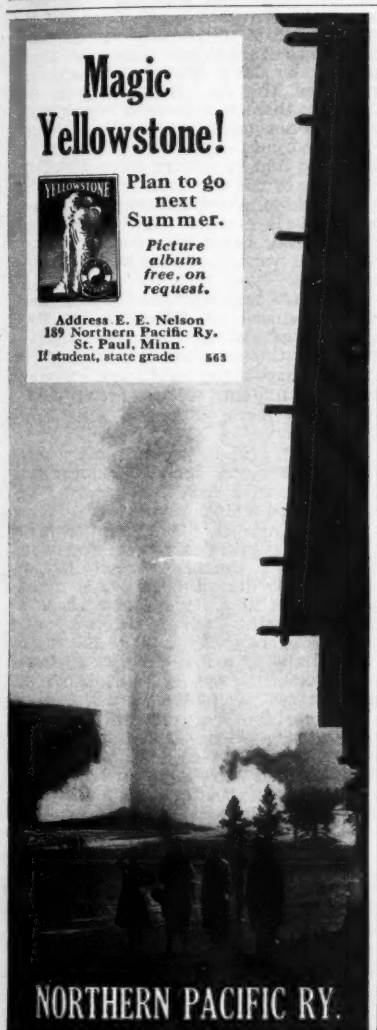

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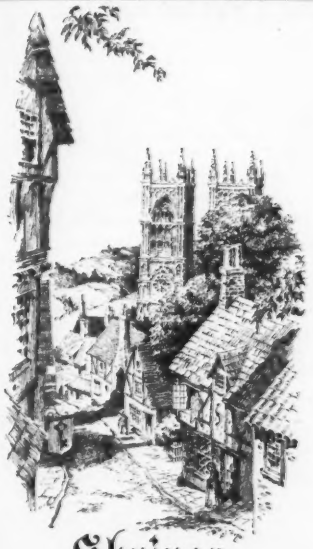

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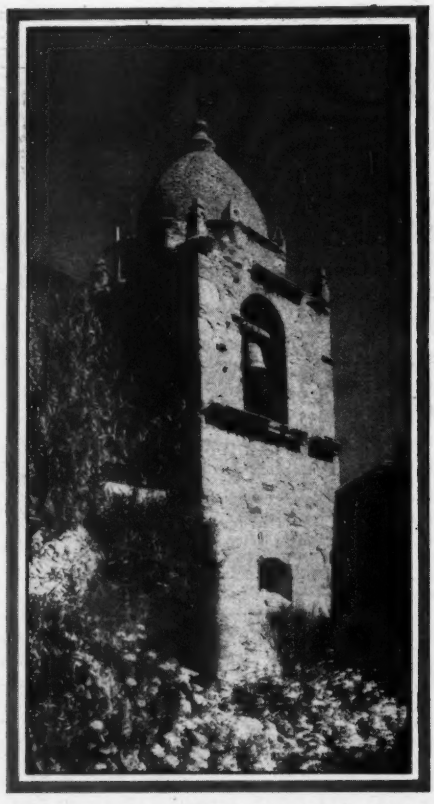

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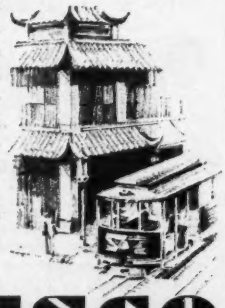

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man who had been his father's friend. John Wilder, sitting behind his paper, scowled at him, but gave no other sign of recognition.

It wasn't in search of a new job that Steve went to town. The dam had gone out with a vengeance. In a sense those six years were as if they had never been.

He went to his bank first and opened his safe-deposit box, and taking certain bonds, went upstairs and gave them to the proper man, after which they ceased to be his, and his checking account was increased by a deposit of something more than twenty-two thousand dollars. Then he went downtown to see Jerry Tracy, of Tracy and Wardman. This time the last six years, and especially the last two, counted a good deal. It wasn't in Steve's mind to turn to his own account any knowledge he had gained in time paid for by John Wilder; any specific knowledge, that is. But so far as he could see, there was no good reason why he should not profit by the general things he had learned. Jerry, listening to what Steve told him he wanted done, whistled.

"A hair of the dog that bit you isn't a good prescription downtown, Steve," he said. "We'll execute your order—sure. We make our living out of commissions. But if you want something really good—and safe——"

"I don't," said Steve. "I want five hundred shares of Minchim A. You ought to get them for around thirty-one. Ten thousand enough margin?"

"Oh, plenty—sure!" said Jerry. "H'mm. You're with John Wilder, aren't you?"

"Not any more. This is a little show of my own."

Steve's day in town was nearly over then. Not quite, though. Steve had a wish to drive out to Renclair; he'd always hated trains, anyway.

Now the market, for weeks, had been a falling one—which means, among other things, that a number of costly foreign cars, bought during boom days, might be had for a song, if you knew where to do your singing. Steve did. He spent an amusing hour bargaining, and drove away finally in a low-hung, close-coupled Rivorsi. It was a little shabby as to paint but its motor purred sweetly.

Now, for the first time in six years, Steve Cruger began to live. He played golf to his heart's content. Under the warm summer skies at night he roamed half-forgotten roads in the Rivorsi. Often some slim girl sat beside him, but quite as often he was alone.

He picked up old friendships; dined in homes he had missed more than he had ever let himself quite realize; joined gay, impromptu parties that went rushing into town to dinner and a theater and to dance afterward until it was time to drive home through the morning mist.

All the time Minchim A climbed steadily. Not sensationally at all, at first, but steadily. At thirty-eight Steve bought five hundred shares more, with his profit on the first five hundred shares for margin; picked up another thousand at forty-three. Still, point by point, Minchim climbed; Steve bought twenty-five hundred shares more the day the tape showed a sale at fifty.

Then the fireworks began; ten days later Minchim A was quoted at seventy, and Steve's paper profits were more than a hundred thousand. Jerry urged caution; Steve only grinned and bought fifteen hundred shares.

But now he did give a selling order. "Start letting go at ninety," he said. "That'll be about all, this trip."

"I hope you know what you're doing!" said Jerry.

"So do I," said Steve. "We'll soon know."

A dozen times, perhaps, during this

interlude, Steve had seen Joan Wilder. On the links once or twice; at a dance at the club; in town. She nodded to him always, cool and remote; her eyes were quietly scornful. John Wilder, though, he hadn't seen since that morning on the train.

On the day he drove out from town after bringing his holdings of Minchim A up to six thousand shares he found a message waiting for him at the club; he was to call up Mr. Wilder. Berry talked to him; would he come around after dinner?

"Why not?" said Steve, amused.

Though he saw nothing of Joan she seemed, somehow, to pervade the house. The faint sweet scent of her perfume hovered in the air.

"Came, did you?" Wilder grunted. "Think you're raising Cain with Minchim, eh?"

"Oh, in a small way, of course!" said Steve.

"Got some pickings here before you left, did you?"

"No!"

"Don't waste time lying. You knew I was planning an operation in that stock."

"You're wrong. You never turned me loose on it."

"No matter. You could have found out—letters, papers about. You had access to them."

"Suppose you go to the devil!" said Steve quietly, getting up. "This is the first I've known of your being interested. I figured out what was due to happen to Minchim by myself. As it happens I don't lie, and I don't read other people's letters. I supposed you wanted to see me on business. Good night."

"Wait. I'm giving you a chance. Close out your line by noon tomorrow. I've certain plans for that stock—but I can change them. Unless you get out I'll start selling. You can figure out what that would mean. That's all."

"All right," said Steve.

"Going to close out?" Wilder asked.

"That's my business. I dare say you can find out."

"Yes. I can. All right. You've had your warning."

"Thanks. Good night."

Steve went out. On the terrace in the moonlight he came face to face with Joan—Joan lovelier than he had ever seen her in a shining silver dress.

"Joan," he said.

"Yes?" she said, after a moment.

"There's a tournament day after tomorrow—mixed foursomes. Will you play with me?"

She looked at him. "Yes," she said.

"Thanks. Shall I drive over for you?"

"If you like," she said indifferently.

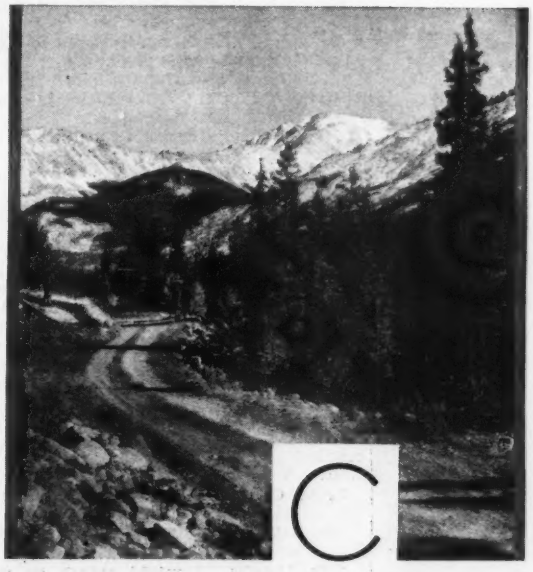
"All right. I'll be here at half past nine. Thirty-six holes—morning and afternoon. I'll make the entry."

That was all. As he drove home he wondered why he had asked her, why she had said yes. Then he laughed.

He might well have gone back to scowling that night, but he didn't. He could heed John Wilder's warning, sell in the morning and bank something like a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars—a fair profit, in all conscience, on an original stake of ten thousand.

If he didn't sell John Wilder might be able to smash him, wipe him out; he would, if he could. But Steve didn't think he could.

He had told Jerry to sell at ninety; he liked this gambling chance of adding another eighty thousand dollars to his capital. Two hundred thousand wouldn't make him rich, as people like the Wilders reckoned riches, but it meant, for Steve, the sort of life he wanted to live. He



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went to sleep only about half an hour after his usual time.

He played golf in the morning; loafed around, though, after luncheon. Tracy called him at a quarter to two.

"I don't like the look of the market, Steve," he said. "Someone's selling short—heavily. There's a rumor that it's Wilder. Minchim's off five points."

"O.K.," said Steve. "Don't worry yet, Jerry. What's my danger line?"

"About fifty, I should say—with this last fifteen hundred to carry."

"All right. Let's see what happens."

Minchim A closed at sixty-three. But at that time Steve was deeply concerned with more pressing troubles, being at the bottom of a yawning sand pit. That was a Thursday in August.

On Friday morning after breakfast Steve drove over for Joan. She was on the terrace waiting for him. John Wilder sat smoking a cigar. He nodded to Steve, but had nothing to say. Joan climbed into the Rivorsi, and they went off.

"Nice car," she said. "I don't know the breed."

"Only about five of them over here. Want to drive it?"

"No, thanks. I might smash us up. And I could care for this cup we're going to win."

"All right. Know how it works out? Aggregate handicaps—aggregate scores, too—not best ball."

"Meaning I'll have to pull my weight. I'll try not to disgrace you, Steve."

"You won't. Medal play this morning; two leading couples go on at match play this afternoon. What's your handicap?"

"Six."

"That's what we get, then; I'm at scratch. We'll have to beat the Croziers, I should say. They'll have two strokes on us to start with."

Tracy caught him on the telephone just before they started. He was worried. Minchim A had opened at sixty; had sold off three points more in the first half-hour's trading. "It looks like Wilder, all right," Tracy said gloomily.

"Oh, it is!" said Steve, and laughed. "Carry on, Jerry."

Steve blew himself to a dazzling 70 for the morning round; Joan's sound 85 gave them a medal score of 149, allowing for her handicap. Tom Crozier turned in a workmanlike 75; his wife had an 86; their joint handicap was 8, so that they were second to Steve and Joan with an aggregate net score of 153.

"They'll keep us busy," said Steve. "They're both good at match play."

He and Joan were standing by the score board. A boy came up to Steve with a sheaf of telephone message slips; he glanced at them and smiled as he stuffed them in his pocket.

"What's Minchim A now?" asked Joan, a glint in her blue eyes.

"Fifty-four—or it was fifteen minutes ago," said Steve. He grinned at her. "So you know, do you?"

She nodded. "I always said you were dumb. Steve, why did you try to buck Father? It can't be done. Not on a shoe string, anyway."

"I'm not bucking him," said Steve.

"He thinks you found out something before you left him. He's furious."

"*He* thinks so? Do you, Joan?"

"No," she said. "I don't."

"You told me I was a cad."

"So you were. But you're not a sneak."

"I see," said Steve. "Well, how about a spot of lunch?"

They walked over to the porch. John Wilder was sitting at a table.

"Ho!" said Steve, and looked at Joan. "Does the plot thicken?"

"I never saw him so furious as he was

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when I told him I was going to play with you," said Joan.

"Going to have lunch with me—or with him?"

"With you. Laugh that off!"

"Oh, I'm holding out enough to pay my house account—if it comes to that!" said Steve. "Go as far as you like."

They lunched under John Wilder's baleful blue eyes. Just before it was time to start Tracy called again.

"Hell's popping," he said. "She slid down to fifty-one. Then some real buying started, and she went back to fifty-five—slipped back to fifty-three again—moving back and forth now so fast you can't keep track."

"Ah!" said Steve. "Wish I could buy another thousand or so. Get aboard if you've got any spare change, Jerry."

"You're nuts!" said Jerry. "Listen, stay near the wire till the close. I'll have to be able to get hold of you."

"Not a chance! I'm playing a match. Listen yourself. Either she'll crack wide open and you'll have to sell me out, or she'll climb fast. Either way, there's nothing I can do. Except—if she hits seventy, buy another thousand. Get that?"

He hung up and turned to see Wilder's small dried-up figure before him.

"Afternoon, sir," he said. "Still getting information any way you can? You're welcome."

"I'm waiting to use the telephone," said Wilder impassively. "You can listen, if you like. I'm going to tell my brokers to sell another ten thousand shares of Minchim A at the market."

"Ye-es?" said Steve. "I'll take your word for it, sir. Joan and I have to get started. Better follow us around; she plays a nice game. And—it's impertinent for me to offer you advice, sir, but I'd be careful about going short."

Wilder went into the booth, saying nothing. Steve went back to join Joan; found the Croziers at their table. The four of them went out to the first tee. It was not quite half past one.

Betty Crozier took the honor and drove first. A nice b[illegible] Joan sliced badly. She and Steve [illegible] the hole, in spite of Steve's par four to Crozier's five; Joan took seven to Betty's excellent five. One down.

They dropped another hole when Joan missed a short putt on the fourth; their first handicap stroke, on the long fifth, cost them a third. A fair-sized gallery followed them; at the seventh tee it was augmented by John Wilder, watching, probably, the first golf match he had ever seen.

Steve glanced at him before it was his turn to drive. Crozier was on the green; Betty just short, but in a playable lie; Joan was trapped. A messenger came up to Wilder, who took the slip of paper he held out, and smiled evilly. Steve dropped his ball; using a mashie niblick, he laid it dead to the pin. He was sure of his two; it gave them the hole, for Joan got out of her trouble nicely to get her four, and Crozier missed his fifteen-footer and took a par three.

"I've got the shivers. I'm sorry!" Joan said, as they walked to the eighth tee. "Father looks like a ghoul. I wonder what——"

"Forget the market," said Steve. "Play more off your left foot, and slow down your back swing. Your honor."

A boy came up to Steve as the four of them left the tee. Wilder watched him, smiling. Steve waved him off.

"The man said it was a very important message, Mr. Cruger," said the boy.

"He was mistaken, son," said Steve. "Keep it till I get back to the clubhouse. Guess you're away, Betty. Let's see

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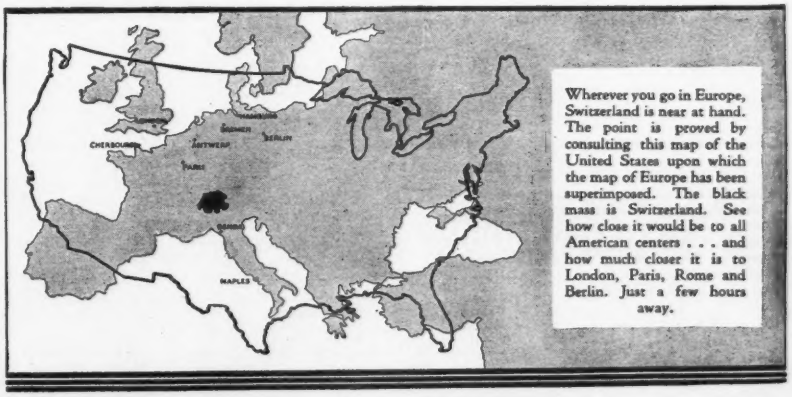

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what you can do with your brassie."

Steve was the last to play his second shot. The Croziers each had a safe five. Joan, though, had messed up her second. Rather grimly, Steve considered lie and distance.

Ordinarily he would have played safe with an iron; his drive had been superb. Now, however, he took a spoon, and with a stroke that was beyond ordinary praise, reached the green, hole high, leaving himself a ten-foot putt for an eagle three. Applause broke out behind and around him; Wilder smiled sourly.

Steve sank his putt; it served to halve the hole, for Joan went utterly to pieces and needed seven.

"I'm terribly ashamed," she said. "It's Father, I think, and—oh, Steve, how could you be so dumb—always—always?"

The ninth was halved, too; Joan and Steve turned for home still two down and lost the tenth, on which the Croziers received the second of their handicap strokes. Nor were their prospects bright, for the long half of the course was before them and Joan's long game was the weakest part of her golf.

Again and again, now, messages came to John Wilder. He read them, his eyes inscrutable, tore up the slips and let the wind carry them away. Steve was human; never think he wasn't. He would have given much to know what news those scraps of paper bore. Joan rallied, did better. But the burden lay on Steve.

He was playing like a champion now; fighting like one. At the thirteenth, the dog leg, he saw a chance and seized it. He drove last and snatched a stroke by shooting deliberately over the trees that masked the fairway as it turned. His eagle th e won the hole; he and Joan were two down, with five to play.

On the next hole a bad bound sent his ball into the rough; he rejected the iron his caddie held out, risked a spoon and reached the green from a tangle of long grass. His four was good; but Joan's sinking of a twenty-foot putt won the hole. One down—four to play!

The fifteenth and sixteenth were halved. Joan still had the honor on the seventeenth; tears were in her eyes as her sliced drive was carried out of bounds. Her second was good, but she lay three; bad business, on that short hole. Steve, when he drove, pressed deliberately. There was half a gasp, half a cheer, as his ball rolled on and on, after its tremendous carry, until it trickled halfway across the green—three hundred and thirty yards away.

"Hey!" said Crozier. "Have a heart!"

Steve sank his putt; another eagle. Joan got her five; the Croziers each had a four. The match was squared, going to the home hole.

"Three o'clock!" said Joan, and caught her breath. She looked at her father, but there was no reading his face.

So the four of them stood on the eighteenth tee, with the green six hundred yards away, and the white clubhouse with its gay awnings behind it. Four good drives; the two girls' close together; Steve's thirty yards, perhaps, beyond Tom's. Betty Crozier outdid herself with her brassie, but would need wood again. Joan was short. Tom sent off a screamer; Steve's brassie left him ninety yards short of the green.

As they walked along another messenger came hurrying to John Wilder. He took the slip; stared at it; tore it, as he had all the others. Then he looked at Steve, and laughed aloud.

"Oh!" said Joan sharply. "I——"

John Wilder glanced at her; then walked on to the clubhouse.

"Steve," said Joan, "that must mean—— Oh, Steve, I'm sorry!"

"It's all right," he said. "Come on; we want to win this match! He can't take that away from us, anyway."

But it looked as if he had done just that. Joan's third was a wasted stroke; her fourth found a shallow trap short of the green. Crozier was on the edge of the green with his third; Betty, lying four, was hole high.

Steve, playing three, hesitated. The back of the eighteenth at Renclair is a vast pit, to catch an overenthusiastic approach; from Steve's lie safety called for a short approach. But safety wasn't in the play of this hole—as Joan lay.

Deliberately, then, he risked everything. He pitched high and far. The ball struck, bounced high. But the back spin held it; there was another cheer as it came to rest six feet from the cup.

Even so Joan, in her trap, lay four, fifty yards short. Only a miracle could give her even a seven—eleven for them both, if Steve sank his putt. Crozier, a fine putter, had a chance for a four. Betty should get a six.

"Forget the ball," Steve said to Joan. "Eye on the sand just behind it. Put all you've got into it—darling!"

"Steve!" she said.

"Darling!" he said, again. "Oh, I know—I know! You said I was a cad—and I was. And I've probably lost every nickel I've got in the world—but I'm mad about you! I have been ever since the first time I saw you! Put that ball on the green—and wrap your putter around my bean after we've won, if you like!"

"You—oh—you—you dumb-bell!" she said, and walked into the trap.

The gallery had straggled on, to gather around the green. No one was bothering about poor Joan, lost in her trap. Steve waited, watching her. His was the first voice that cheered as the ball rose and flew, straight and true, to drop on the green and come to rest a scant foot away from the hole.

"That's torn it!" said Tom Crozier. "Golly, what a shot!"

Seven for Betty; five for Tom; six for Joan; four for Steve. And Steve and Joan had won, one up. She turned to him, putter in hand.

"I—I ought to soak you with it!" she said. "But I can't, and—and—I can't kiss you—not here!"

"Joan!" he said.

"You thought—oh, I don't know what you thought! Even when you kissed me—anyone but a moron would have known then! And now, I suppose, we'll starve to death!"

Only, as it turned out, there was no danger of that. In his own odd fashion John Wilder had been laughing at himself, not at Steve. For in the last hour the forces Steve had always known must be behind Minchim had poured in such a volume of buying orders that even John Wilder hadn't been able to pound the stock down. It had closed at sixty-two; would open, Jerry Tracy said, at sixty-five, anyway.

John Wilder was sitting on the terrace when Steve drove Joan home—taking an unconscionably long time to cover six miles.

"Father!" said Joan, her eyes shining. "D'you win?"

"Yes, but Father!"

"Oh, I know! Have to propose to him, did you?"

"No!" Steve came to life with a laugh. "I managed to wake up, sir."

"Afraid you would. Reason I fired you. Still—something to you, the way you stood the gaff out there. She might do worse, I guess. Make a quarter of a million before you're done. Come in with me next time. Staying to dinner?"

"Of course he is!" said Joan.

I Can't Sleep!

(Continued from page 61)

a surplus mental energy; it was really rather a creditable thing to have, he said. And there was the old judge who told you he had suffered from insomnia all his life, and then he went to see Coué, and Coué had instructed him not to worry because he couldn't sleep. It wasn't the sleeplessness that mattered; it was the worrying. "And so now do you sleep better?" "No, I don't sleep better, but I try to believe it isn't of much consequence whether I do or not, and that's some comfort."

Poor comfort when your mind is whirring around like a machine, and your knees are aching with weariness.

The aspirin has made you perspire. You throw off another blanket. You feel cold. You put it on again.

It is a quarter past three. You will have to take that sleeping draft, after all.

The sleeping draft is rather bitter, so you eat a few sweets afterwards to take away the taste. Now you wait for the sleeping draft to annihilate consciousness. You wait. It generally does. Several of these things you have done tonight help you sometimes. You decide, while you are waiting, to think of a cricket match in slow motion. That is supposed to be very good. The bowler floats slowly through the air. The batsman floats forward to meet his ball. They go on floating. You go on waiting.

What can the time be now? Past four! Surely it can't be past four? How dreadful! How sad to be alive! And your constitution is so robust! Could you otherwise bear these orgies of insomnia?

Nevertheless, even your fingers now feel tired. And your face, too, feels tired and stiff. You think a cold shower might be, at least, refreshing.

The water falls furiously on the bath. You hope you are not waking the household. But confound the household! Why shouldn't it wake? It has had seven hours of sleep, and you have had none. Let the household wake. Let the world go to the devil. You have your shower.

It does freshen you. You think tenderly of a blind, poor, sick woman of eighty-one who was thankful for her sleeplessness because it gave her more time to thank God for his goodness to her. Even if you could have two hours' sleep, you tell yourself optimistically, that would be something. You might still have two hours' sleep if you fell asleep within fifteen minutes.

You don't. You hear the gate opening and the paper thrown on the veranda.

You go to fetch it. The little weary morning hours match your own wanness. The pale, sad light enters the hall that has the curtains drawn and half-dead flowers and ashes of cigarets on the trays.

You go back to bed and read the paper. It is six o'clock. There are sounds in the kitchen. Birds in the eaves are making a noise like the creaking of rusty axles. It is past six . . .

Suddenly there is a thundering at the door. A cheerful person brings in a cup of tea.

"Have a good night?"

"Not very."

"How many hours?"

"I suppose half an hour."

"Oh, nonsense, you were fast asleep when tea came. You didn't even answer the knocking."

You don't protest. What's the use? The response is always that people sleep more than they think they do.

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The Ogre of Europe (*Continued from page 73*)

textbooks, written also in blood in the history of powerful nations, is the Communist's faith and purpose. To be forewarned should be to be forearmed!

It is probable that Trotsky never comprehended the Marxian creed; but of its drill book he was the incomparable master. He possessed in his nature all the qualities requisite for the art of civic destruction.

No trace of compassion, no sense of human kinship, no apprehension of the spiritual, weakened his tireless capacity for action. Like the cancer bacillus he grew, he fed, he tortured, he slew in fulfillment of his nature.

He found a wife who shared the Communist faith. She worked and plotted by his side. She shared his first exile to Siberia. She bore him children. She aided his escape. He deserted her.

He found another kindred mind in a girl of good family who had been expelled from a school at Kharkov for persuading the pupils to refuse to attend prayers and to read Chernyshevski instead of the Bible. By her he had another family.

Of his mother he writes in cold and chilling terms. His father, old Bronstein, died of typhus in 1920 at the age of eighty-three. The triumphs of his son brought no comfort to this honest, hard-working Jew. Persecuted by the Reds because he was a bourgeois; by the Whites because he was Trotsky's father, and deserted by his son, he was left to sink or swim in the Russian deluge.

Yet in Trotsky, in thus being so removed from the ordinary affections and sentiments of human nature, so superbly fitted to his task, there was an element of weakness especially serious from the Communist point of view.

Trotsky was ambitious, and ambitious in quite a common worldly way. All the collectivism in the world could not rid him of an egoism which amounted to a disease, and to a fatal disease.

He must not only ruin the state; he must rule the ruins thereafter. Every system of government of which he was not the head or almost the head was odious to him. The Dictatorship of the Proletariat to him meant that he was to be obeyed without question.

This led to trouble. Comrades became jealous. They became suspicious. At the head of the Russian army which he reconstructed amid indescribable difficulties and perils, Trotsky stood very near the vacant throne of the Romanovs. The Communist formulas he had used with devastating effect upon others were now no impediment to him. He discarded them as readily as he had discarded his wife, or his father, or his name. The army must be remade; victory must be won and Trotsky must do it and Trotsky profit from it.

He used his exceptional prowess to the full. The officers and soldiers of the new model army were fed, clothed and treated better than anyone else in Russia. Officers of the old Czarist régime were wheedled back in thousands. "To the devil with politics—let us save Russia." The salute was reintroduced. The badges of rank and privilege were restored. The authority of commanders was reestablished. The higher command found themselves treated with deference by this Communist upstart.

The abandonment by the Allies of the Russian loyalist cause crowned these measures with a victory easy but complete. In 1922, so great was the appreciation among the military for Trotsky's personal attitude and system that he might well have been made Czar of Russia, but for one fatal obstacle.

He was a Jew. He was still a Jew. Nothing could get over that. Hard fortune when you have deserted your family, repudiated your race, spat upon the religion of your fathers, and lapped Jew and Gentile in a common malignity, to be balked of so great a prize for so narrow-minded a reason! In the wake of this disappointment loomed catastrophe.

For meanwhile the comrades had not been idle. They too had heard the talk of the officers. They too saw the possibilities of a Russian army reconstituted with its old elements.

While Lenin lived the danger seemed remote. But in 1924 Lenin died: and Trotsky, still busy with his army, still enjoying the day-to-day work of administering his department, still hailed with acclamations, turned to find a toughly wrought opposition organized against him.

Stalin the Georgian was a kind of general secretary to the governing instrument. He managed the caucus and manipulated the innumerable committees. He pulled wires in accordance with a clearly perceived design. When Trotsky advanced hopefully, confidently indeed, to accept the succession to Lenin, the party machine was found to be working in a different direction.

In the purely political arena of Communist activities Trotsky was speedily outmaneuvered. He was accused on the strength of some of his voluminous writings of "anti-Leninism."

He admitted his heresy and eagerly explained to the soldiers and workers the very cogent reasons which had led him to it. His declarations were received with blank dismay. The Ogpu was set in motion. Officers known to be under an obligation to Trotsky were removed from their appointments. After a period of silent tension he was advised to take a holiday. This holiday, after some interruptions, still continues.

What will be his place in history? For all the horrors of the French Revolution, a glittering light plays over its scenes and actors. The careers and personalities of Robespierre, of Danton, even of Marat, gleam redly across a century. But the dull, squalid figures of the Russian Bolsheviki are not redeemed in interest even by the magnitude of their crimes. Even the slaughter of millions and the misery of scores of millions will not attract future generations to their uncouth lineaments.

While the civilized nations of the world move forward on their business behind a careful quarantine, Russia sinks back into a prolonged spell of barbarism from which some day the structure of a great nation will once again arise.

Trotsky will have ample leisure to contemplate his handiwork. We could wish him no better punishment than that his life should be prolonged, and that his keen intelligence and restless spirit should corrode each other in impotence and stultification.

Indeed, we may foresee a day when his theories, exploded by their application, will have ceased even to be irritating to the active, hopeful world outside, and when the wide tolerance which follows from a sense of security will allow him to creep back to the European and American haunts where so many of his early years were spent.

It may be that in these future years he will find as little comfort in the work which he has done as his father found in the son he had begotten.